

UNIVERSITY OF ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE



3 1761 04048 0311





TRANSFER





WILLIAM BERNARD ULLATHORNE, O.S.B.,
ARCHBISHOP OF CABASA.

LETTERS
OF
ARCHBISHOP ULLATHORNE.

LONDON : BURNS & OATES, LD.
NEW YORK : CATHOLIC PUBLICATION SOCIETY CO.



P R E F A C E.

IN presenting to the public this selection from the correspondence of Archbishop Ullathorne, the Editors have in some measure departed from the plan proposed in the Preface to his *Autobiography*. Instead of limiting the selection to his distinctively spiritual letters, it has been thought well to include others of more general interest; and by arranging the whole in chronological order to supply in some degree the want of a complete life. It is evident that of a prelate engaged during the whole of his episcopacy, which extended over a period of forty-three years, in all important affairs of the Church in England, no such complete life could as yet be published. It was, however, a remark of the late Cardinal Newman, that a man's life is best found written in his letters; and from those collected in the present volume some just notion will be gathered of the mind and character of the writer. To enable readers the better to do this, the Editors have not hesitated to include in the collection a few extracts from his Pastorals and other ephemeral publications which are less likely to find their way into any published edition of his works, though often con-

taining passages of great power and value ; as well as from some of those private instructions which from time to time he gave in writing to his Religious Communities.

The Editors are quite conscious that far from exhausting the subject the present volume gives but incomplete specimens of Archbishop Ullathorne's vast and varied correspondence. Hundreds of letters of the deepest interest, must, there is no doubt, exist in the hands of those who claimed his friendship, fully as worthy of publication as those that are here collected. Awaiting the day when these may be given to the world in some perfect edition of the Archbishop's works, this little volume will, it is hoped, be accepted as a welcome instalment by those who have profited by the teaching, and who treasure the memory of the writer.

ST. DOMINIC'S CONVENT, STONE,
March 1st, 1892.

CHAPTER I.—1842 TO 1851.

COVENTRY CHURCH.—CONSECRATION OF BISHOP ULLATHORNE.—HIS REMOVAL TO THE CENTRAL DISTRICT.—TEMPORAL EMBARRASMENTS.—EDUCATION OF THE CLERGY.—THE HIERARCHY.

THE earliest letters of Archbishop Ullathorne's that have been preserved are those written from Coventry between the years 1842 and 1846. Some of these, addressed to Bishop Brown, of Wales, have been already quoted in the notes to his *Autobiography*. In others, written to the late Mrs. Amherst, of Fieldgate, Kenilworth, he speaks of his hopes and plans for the mission, in which that lady took a lively interest. It was by her means that he was first introduced to Mother Margaret Hallahan, of whose powerful co-operation in his missionary labours he has himself spoken in his *Autobiography*.

Writing to Mrs. Amherst on Septuagesima Sunday, 1842, he says :

“I trust that Providence has brought in my way Margaret Hallahan, and that by the time she is able to join me

I may have it arranged quite conveniently for her to take my girls' school. . . . There are a great number of girls attached to the congregation who require instruction, and many young women among the ribbon weavers who would become converts with a little looking after. . . . In short, I consider this person thus providentially brought to my knowledge as an instrument destined to do much in this town, for which I believe Almighty God has mercy in store."

A few months later he began the rebuilding of the church; and it would seem that the character of the building, which exhibited an architectural completeness which was not at that time common in England, gave rise to complaints on the part of some, who considered that money was being spent on unnecessary ornament. In writing to Mrs. Amherst, Dr. Ullathorne took notice of these unfriendly remarks.

"The building (he says) will be a cheap one. But to comprehend the design it is necessary to have the key to my views. Coventry first arose out of a Benedictine Priory. It is a Benedictine mission. The succession of Priors of Coventry has never been broken. Although we have, unhappily, lost our Hierarchy, all the greatest Priories have had the succession of titles kept up by our Congregation; and at this day the Rev. Mr. Talbot, of Ormskirk, sits in Chapter by virtue of his title as Prior of Coventry. This church, then, ought surely to be built with a view to a Priory; and I hope to live to see one attached to it, however small the Priory may be. It would be a first and a great step towards recovering the ancient glories and discipline of the most ancient Congregation of Benedictines now extant."

Then, after giving some explanations regarding the plan of the church, and the probable expenses to be incurred in carrying it out, he continues :

“ I trouble you with these rough details, not so much for yourself as for anyone who may happen, to your knowledge, to have imbibed prejudice against a work begun with a very simple heart, but, nevertheless, with all that consideration which such an undertaking imperatively demands.”

Dr. Ullathorne's consecration as Vicar-Apostolic of the Western District, and his labours during the two years that he filled that office, are sufficiently spoken of in his *Autobiography*. His removal from the Western to the Central District took place in the August of the year 1848 ; and it is from this date that the larger portion of his correspondence that has been preserved may be said to begin. As will have been seen in the concluding chapter of his *Autobiography*, he at once found himself called on to grapple with temporal difficulties not less formidable than those he had encountered in his former charge. Writing on the third anniversary of his consecration, in reply to a friendly letter of congratulation, he says :

“ Three years of anxiety about temporal difficulties and of that interior deterioration which the constant revolving of temporal things is so apt to occasion, is the history of these three years. Your sense of the fact is most right when you speak of the cross then laid on me, and you might have added that it is a dangerous one. When Abbot Sampson was placed over St. Edmundsbury and found himself charged with temporal concerns and difficulties, William of Brakelond tells us, ‘ he grew pale and lean.’ However, we ought to think ourselves happy that whereas

in almost every country of the Continent the contest is one for very existence against those whose maxims of conduct show an infernal inspiration, we have only a contest of progress."

Sufficient has been said in the former volume to indicate how greatly the material embarrassments of his position weighed upon the Bishop, and with what manful and persevering courage he struggled against them. But it would not be just to dismiss the subject without alluding to what has been noted as "one of the characteristics of his episcopal career"—his unwillingness, namely, to appeal to his flock for pecuniary aid. "In spite of his great needs," says a writer in the *Oscotian* (July, 1886), "he suppressed one of the three yearly collections which had been hitherto usual in the diocese, and discouraged attempts that were being made to provide resources that would have helped him in various good works." On this subject he has expressed his sentiments in one of his Ecclesiastical Discourses, delivered in his fifth Diocesan Synod, held in 1875. His words are as follows :

"There is no more binding union between men than that which rests upon the free and constant interchange of gifts that are needful for their very life. Freely has the pastor of souls received ; freely must he give to the flock what is needful for their spiritual life. And without contract, bargain, or form of exchange—since there can be no measure of proportion between things spiritual and things temporal—the people freely offer to their pastor the means for his earthly subsistence. 'If,' says St. Paul, 'we have sown unto you spiritual things, is it a great thing if we reap of your carnal things?' The good shepherd expending his life for his flock, the flock from duty, gratitude, and devotion, supporting the life that is expended for them.

presents one of the most beautiful combinations in the whole Divine structure of the Church. Each party has a work and a sacrifice in the other; and whatever is cherished by sacrifices is dear to them who make the sacrifice. In these obligations of mutual service, Our Lord provides the bonds of higher confidence and closer love. But for this very reason there can be nothing more injurious to the filial devotion of the people to their spiritual father, than for him to be constantly reproving them, and driving at them in ways that reveal a hankering for their money. It makes the Church and the priesthood odious in their eyes. It displays an utter want of sense and spiritual tact. Such a one will ask me: 'Then, how am I to live? What am I to do?' Our Lord will tell you: 'Give, and it shall be given unto you.' If you are really generous to the people's spiritual wants, they will be generous to your temporal wants.' Wise, prudent, and laborious priests will all tell you this. It works as Our Lord intended it should work, with the regularity of a law of nature, that if the pastor gives himself, heart and soul, to the spiritual interests of the people, without distinction of person or class, they will never see him want. Nay, if he set himself to provide needful charities, his resources will grow in proportion. But if the people see him more zealous for money than for souls, they will close their hearts to his most passionate pleadings. Of course, there are times and occasions when it becomes the pastor's duty to bring money questions before his congregation, and to do his best to succeed; but a wise priest accomplishes this duty in the most calm, sensible, and reasonable way, be it for church, school, charity, or his own personal requirements. Of what he receives he keeps accurate record and gives true account; and this inspires confidence both in his disinterestedness and his management."

Temporal cares, however, were far from entirely absorbing his attention ; and almost immediately after entering on the care of the Central District he began to turn his thoughts to the subject of the separate education of the clergy. It may truly be said that throughout his whole episcopal career the desire that lay nearest to his heart was to supply to his diocese a body of clergy trained in the perfection of the ecclesiastical spirit. There was no subject on which he loved better to dwell in his letters than such examples of pastoral sanctity as he met with from time to time among his missionary clergy. One such example presented itself in the person of the Rev. Robert Richmond, whose death took place in the month of November, 1848, and of whom he speaks in the following letter :

“ Birmingham, November 13th, 1848.

“ . . . I have just been preaching to a profoundly attentive audience on the words ‘ *Misericordias Domini in æternum cantabo* ’—‘ The mercies of the Lord I will sing for ever ’—interweaving the occasion of using those words.

“ At the large village of Brewood, in Staffordshire, there is a beautiful church, with its chancel, tower, spire, bell, churchyard, and everything else complete. In the midst of a large garden is the house. The Rev. Robert Richmond built all this by great exertions, and brought to it two scattered congregations extending over a length of ten miles. He died the week after it was opened. He was the best missionary in this district ; a man without care of himself, and without human respect. He built a large school for girls in another garden adjoining, hoping some day to have Religious to teach it ; and then, still keeping clear of debt, and having a poor congregation—which, widely spread as it was, he made very devout and regular—he built on another piece of ground a large boys’ school, so that four separate

buildings stand upon a large space of ground, the most complete rural establishment in England. His zeal and energy never tired ; he could not afford to have a master, so he devoted five hours a day to teach the boys' school, still working amongst his flock, taking long walks after them, and doing a great deal amongst them. This exhausted his constitution in middle age. I visited him on his dying bed a fortnight since. When I saw him, spitting blood and with a complicated disease, he said : ' My Lord, I am a poor broken-down missionary ; ' but he said it so cheerfully, adding ' I am worth nothing. ' I saw him again last Tuesday. It was seldom, and but little, he was allowed to speak. I said a few words to him. He answered : '*Misericordias Domini in æternum cantabo.* All my devotion is these words.' His eyes looked up so bright in hope, and looked down so low in humility. I gave a paraphrase of these words of the 86th Psalm, showing how they included faith, hope, charity, and resignation. He asked me to make an act of the love of God which he might follow, adding that his ' mind was far too exhausted to reason. He had only this simple ejaculation ; but then he made it so sublimely, it contained for him all his aspirations and sentiments, both of love and of humility.

" On Friday night he gave up his soul to God. All the clergy feel, and I feel, that we have lost a great example and that his zeal destroyed him to this world. I have woven his history with an exposition of these words to his people, who have not been insensible. I thought that dying servant of God might thus preach a sermon through my lips ; and if it preaches to you also it is still the last sermon of this valuable priest. I shall preach over his remains on Thursday—still the same theme : ' The mercies of the Lord I will for ever sing ! ' "

To secure the training of the future pastors of the diocese in a spirit of self-sacrifice similar to that here described became then, the most intimate wish of Bishop Ullathorne's heart, and he looked to their education apart from all worldly influences as the best means of procuring it.

"This" (he writes June 14th, 1850) "is our great want, and I thank God that the district feels it. I hope in a little time to see it realised. I set everybody to pray for it. I fully expect to have to build another college for the purpose, and to begin the work from the foundation. I think of some day attaching a plain, convenient building to the magnificent church at Erdington for the purpose of training up students as far as philosophy, and so passing them on to be divines at Oscott, giving up half Oscott for the divines under their own discipline. This is a subject always before me. I would have two simple rooms at Erdington for myself, and should frequently visit it, and have it my own way with my own people, training them to sanctity, self-denial, and the missionary spirit."

This desire of seeing a body of clergy trained in a thoroughly missionary spirit finds frequent expression in these earlier letters.

"February 6th, 1850.

"I have been thinking about things in general, and I have come to the practical conclusion that what we mainly want is a thorough missionary bishop; a man who will work his diocese and rouse it into zeal. Others may do other things, such as writing and study, but this is the real want of England. I have been ruminating on the Gospels, and it has brought this notion into a sense and perception which I feel a sort of quiet determination to set about in

such earnestness as I can muster. I say this because I suspect, from a remark you made the other day, that what you have seen at X—— has forced this on your own mind a good deal. I see plainly that much may be made out of the spirit of this diocese, and that there are several young men, I may say many, among the priesthood, who want to do more than they are doing at present ; they only require encouraging by example. What I want is a small body of missionary priests under myself, to go about wherever sent. Mr. P——, a thoroughly good man, and some others, want Community and the heroic life.

“ You will say, don’t muse and dream about all this, but *act*. Very well ; let us see what can be done. Meanwhile, do you pray, and set others to do the same. We shall want means ; but the work ought to create them, and it would and will do so.”

At the same time he speaks of more than one literary undertaking that he was planning for his winter’s work, and which was to include “ a Treatise on the Immaculate Conception, about which we ought to have something in English ” ; while the concluding sentence of one of these letters shows how little the harassing duties of his position were suffered to interfere with that interior spiritual life, over the “ deterioration ” of which he had so touchingly lamented. “ You will like to know how I am getting on. I am much more free in every way, and I understand practically now that the *active* and *effective* love of God does all things, and all things well and easily. It subdues all evil, and frees from all bondage, all human respect, and all fear. Let us then love God, and let our hearts be ever breathing, ‘ My God, by Thy mercy I love Thee ’ ; this is the tranquil fountain of force, and light, of peace, confidence, humility, and gentleness.”

In the September of the same year the storm evoked by the establishment of the Hierarchy broke over England ; and in the absence of Cardinal Wiseman, the duty of defending the Catholic position fell, in a large degree, upon the Bishop of Birmingham.

“ St. Chad’s, October 22nd, 1850.

“ The establishment of the Hierarchy keeps me constantly occupied. On Sunday will be the Pontifical Mass of thanksgiving : Dr. Newman and myself both have to preach on that day, and the town is in excitement about it. The furious heat of the newspapers obliges me to keep watch on that subject. I have sent a letter to the *Times*, which will be out on Thursday, and I must be here ready to write whatever the emergency may require. There is nobody else to do it, and the Pope and the English Church must not be left unexplained. The whole country is in a boil on the subject.”

During the remaining months of 1850, and the earlier portion of the year following, much of Bishop Ullathorne’s correspondence is taken up with matters connected with the establishment of the Hierarchy. “ Public affairs (he writes) have almost taken my diocese and its concerns out of my head, and I shall be glad when I can return once more to a bishop’s ordinary duties.” In his “ History of the Restoration of the Catholic Hierarchy ” he touches but lightly on the delirious excitement which raged during the six months following the promulgation of the Papal Decree. “ Let that distressing nightmare of the imagination,” he says, “ which for a time cramped the good sense of so many Englishmen, be now forgotten.” Following his example, we shall draw but little from this portion of his correspondence, or his comments on the successive events in a crisis which, fiercely absorb-

ing as it was at the time, and apparently full of threatening danger to the religious liberty of Catholics, has long passed away and left no traces of its fury. A few extracts will suffice to show in what spirit he regarded these events, and reluctantly took part in the public controversies regarding them. Writing on February 16th, 1851, when the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill had been introduced into Parliament, and was giving rise to hot debates, he says :

“This move in Parliament is taking a serious turn. I go to London, to talk over matters with the Cardinal and see what course we must take. My own view is very simple, and one quite calm and peaceful to myself. A few bishops would have to go once into jail, and the whole matter would be ended. What we have to pray for is union, Apostolic simplicity, and courage among ourselves ; and then a great exaltation of the Church will come out of it. We ought no more to deny our bishoprics than a spouse of Christ should deny her Lord, or than our Lord Himself denied His Divinity. But, like Him, we ought not to act imprudently. . . . How much I regret that the general interests of the Church take me off from the affairs of the diocese ! But we are bound to do all we can in defence of the Church before the Bill comes on again. . . . For the final result I have no fear ; for we are in the hands of God, and I have not the least doubt that the whole thing is Providential. . . . How truly we may say, ‘salvation from our enemies and from the hands of those who hate us.’ We were getting into very dangerous connection with the State before this came up. . . . The *Times* gave me a thundering article when noticing my letter to Lord John, and called me ‘a man of the most astounding impudence ;’ but Lord John changed his language in his next speech, and said he had been requested to say ‘The Holy See’ All our people say

that the agitation will bring the English and Irish churches in closer union, and will quite detach the Catholics from the Whigs; which will be a great blessing. In fact, Providence is wonderfully working through all."

If the letters written by Bishop Ullathorne to the public papers during this time of agitation drew on him severe handling from what he calls "that thundering monster, the *Times*," he had the consoling assurance that the part he had taken had the entire approval of a far more august authority. Dr. Grant, writing to him from Rome, after saying that he had reasons for knowing that his letters to the *Times* had been much liked by some members of the Government, added: "But I want to tell you that they have been greatly esteemed in the quarter from which alone a bishop can receive full approbation here below. I am glad to tell you that I have had most satisfactory evidence that your conduct, even apart from these letters, is viewed, by those whose judgment proves everything, with favour and regard."

The controversy in connection with the establishment of the Hierarchy was not the only subject of public interest which at this time engaged the attention of Bishop Ullathorne. Ever watchful over the interests of the Church, the Education Bill proposed to Parliament by Mr. Fox, the object of which was to introduce a universal and exclusively secular system of education, drew from him a vigorous protest in his "Remarks on the Proposed Education Bill" (1850), in which he exposed the fatal consequences of a measure which, if adopted, would unchristianise the country. "I am preparing a pamphlet on this Education Question," he wrote to Mother Margaret, "which will just suit your taste, though it will earn for me the title of bigot."

In the year following (1851) another Bill, introduced into Parliament by Mr. Lacey, having for its object to obtain the inspection of convents, roused the chivalry of one who was ever the foremost champion of Religious women. In this Bill it was stated by its supporters that "it was expedient to make provision for preventing the forcible detention of females in houses wherein persons were bound by monastic vows." Bishop Ullathorne's indignant remonstrance appeared in the form of a pamphlet, entitled, "*A Plea for the Rights and Liberties of Religious Women*"; in which, while giving a clear and forcible explanation of the whole policy of conventual life, he appeals to the manliness of the public, and that respect for the inviolability of English domiciles, which had hitherto been considered a part of our national liberties.

It is interesting to turn from the letters and writings which treat of public events during this exciting time to the correspondence in which we catch a glimpse of his own interior life, and his unabated care over the interests of his flock, or of those more immediately under his personal direction. In the May of 1850 he made his annual retreat at St. Benedict's Priory, and at its conclusion he thus wrote in a letter addressed to Mother Margaret Hallahan :

"St. Benedict's Priory, May 31st, 1850.

". . . If it were but in mere gratitude I ought to write to you before I leave this place. It is long since I have had such a time, and I may safely say never so much light as to what God requires of me. I have had, I may say, no books ; six syllables* have been my main exterior instrument, and I do not see how I can ever need more.

* It is supposed that the allusion here is to the well-known maxim of Father Baker, which he heard for the first time during this retreat, and which appeared greatly to impress him :

Mind your call,
Its all in all.

"Except that Father Baker's very solid and plain exposition of St. Benedict's 'Twelve Rules of Humility' was put into my hands apparently without intention, I have had no occasion for special use of the understanding, but only of the will; and I have found practically how much more light God gives through the will than through the intellect. I write that you may thank God with me for His mercies.

"I am well, and go forth satisfied to my work. I trust a great practical change has been brought about, but in ways so simple I could not have looked or hoped for it.

"This week seems to me an age, not so much in duration as in transfiguration. God alone can say what may be its final result."

At the very time when public affairs necessarily absorbed so much of his attention, we find him engaged in translating some of St. Catherine's letters and sending them to his Dominican children at Clifton, as "a present for the Carnival." In the letter accompanying them he makes some remarks on the Ministerial crisis, which arose out of the debates in Parliament on the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill:

"Bishop's House, March 2nd, 1851.

"What a lesson is all this for public men, as well as for us, if they would but think. Meanwhile, the Catholic body is put in such a position as must force attention to it upon all thinking people. And how applicable St. Catherine's letters are to these times, if fully reflected on, as I have had opportunity to do in translating them.

"My pastoral is written very stupidly, and I had not time to write it over again, though its subject is important. Souls, souls, souls, should be the one thought of a bishop. *What a bishop any man would make with the soul of St. Catherine!*"

How truly and tenderly he cared for souls, especially for the souls of those who enjoyed the privilege of his spiritual direction, is apparent in the letters which from time to time he addressed to them.

“October 26th, 1851.

“I have no power to express how much I desire to see you progress in holiness, and when I held the Divine Host in my hands this morning, and offered Our Lord's Most Precious Blood to His Eternal Father, I prayed for you in an unusual way . . . Your trials are more trials and humiliations than temptations . . . such trials awake us to watchfulness and force the soul to cling to God. Go on then, praying with all the gathered forces of your will, plunging that will away from yourself into the very heart of your Lord. He will be in your heart, and will care for you the more your care is in Him and not in yourself; and when the devil is tired he will leave you, and find himself worse off, I trust, than when he came.

“Humility is worth any price, and a great store of such a treasure cannot be had at a small cost. Stout and resolute surrendering of the soul to God through darkness and tribulation is worth more than diamonds and pearls for purchasing the precious gift which we call humility, for want of a word to express that truthful heartedness in which we see and confess that the grace of God is the principle of whatever we have that is worth a name—that, as St. Teresa says, our soul is planted in God, as a tree in a fountain. Be satisfied with the penances God sends, they are always the best. What I find useful to myself I recommend to you; think from what God has raised you—the needy from the dust, the poor from the dunghill, to sit with the princes of His people, and among the rulers of His children.”

“November 17th, 1851.

“‘In patience you shall possess your soul.’ This must be the one point, so far as the combat of grace with your nature is concerned. . . . Observe, in patience you will possess your soul, and in patience God will possess your soul also, and your nature will not possess you. The grace of patience is the strong meekness of Our Lord ruling in a soul, and holding all the restless elements which besiege her, down beneath the pure spirit of charity. . . . It is clear that in your interior God conducts you more by spiritual sense than by spiritual light, more by a grace that operates in the sense of the soul than in the perception of the understanding. God gives you to *feel* of Him more than you *see* of Him. This dealing of God with your soul, whilst it mortifies and removes a whole series of dangers of that class which have their issue in intellectual pride, shows also what kind of prayer Almighty God expects and requires of you, the prayer of the affections; that prayer which when it is only used by a person at intervals is called the prayer of ejaculation, but which when used continuously is the conversing with God with the mouth of interior sense rather than with the voice of speech and reason. By conversing, I mean, of course, more than mere speaking even with that purely spiritual mouth of interior sense; for in *conversing* two parties express themselves. The soul receives into her spiritual and interior sense impressions from God, and speaks to Him in return.

“The darkness before your understanding is a sign that you should consent that your understanding should be mortified in prayer, and satisfied to have a veil before it; the soul having all the while, by another sense and by faith, what is beyond the veil. As far as the understanding is concerned, it is like conversing with a person on the other side of a veiled grate of a strict enclosure; you *see* nothing, but you *feel* the voice of one with whom you are intimate.

But as far as the sense of the soul is concerned, God is *in* the soul, and speaks by His loving impressions on the soul ; and the soul speaks through her impressed sense to Him just as a person, deeply moved by kindness and benefits, can express more in return by looks and movements of lips and eyes, and by certain ejaculations from the heart, than by any kind of reasoned discourse. It is this kind of affective prayer which Our Lord chiefly requires of you."

"Bishop's House, December 8th, 1851.

"There are moments of rest and encouragement which come in the midst of labours and combats. Surin says that to enjoy the peace of the holy liberty of the children of God you have but one thing to do—to possess your spirit at each moment, leaving the past to His mercy and the future to His paternal care, and confiding yourself straight from your heart to Jesus Christ, whatever may be the internal feeling you have at the time. Nothing helps this like a real love of abjection, and even of the miseries which, without sin, help us to gain abjection. A soul that loves abjection smiles at discouragements, and is satisfied that Christ has all the perfections and all the strength that she wants. She rejoices to have nothing, that she may have the more continued need of Christ. This (says Surin) tends more to help the purity of Divine love and to change bad habits, in one week, than the way of acting through anxiety and watching oneself does in a year. For the latter method belongs to those who look to their own interest, the former to those who look to the interest of Christ. But whilst seeking one's own interests weakens, seeking Christ's interests strengthens the soul. Exchange interests with God, and He will look to yours whilst you are looking to His."

"Bishop's House, February 22nd, 1851.

"My dear Child,

"May God bless you. You once wrote to me that you had ceased to be a child. I hope and trust that in heart you are one still, for unless you be so the door of the kingdom of Heaven will not let you in. So I shall continue to give you the name to remind you of this. . . .

"I have positively wept to-night over the death of Sir Thomas More, as related in Walter's Life of the martyr. So you need not object to be a child still. I had it all to myself, of course. There is something so simply and immovably great in that wonderful soul, the most perfect character of which we have a full account. His trial, his words, letters, and death, so remind one of Our Lord's—so sweet, wise, and gentle. And his poor daughter Margaret's conduct was so like that of Magdalen."

The letters that follow are all of them addressed to a Religious Community, and belong to the years 1850 and 1851:

"St. Chad's, June 21st, 1850.

". . . Take care of your *wills*; or, rather, give them into the care of God. Keep your senses, and your feelings, and your fancies in humble subjection to your heart, and let your heart give itself each moment to God. Your body breathes each moment, it is needful for its life; let your heart breathe each moment, it is needful for its life. The breathing of the body says, 'More air or I faint.' Let the soul breathe each moment, 'More love, my God, or I grow feeble.' What a thing it is, that men should be able to make out of dead metal a clock that ticks the time we lose, instant by instant; and we cannot make our living wills breathe as constantly the acts of God's love, though all Heaven be helping and expecting us to do it! The

poor dead insensible clock is wound up but once a week, and we are wound up each morning in our hour of prayer. How is this? I fear the winding up is not well done. There is too much reverie, and too little action; too much head, and too little heart. Less reasoning, and more aspiration, more spring in the heart, more love, more acts of affection, will wind the clock up better. Let the pendulum—not of the tongue, but of the heart—go more constantly and steadily: “*My God, I love Thee; my God, I love Thee: Jesus, Thy love; Jesus, Thy love!*” Through cold and heat, wet and dry, storm and calm, cloud and sunshine, let it go steadily on: *My God, I love Thee; my God, I love Thee: Jesus, Thy love; Jesus, Thy love!* What a rare clock, with a face like an angel’s; instead of that prying half-moon, with its eclipses and inconstancies, beating Eternity instead of short moments of time, and angels counting the beats!”

“St. Chad’s, 1850.

“Oh, my dear children, join your hearts to God, and keep them patiently held to His inspirations to do them, and you will want no wisdom and no strength. ‘*The unction from the Holy One will teach you.*’ And in the silent obedience of the heart will be your strength. . . . Listen to an invitation: ‘Open to Me, My Sister, My Spouse,’ says Christ; ‘for My head is full of dew, and My locks are dripping with the drops of the night.’ It is the voice of loving grace which shows the cost of its love. *Sister*, because of familiarity; *Spouse*, because of generous love; ‘My head is full of dew,’ because of the unction of the divinity; ‘My locks are dripping with the drops of the night,’ because of His suffering humanity. ‘Open to Me, I am full of gifts. From the night in which I suffered for thee have I come. The dew of Heaven fell cold and piercing upon Me, for Heaven’s anger arose from thee, and fell down on Me. My locks are dripping from the sorrows

of that night, and the drops of My Blood are falling fast. I stand at the door of thy heart, and thou knowest the sound of My voice ; open thou to Me, My Sister, My Spouse.' 'I rose up,' says the Spouse, 'and opened the door, and my hands were dropping myrrh, for as the voice of the Beloved spoke my heart melted within me.' That is, a strengthening and preserving bitterness was in her flesh, but her heart was full of sweetness. So should the door of your heart be closed against any voice but that of the Spouse, and your heart watch to receive and obey His coming. So should you promptly obey the first aspiration of His call. So should you answer Him more with acts than with words, more with the sallying forth of your affections with aspirations of your heart, joining the aspirations of His Spirit, than with any poor conceits of your understanding. . . . "So be patient, and seek Him still even when there is a cloud. For God is behind the cloud ; and even in cloudy weather there is light enough to know that the sun is still there, and will appear again in good time. It is but a cloud, that you may prize the bright hour the more when it comes, after you have sought it with your heart's desire."

Easter-tide.

"Bishop's House, April 29th, 1851.

"Rejoice in Christ, in your own arisen and most serene Lord and Master. He has arisen for you. He is your own, and you are His. May He love you ; that is, may you do nothing to prevent His loving you, and may you love Him greatly and valiantly even till you forget yourselves. I should like to say a great deal to you about that dear Lord Whom we have all so shamefully treated. I should like to go with you step by step over all His life and doings ; not as preaching or reading a history, but as if we were with Him amongst the Apostles and devout women.

I promise you we should want neither teachers nor books, and should learn a great deal and feel a great deal that would put many wants and desires to flight. But may He bless you and teach you, and show you these things Himself, and take your wills captive to His Resurrection."

After a Retreat.

"Bishop's House, June 23rd, 1851.

" . . . I received your kind and affectionate greetings whilst in retreat. So happy a week as that retreat I have not known these years past ; for retreats have been rare with me amidst so many changes. You will understand somewhat how hard it is to find myself again amidst the clash of mortal passions and human affairs. It is as if one had been for a week at the silent doors of Heaven ; looking straight away from oneself through the azure veils, looking into the Spirit of God, into the internal life of Our Lord, into the hearts of His dearest Saints ; reading the laws of truth and justice, and seeing the beauty and goodness that is all there, with yearnings and desires to see oneself no more. A good man once described to me a holy bishop in one clear stroke. He said : ' His eyes look clean out of himself.'

"This is the secret of painting the eyes of angels and Saints. When well done there is nothing in them that gives the idea that they have any habit of turning in upon self : they show a habit of looking straight to God.

"How much time we waste and use in adverting to our own sensations and feelings ! Let the soul turn her eyes to God, and all these things vanish or subside from ruling and occupying our souls. We see truth in God, and not the error in our senses. We see justice in His will, and not fears in our imaginations. We feel the warm breath of His Spirit animating our naturally cold and benumbed nature. In your prayer invoke the Spirit of God quietly, reco

lectedly, and perseveringly, and once placed in this light, look out of yourselves ; look straight away from your own sensations, from your own humours ; look humbly with all the mind of your heart towards your Lord, and you will understand what I mean. Do not say, 'I wish I could,' or, 'How can I?' but give your heart quietly to Our Lord, that His Spirit may draw you away from the animal part of yourselves. 'As many as are born not of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man (that is, of our own spirit), but of the will of God, these are the children of God.' As many as are led by the Spirit of God, these are the children of God. Give yourselves to be led, and you will be led."

For All Saints' Day.

"October 31st, 1851.

" . . . Oh how glorious is the kingdom in which Christ exults with His Saints ! A happy feast to all of you, my dear children. Think of all who have gone before you, and of that joyful kingdom where all trials and sorrows and fears are at an end. There, all are great in proportion as they have despised the flesh, and have trodden reputation under foot, and have made humiliations their daily bread. There, those stand highest who here have put themselves last and lowest. There, those are nearest to Christ, the life of all their joy, who here gave up their wills to Him, and put their hearts the most unreservedly into his hands. May you indeed be hidden in God, that He may make you manifest before the legions of his glorious Court !"

To Four Newly Professed.

"December 10th, 1851.

"By your holy profession you are consecrated to the love of Christ Jesus for ever. Your soul is *one*, and therefore you can only love *one* completely. It takes all the soul at once for a complete love. And for the complete

love of Christ it takes a great deal more than all the soul. It takes a perfect grace of charity sweetly diffused and filling all the soul. . . .

“ . . . You were made for Christ. Your mind was made to contemplate Christ, in Whom the wisdom of all things is hidden, your heart was made to love Christ, and now you are the spouses of Christ, chosen amongst thousands to love Him alone ; and to love nothing but what He loves, and as He loves. Your will is the spring of this love, and His presence in your heart is its living principle. Its force lies in its exercise. Let this, then, be your life, to love your Lord with all your heart. Bind all your understanding on Him, to learn in His wisdom how much He deserves and claims your love. Bind all your soul into your heart, and all your heart upon your Lord, that all your heart may love Him. Let not the hours, but the minutes count your thoughts of Him ; and let the seconds mark your aspirations.

“ Each second is a draught of life for the body, through the breathing and the pulse. The life of your soul is nearer, even in your heart. Take not more draughts of life for your flesh than of love for your Spouse, lest your flesh should hold you more strongly than your Spouse. Teach your heart the language of eternal love, and ask your Lord within your heart to teach it, and exercise it more in *operation*, as St. Francis calls it, than in words ; in aspirations, than in thoughts ; in desires, than in speech. Teach your heart, or rather, call on grace to teach it, to yearn, and desire, and solicit, and stretch forth its inclinations towards the one Lord and Master of its life. Tranquilly, confidently, earnestly ‘seek His face,’ and seek His spirit. Do His will, and care not for yourself, knowing that His care is over you, and all your care is to be bent towards Him. The end of all is charity, and the means is charity ; and charity alone can rightly wield the various instruments and

means of religious life, all of which are ordained for the exercise and perfecting of charity. And the exercise of charity is all in the heart, and has its issues out of the heart ; in that heart where Christ dwells, and is thought of, and loved, and adored there with its own interior and spiritual movements, Christ Himself giving them, by His sweet and powerful graces, their movement and their life. . . .

“God keep you faithful, and keep your love in His love, and keep your heart exercised in loving, and make your heart and your flesh exult in His living love ; and hold you faithful to the end of life, and bring you to the kingdom where there is nothing but love.”

A Christmas Crib.

“St. Chad’s, Christmas Eve, 1851.”

“Meditate with loving hearts upon this poor child born at Bethlehem, as if He were some brother born among us—some poor beginning of a poor miserable life—and then think that He is God ! God of God, rebuking every silly self-conceit and foolish assumption : and so let pride be no more. . . . If your Bethlehem in the cloister gives some child a simple, true thought about Our Lord, it will be a good work. This, of all others, is not an age in which to neglect simple things. It is this neglect which makes so many simpletons. Innocence is the only true mother of simplicity, a rare gift beyond five years old. God grant us to forget ourselves, for it is the self of our own creation that lives nowhere but in our imagination, the worship of which ruins all simplicity. God grant you to have right merry and mirthful souls, happy in God, and with the Eternal Child in your hearts ! ”

CHAPTER II.—1852 AND 1853.

DEATH AND FUNERAL OF LORD SHREWSBURY.—THE MONMOUTHSHIRE BANKING COMPANY.—THOUGHTS OF RESIGNATION.—FIRST PROVINCIAL SYNOD AT OSCOTT.—LETTERS TO NOVICES.—LETTERS FROM WARWICK JAIL.—ON THE BEATIFICATION OF BLESSED PAUL OF THE CROSS.—FIRST DIOCESAN SYNOD.

THE death of John, Earl of Shrewsbury, which took place at Naples on the 9th of November, 1852, was a great blow to the interests of the Diocese of Birmingham, to which the Earl had ever shown himself a munificent benefactor. His body was brought to England, and laid to rest in the beautiful church he had erected at Alton. The Bishop presided over the obsequies :

“ I doubt (he says) whether so Christian a funeral has been seen for ages as that of the Earl. The effect of the chapel, the superb catafalque ; the walls and windows, as well as the floor, all hung with black ; the 120 priests assisting, the Birmingham Choir, the wonderful pathos of the singing ; the beautiful discourse by Dr. Weedall, full of fine touches ; the sense one had of the futility and shortness of all mortal grandeur—all this combined deeply to move the heart. When I consecrated I felt there was but one real Life in all that pomp, and that was in my hands. The procession for a mile through the grounds was very grand. Three hundred persons walked

in it, amid a vast crowd of spectators. The funeral car, designed for the occasion, was drawn by eight black horses. We had no undertakers or any modern frippery. It was five o'clock p.m. before I got my mitre and cope off from the time of beginning Mass.

"As Lord Shrewsbury's private history comes out it shows what a saintly man he was. His love of purity all his life was remarkable, as well as his spirit of poverty. No servant in the house had his room so poor as was the private room of the Earl—a picture of St. Francis of Assisi: old, faded, common paper; faded, worn-out curtains; no prospect from the windows, the commonest painted deal furniture and common earthenware, with an old broken-down chest of drawers. It was as poor as any convent cell could be."

This great loss to the diocese came at a time when, in addition to other anxieties, claims were being made on Bishop Ullathorne, on the part of the Monmouthshire and Glamorganshire Banking Company, of a very embarrassing kind. During the administration of Bishop Walsh, Mr. Charles Brown Mostyn had made over to the Bishop and to the President of Oscott College, to hold as trustees, eighty shares in this bank, for the endowment of the mission of Radford, providing that the trust should continue to be held by their successors in their respective offices. In the autumn of 1851 the bank stopped payment, and the shareholders of course became liable. Bishop Ullathorne and Dr. John Moore (then President of Oscott) had no property of their own out of which to meet the demands; but, acting on the counsel of friends, they borrowed £1,000, and having paid this sum, fully believed that no further claims would be made on them. In the May of 1852, however, an additional claim was made of £60 a share, amounting in all to the sum of £4,800, the

£1,000 already paid being only reckoned as an instalment. It was represented that neither the Bishop nor the President had any private means at their disposal, and that they could do no more than surrender their personal effects, which were proved, both together, not to exceed £200 in value. This they offered to do ; but the managers declined to accept the offer, alleging that, though the Bishop's statement was no doubt correct, yet that the Catholic community would, of course, come forward and assist in finding the money if the process were pressed. This, however, the Bishop was firmly resolved the Catholics of the diocese should never be required to do.

“ May 30th, 1852.

“ I am in a difficulty at present about this bank. I have been served with a process requiring me to pay £3,800 more by next Saturday. This I cannot, ought not, and shall not pay. The lawyers are busy, and I have reason to think I shall get through ; but no one can tell how it will end. It might end in my resigning and becoming insolvent, but I think not. Don't be anxious about me. I really believe it will all go right, and I am quite in peace about it all.”

The final issue of this affair was reserved for the following year ; and in the meantime Bishop Ullathorne continued, from time to time, to be harassed by fresh annoyance on the subject. Far, however, from suffering this troublesome business to cause him any solicitude, there are indications in some of his letters that the possibility above alluded to of his being forced to resign was secretly regarded by him with no little satisfaction. In a letter to Mother Margaret (June 7th, 1852), after stating how the business then stood, he continues :

"I have written to Rome and requested the Holy See to empower the Cardinal and three other bishops to accept my resignation, should any emergency arise requiring me to save the funds and credit of the diocese by such an act. . . . I will not conceal from you that I looked at the prospect of having to resign, as a matter of necessity, with a sense of peace and content. In such an event it seemed to me that the Papal Rescript respecting your Congregation* so plainly pointed out my future occupation that I might devote myself to its service in a life of poverty and simplicity."

There is a buoyancy of tone in all the letters written at this time which show how little the fear of temporal disaster had power to depress him. In a letter to another member of the Community he says :

"March 21st, 1852.

"God love you all, and draw your hearts nearer to Him. Sometimes I have an idea how glad I should be if I had nothing else to do in this world than to be your chaplain, and to take care of you, and of my own soul. But all this is idle, as you would be the first to tell me. At all events, it will serve to let you know that you are among my first thoughts ; but really and truly, I should like that same chaplaincy, though I know you would plague my life out, and I should retaliate in the same kind."

That this idea of resignation was seriously entertained by him is evident from a passage in a letter written somewhat later, in which he says : "The Cardinal and several of the bishops tell me that in any case my resignation

* He refers to the Papal Rescript appointing him Superior of the Dominican Congregation for life.

must not be thought of ; and, on reflection, I believe they are right."

As a fact, he was at this very time called on to take part in public duties of an unusually solemn and interesting kind. The first Provincial Synod of the Province of Westminster was held at Oscott in the month of July, 1852. He has spoken of it in the last page of his *Autobiography*. A brief note written in pencil whilst it was still sitting is preserved :

"Oscott, July, 1852.

"A single line to say that the Synod is going on admirably in all respects. It finishes on Saturday : very fatiguing, but most peaceful and harmonious. Besides the office of Synodal Judge, I preside over the Congregation on Canon Law and Discipline. Dr. Newman preached one of his very best sermons,* and had the bishops and divines—most of them—weeping, for half an hour. The Spirit of God is truly in the Synod. This is the first letter I have written since it began."

Meanwhile, he found leisure to carry out plans for transferring the Mother-house of the Dominican Community of Sisters of Penance from Clifton to his own diocese. It had been his desire to do this ever since his removal to the Central District. Having been appointed by the Holy See the Ecclesiastical Superior for life of this Congregation there was a certain incongruity in its centre of government not being placed within the limits of his own episcopal jurisdiction. The first attempt to carry out this plan was made by establishing a colony of the Sisters at Longton, in Staffordshire, where, however, the impossibility of procuring land prevented their making a lasting settlement.

* That entitled "The Second Spring."

A piece of ground having been given to them by a generous benefactor in the neighbouring town of Stone decided the question, and in the year 1852 the building of a convent was there begun. Meanwhile, the Community continued to carry on their labours at Longton in a hired house, whence every week two Sisters were sent to Stone, who took up their abode in a small cottage which stood on their newly-acquired property, and prepared the way for the future establishment by teaching the school and visiting the Catholics of the locality, returning to Longton for the Sunday. This humble beginning, it is needless to say, was conducted in the most primitive simplicity, a fact in which the Bishop greatly rejoiced; for it was one of his maxims that no institution was worth much that did not begin in a garret. He would have wished, however, that the number of Sisters could be increased to *three*; but the limited numbers of the Longton Community, and the equally limited accommodation of the cottage, rendered it difficult to carry out this recommendation. He did not, however, give up the point, reminding them of it in a playful way of his own.

“I find the most inconvenient part of the arrangement of having only *two* Sisters in a house is, that if one goes to see them and they leave their refectory to receive one, the cat eats the dinner. And as the Sisters don't like to part with the cat lest the Community should seem to be less in number, neither will they apologise for not appearing on account of the cat, lest Tabby should get expelled: and so the dinner suffers, and the Sisters have to fast on a meat day. I don't know a better reason for having three Sisters in a house instead of two Sisters and a cat, and I only learnt it this morning.

“Well, my dear children, I rejoice in all your good, and in all that God does for you. . . . After *all for God*,

remember the next feeling should be *all for the Community*. For the Community is for God, just as charity to our neighbour is charity to God. This is one of the greatest blessings of Community life, that the individual members can merge their individuality so much in the Community, and lose themselves in the body around them. You must all pray for the happy completion of the building at Stone, for very much will depend on that house."

When the Feast of St. Dominic came he did not forget to address some words of encouragement to the little band of his children struggling with difficulties of all kinds in their first foundation in the Potteries.

"Birmingham, August 3rd, 1852.

"May St. Dominic give you all an ample blessing and a double share of his spirit on the day of his entry into the eternal kingdom! What a crowd of black veils and white woollen habits he has gathered about him in that region of "cherubic light"! Their cherub faces have eyes like stars, and their garments are like driven snow. May you all join his flock in Heaven, and may the star on his forehead shine on yours with a pure, serene beam of truth! May you have the ardour of his torch with the purity of his lily! And if docility and fidelity are figured by the dog at the feet of noble women in ancient monuments, that symbol is the Dominican symbol too.

"Among the records of St. Dominic there are some which mark in a striking way his fatherly affection for his daughters. They are just of that simple kind which indicate its force and durability. The spoons were carried, the wine was called for by no stepfather. They were indications through which peeped out the constant habits of his thoughts and affections. It was this made the spoons so precious, and the wine so very good. They are a hint

to all his daughters what a patient, loving heart their father has, and what an interest he takes in them. But all this you know so much better than I, and you are so much more in his secrets, that I had best say no more."

Another little note, in which the same humorous spirit peeps out, needs a word of explanation. In one of his visits to the Community at Clifton the novices had asked him to give them a "recreation afternoon," a request which he granted on condition that one of them should write to him and tell him how they had spent it. The Sister selected to do so reported that all had enjoyed their recreation greatly, that they had had plenty of talk and plenty of fun; but that one thing had been wanting—they had had no *tea*! His reply has been preserved.

"My dear Novices,

"Sister M. G. has written to me a letter on your behalf which satisfies me that you have had nothing but a feast of tongues. I think it, therefore, a matter of justice to see to the supplying of what has come short in this solemn feast. I have clear evidence from the letter I have received that the *tongues* were long enough and active enough. What, then, is wanting is the rest of the feast; that is, a feast without any tongue. Such a feast as the Athenians used to celebrate, who, amidst the wines and fruits and rich dishes placed a tongueless skull, to remind them to be moderate, as a day would come when all their tongues would be as silent as that skull.

"As far as I can see, by utmost stretch of application, such as my mind is capable of giving to bring out the whole grievance, what is now wanting to settle all complaints with fairness and equity is a *real* recreation-day, when people, instead of sitting round a dull table stitching pin-cushions, can do whatever they like, and that *in silence*;

for the tongue has had its recreation, and it would not be fair it should have two, and the other senses but one.

"I do not forget the claims of the neglected Chinese herb. What an attack of nerves Miss Hyson of the pale green robes must have undergone! What a fit of sentiment Miss Pekoe, in her black mourning costume, must have suffered! How Miss Kettle of the bright check must have sighed and sung in vain, and then gone off in a fit of the vapours! Well, the three neglected nymphs shall be consoled for the slight put upon them. You shall this time have *tea without talk!*"

At Christmas he again wrote to the novices in a somewhat different strain.

"Birmingham, December 27th, 1852.

". . . I thank you for your Christmas greetings, and in return wish you holy childhood with Christ. Never did there so wise, so old, so experienced, or so learned a person become so perfectly a child as Christ. He had 'a great deal to give up,' and 'a great deal to put out of sight.' He 'left a great many friends,' and came where He was 'neither appreciated nor understood.' His fine sense, and fine talent, and fine opportunities, were all buried in that poor little swathed up and trembling body; 'learning compassion from the things He suffers' in that terrible novitiate, of which people cannot understand the reason. . . . Only, unless it is done the world will not be redeemed. But for this novitiate the world will never know how He loved it. Nay, the *world* never will; but the souls He loves most will not know it. He will have no spouses. There will be no other novitiates. No one else will like penances because He loved them. No one else will love to be a child.

"Look at Bethlehem, how foolish it all is! How

much it costs to bring humanity into union with God! What a deal must be done with such specimens, for example, as those I am writing to, before a heavenly spirit of childhood can be seen in them. There must be a thorough washing out of the old imprint; the devil's starch must be squeezed out, and the natural fabric cleared of all artificial stiffening and colouring, bleached to pure whiteness under the dews of Heaven, and so got up simply and softly pliant. There, I have turned the novice into her veil. But I meant that the veil should turn her into a childlike Spouse of the Divine Child, and that she should get rid as fast as possible of her being anything or anybody but a most pliant and responsive child of God. . . . For you, let the words of St. Thomas to Dante be applicable when the great poet asks :

“What plants are these, that bloom
 In the bright garland, which, admiring girds
 This fair Dame round, who strengthens them for Heaven?
 We now are of the lambs that Dominic leads
 As his saintly flock along the way
 Where well they thrive, not swollen with vanity.”*

The affair of the bank came to a crisis in the April of 1853, when, as the Bishop and Dr. Moore had no more to offer† in liquidation of the claims made on them, and as the Bishop positively refused to allow of any appeal being made to the public, they were arrested at the suit of the managers of the bank, and lodged in Warwick Jail. The letters written by him during his brief term of imprisonment were full of encouragement to his friends :

“Warwick Jail, April 29th, 1853.

“Put aside all anxiety; this incident is a stroke of

* *Paradiso* canto X. l. 38—93.

† They had offered £200, which was refused.

Divine Providence, both for the diocese and for religion in this country. You have no idea how much kindness and sympathy it has awakened, both in Protestant and Catholic circles. All the newspapers are with us. We have every consideration and every convenience. I hope to sing Mass in St. Chad's on Ascension Day, and in a week or so after to have got through the Courts. I am particularly well and joyous, and so is Dr. Moore. All friends pour in, and send us more good things than we know what to do with. We say Mass each morning, and I never forget you. I thank God for the grace of recollection in the midst of all the bustle."

To the Lady Abbess of Stanbrook.

"Warwick Jail, April 24th, 1853.

"Dear Lady Abbess,

"You have, doubtless, already heard of the incarceration of myself and Dr. Moore; not for debt, but because we were the legal trustees of a legacy. The enclosed will give you the feelings of Birmingham on the subject.

"We are not worse accommodated than a Carthusian monk; our cells are quite as good as those of a convent, and we said Mass in one of them this morning. We have a ward to ourselves, and all the attention and civilities that our position admits of. We are quite happy, and rather enjoy our quiet, except that it is interrupted by the visits of our friends from Leamington. When I said we were not worse off than Carthusians, I ought to have added that they do not have their diet from an hotel.

"The assignees have so committed themselves in this business that I think we shall soon be discharged, and that we shall not have much trouble."

“Warwick Jail, May 3rd, 1853.

“Dear Lady Abbess,

“May God bless you. On Monday a motion was made in the Court of the Master of the Rolls for our release, on the ground that our opponents had abused the power of the Courts in our case. After our affidavits, and those of Mr. Estcourt and Mr. Harting had been read, we had for answer that unless the assignees could rebut our depositions there was cause for the interference of the Court. Thursday was then appointed for hearing arguments. If we succeed we shall be discharged without public proceedings. If not—and I never calculate until I see the event—we shall then have to pass the Insolvent Court ; in which case I suppose we shall be a week more before we are bailed out.

“We are in good health and spirits, and I never felt happier in my life. We had upwards of forty visitors yesterday.

“I always remember you and all the dear Sisters when I say Mass.

“I find that in a jail, like a convent, everything helps recollection. Indeed, it is the world without that takes us from attention to God within. If we only look away from our own subjective existence, and look straight towards Our Lord, Who is always with us, even when we are not with Him, we shall find all places alike. For God is our true place. The real bane of our life is that low inward living on our own personal feelings ; always and at all times searching the agreeable and shunning the disagreeable ones, sifting them in the sieve of our self-love, coiling ourselves up in our cherished sentiments and sensations, as the snail coils up his poor viscera within his shell ; never fairly throwing ourselves out openly and faithfully to Our Lord. How can He operate on such materials kept closed within the sensitive coil of nature by such a will ?

"One earnest look of the soul into our Divine Lord's presence, an earnest listening to His few simple words of infinite life and power, an earnest surrender of all our interior tendencies and feelings to His tranquil attraction—this is to find ourselves with Our Lord and His eternal years at each moment of existence.

"After an hour thus introverted, not into our own sense, but into Our Lord's heart, of whose emotions, as the Man-God, the Psalms are the written exposition, return to yourselves, and the light which has been gathering and warming all this time will reveal layer beneath layer of pride and nothingness within, the habitual life of which the soul never dreamed. Then arises wonder upon wonder at the mystery of such an existence as ours, and at the goodness of God; and adoration, with the beginning of a true perception of the fact how God is all and we nothing, except as He operates divinely on our nothingness; and that by adhering with our will to Him and His operations we alone begin to have true life. 'I am the Vine,' says Our Lord, 'you are the branches. If you abide in Me, you will bring forth fruit. And My Father will prune you with trials that you may have more fruit.' The blood of the grape and the fat of the wheat, of the grape of the vine whose fruit is virgin purity, of the wheat which nourishes life, this pure blood, that highly nourishes life, we drink, we eat, as much as we abide in this life, in His mind, in His heart.

"Dear Sisters, may Our Lord be with you, and may your hearts be firmly planted in His Divine Heart, which is the true root of the only vintage of life. May Our Lord love you. May He dwell in your hearts. May you desire nothing beyond Him. For this will I often pray."

"Warwick Jail, May 4th, 1853.

"Dear Lady Abbess,

"Thanks be to God Who has given us the

victory. It reached us by telegraph last night. Another telegraph message has announced this afternoon that Mr. Harting is in the train, and carries our release. Ten gentlemen have been waiting all day to conduct us to Birmingham.

"Our opponents have evidently been taken aback. They have felt they could not meet us in the court on Thursday next, and have come to a compromise. All they get is the £200 we offered long ago.

"It is a great blessing we have escaped the Insolvent Court."

One other letter must be given, written from jail on the eve of the Feast of St. Catherine.

"Warwick Jail, April 29th, 1853.

"My dear Children in Christ,

"A happy feast! The Spirit of Our Lord be in you, as it was in St. Catherine.

"That great heart, greatly graced and divinely enkindled, was not delayed or held back by any bounding walls of her own nature, by any solicitings of her own spirit or her own sense, from giving her whole soul in unreserved sacrifice to her Lord. Thought, desire, will, all her soul broke habitually away from her senses, and sought her God, and rested on her God, and entered into the heart of her God. Oh! how happy is that heart which, like Catherine's, goes forth unceasingly on the wings of Divine attraction, and returns not back after it has gone forth unless to feel the narrowness of nature, and the stifling oppressiveness of a soul pent up in herself, to go forth again more vigorously still into that region of Divine freedom, the gracious company of her Lord. The Spouse of Christ must live on Christ, or be unhappy. 'Abide in Me, and I in thee.' I am the true Vine, thou a branch engrafted on the Vine.

Abide in Me and bring forth fruit. And My Father will prune thee of all superfluity, and wound thee with the sharp knife of suffering, that thou mayst bring forth much fruit. This is that blood of the grape which nourishes pure virginity and beautiful charity. Rooted then in Christ, grow in Christ; draw the life of your soul from Christ. Cleave not to yourself. Entangle not yourself in your own thoughts, nor in your own affections, nor in any sense of yourself. Be not as the snail, which lies coiled within its poor shell and only embraces its own poor coil of life. But, like the sunflower to the sun, like St. Catherine to Jesus, open out and advance towards your Divine Lord the innermost energy of your will and of your soul. May Jesus energise your hearts with such generous love, that they may not stick, no, not one fibre of them, in the mire of your Adam-born sensuality.

“The heart of Catherine was enkindled and glowed with the flame of Divine Love. That holy glow was nurtured by the constant presence of her Lord. She loved Him much. He loved her much. The rays of His Divinity beamed upon her, and the rays of her affection streamed upon Him through the power of His Divine attractions. If this ardour was occupied with herself, it was only as consuming the dross of her nature as it grew from her native condition; but her love turned from herself where it found nothing worthy, and sought untiringly its love. *Herself* gave her but the answer of death; *her love* gave her new and continual supplies of life.

“Oh! blessed soul of Catherine! which loved more than the united strength of a thousand hearts of average Christians, and glorified God ten thousand times more by the unity of so much love in the perfection of one heart. . . . Ask of Him Who gave thee all this love and glorified Himself in it, that He would deign to glorify Himself in the hearts of thy children. Ask, that they

may be taught by grace itself to turn their will, with their interior light, away from sense and feeling of themselves, and enter with all the functions of their souls into the inner sense and pleasure of their Lord. Like thee may they love their Lord, feel their Lord with them, and breathe His Spirit. May their Lord be in their heart, in their mind, in their work, in their speech, and in their looks.

"Dear children, I shall say Mass for you on your feast in this prison cell. If you are never absent from me when I say Mass in my church, you are not likely to be away from my prayers, you are not likely to be absent in a place where so many things tend to recollection."

The imprisonment of the Bishop and his companion did not last more than ten days, and its chief result was to manifest to the public that the Apostolic poverty of a Catholic bishop in England was a reality and not a name

At this time many thoughts and plans pressed on the mind of Bishop Ullathorne connected with that more perfect organisation of the diocese which naturally arose out of the establishment of the Hierarchy. Among these, the assembly of a Diocesan Synod and the complete canonical visitation of the diocese took the foremost place. Of these and of other projects connected with the promotion of missionary work he often spoke and wrote to Mother Margaret Hallahan, to whom in the confidence of friendship he was accustomed to open his heart, communicating to her the fervid hopes and wishes which filled his soul. During a visit to Clifton in the summer of 1853 he appears to have poured out some of these ardent longings; and the result was an exchange of letters, which shall be inserted here, to the honour of both these holy souls, and of a friendship which had in it nothing of this world.



"I wish, my dearest Father (writes Mother Margaret), you would put these strong inspirations into practice. You have sufficient in you to reanimate the faith of thousands. Much of your bodily weakness would disappear were you to give out what is within you. I have often felt much when I have seen you so absorbed in books, and have begged Our Lord with tears that He would vouchsafe that you should give the light and grace that is within you for the sanctification of His people. I know, my dear Father, that a bishop has much to read ; but experience will also give knowledge, and it has always seemed to me you had a power within you that could do anything. I am sure you *know* enough to convert the world, it is only the putting what you know into practice. Visitations, no doubt, would stop many abuses, and prevent many sacrileges. The house of God would be more cared for, and many excesses would be avoided, when it was known that the Bishop would know everything. When I look back to your first mission (at Coventry) and think of the many, many souls you then converted and brought to the Church, I long to see such days revived in districts like the Potteries. I am sure you will not let these great spiritual lights die with you, but will communicate them to others. . . . You see I have done as you told me, but you are too condescending to one so unworthy. . . . Do not, my dear Father, mind what all the world says, provided you can save souls. Pardon me if I have said what I ought not to say. My only hope is that you will work for my perfection as much as I pray for yours. What does all signify provided we can but bless and praise the Infinite Majesty of God for ever and ever !"

The Bishop's reply to this letter (written, as it would seem, in retreat) is as follows:

"St. Benedict's Priory, July 11th, 1853.

"I thank you, my dear Sister, for your letter, though on one subject your kindness exaggerates. You are right, however, in your advice. I used to take St. Paul as the pattern of an Apostolic bishop, and I wish to do so again. I have been more active of late, and reading no longer gives me knowledge as it used to do. It seems to me that it comes in other ways now, and specially by prayer. May God bless you with His perfect love. *Always tell me plainly about myself.*"

It would seem that at this time he was suffering from what with him was a most unusual trial of depression, arising partly out of the over-activity of his brain, and his inability to carry out all his desires as perfectly as he longed to do. He even persuaded himself that his failures and shortcomings were a cause of disedification to others, and under this belief practised much more bodily mortification than in Mother Margaret's judgment was discreet. So she did not hesitate to tell him so.

"I think the house you live in would take all life and energy out of anyone; it seems like living in continual gloom. . . . But, my dear Father, do not begin to mortify your poor body, it is the spirit and the will. If we are what God wills us to be we are at peace. *Love, love, love*, and you will work wonders in this poor desolate land. Next to God, you have been the greatest friend to my soul, and have taught me practical humility. So let us work for each other's perfection, for I hear the truth from none but yourself. . . . Do not think your life has given disedification. God has given you abundance of light; it is only to put it in practice. I can assure you my mind is quite relieved by this correspondence, for I never dared to whisper to myself what I often desired to say to you. It

only increases my reverence and respect, for why should we not practise truth together as the children of God? I shall every Saturday say the Little Office of the Holy Name of Mary, that you may be delivered from your greatest plague, and have a sound and vigorous body."

Towards the end of the month of July the Novitiate of the Sisters of Penance was removed from Clifton to Stone, where, on the 4th of August, the Feast of St. Dominic, the first stone of the church was laid, the Bishop presiding at the ceremonial. He himself sent a brief account of the event to the Sisters left at Clifton.

"Birmingham, August 5th, 1853.

"You are sure to have a flood of ink from Stone after yesterday, though I doubt not that they are all tired to their fingers' ends. I found all things well prepared, and we had neither botch nor rub of any kind, nor any occasion for scolding.

"The Feast of St. Dominic was celebrated with Masses at two Altars, in the temporary choir within the Convent. The day was fine, the ceremonial well arranged and conducted; all were pleased and all were edified. I think I never had so purely happy a morning in my whole life. I feel sure that great things will come out of Stone."

Towards the end of the same month of August he assisted at the Solemn *Triduo* celebrated at Broadway by the Passionist Fathers, on the occasion of the Beatification of Blessed Paul of the Cross.

"Birmingham, August 31st, 1853.

"I have just returned from celebrating the *Triduo* at Broadway, and cannot say how pleased I have been with that congregation and all they have done there. I con-

firmed nearly seventy converts. Indeed all the congregation are converts from the neighbourhood ; there is not an old Catholic among them, except one or two, and they are all English, of the soil, and devoted to pious practices. Every one, without exception, goes to Communion once a fortnight, half one week and half another. I have had to study the life of Blessed Paul to preach his panegyric, and I do not think the life of any Saint ever struck my soul so much. I think him one of the clearest and most perfect of spiritual directors. He wonderfully combined the perfections of many Saints in himself—for example, those of St. Peter of Alcantara and of St. Francis. . . . I had not the least notion we had such a Saint in these latter times.”

During the remainder of the autumn Bishop Ullathorne was engaged in preparing for his first Diocesan Synod. It was an important and memorable event, marking the progress and development of the Church in England which resulted from the establishment of the Hierarchy. But it involved very great labour, necessary in order to bring the working of the diocese into regular form.

“ Birmingham, October 6th, 1853.

“ You will be delighted to know that I have appointed the administration of temporalities. The V.G. is getting into his proper work, and I am doing all I can to disentangle myself from daily details, so as finally to set myself free for missionary and spiritual work.

“ By the time the Synod is over I shall be quite free, and more in the position of one of the old bishops, with a regular administration of affairs conducted more under me than through me. For this I have been working ever since I had the sacred mitre on my head ; but it has cost all these years to bring it round. Indeed, it has been my

one work. In the nature of things no one could either see or appreciate it ; but it will be understood later on."

The necessity of this "distanglement" of a bishop from administration of temporal things, in order that he might the more entirely devote himself to his spiritual charge, was a subject which always lay very close to his heart. No one ever cherished a deeper sense of the real responsibilities of the Episcopal office, or of the interior perfection required from one who held it. This is expressed in a letter addressed to one of his Communities, the members of whom had addressed him a letter of congratulation on the anniversary of his consecration, the whole of which is too remarkable to be omitted.

"Birmingham, June 21st, 1853.

"My dear Children in Christ,

"I am totally unworthy of the spiritual blessing which God has given me in your devotedness. I never said anything with a more simple and sincere heart than I say this. There was a time when I should have been too proud to have admitted, even to myself, that there was any good worth noting in all your charity towards me ; but though I have a hard root of pride in me yet, from which may Our Lord in His mercy free me, yet I do in His greater grace confess, and rejoice in declaring, that my intercourse with you, counting from the first beginnings until now, has been the means, in the hands of God, of removing sundry gnarls, and knots, and branches of that cursed root. I could not humble *you* without humbling myself. I could not say spiritual things to you and be absolutely insensible to them myself. And your prayers have often surrounded my soul as with a cloud of incense, and have greatly helped me with God. I believe that the great reverence I have for a good and devoted Spouse of

Christ arises from perceiving that she is the mystery of strength in weakness. I think the mild heart, the vigorous energy of life, and the unforced and, as it were, natural dependence on our Divine Lord which His true Spouse possesses, is such a contrast to the natural woman—raging after vanity, credulous of flattery, and voracious of mortal affections—that a sublimer proof of the power of grace over nature cannot be offered to our meditation than a truly faithful and holy Spouse of Christ, who in her inmost heart and will can always say, ‘God alone.’

“You almost all hesitate if you ought to congratulate a bishop, specially an English bishop, on his consecration. You are right if your attention is fixed not on his cares or his labours, for these matter not ; they are good for grinding down nature : but if you think of his responsibilities coupled with the shortsightedness and shortcomings of a weak, frail mortal. A bishop ought to see through Our Lord’s eyes, and should be free from the spirit of the age in which he lives, which is but the passing fashion of the passing world. He should have faith enough to confide in invisible strength not his own, and should despair of nothing except help from this world and wisdom from its maxims. He should pray unceasingly and spend himself in labours, and should have a great charity in his heart from the Holy Ghost, loving everything that has in it, or may have the grace of God ; and he should set his heart specially to perfect those whom God has called to perfection.

“My dear children, as you love Our Lord, for His honour pray, and with all your soul importune Him that His bishops may have this spirit ; and that it may especially be given, even as much as it is wanting, to

“Your devoted spiritual Father,

“✠ W. B. ULLATHORNE.”

The first Diocesan Synod of the Diocese of Birmingham

was held in St. Chad's Cathedral on the 9th and 10th of November, 1853, "the first fruits of hierarchal government" as the Bishop calls it in his closing address to the clergy. In that address he struck the note to which his heart always most readily vibrated. After alluding to that renovation of the whole Church in England which might confidently be looked for under its new organisation, he reminded his hearers how much was now required at their hands.

"We are not as they who have a certain work traced out with exact limits, which done, their work is ended. We are *missioners*. Oh name rich with most noble and generous associations! Our work is that of Apostles. The missionary is one who has as much work before him as by the utmost stretching of his strength he can accomplish. He is a devoted man, a man of sacrifices. Unless he make himself a sacrifice as an Apostle would do for the souls of his brethren, he may be a priest, but he is unworthy to be called a *missioner*. A missionary is a priest, laborious, patient, not easily discouraged, ingenious by the force of that ardour which the spirit of his position enkindles to meet wants as they arise. And when he sees some want before his eyes so great that it haunts his mind like a vision, then he may begin that work with confident faith; let him only use the ordinary rules of ecclesiastical prudence and he may rest well assured that God will carry him through its difficulties."

CHAPTER III.—1854 AND 1855.

THE COMMITTEE OF INQUIRY REGARDING CONVENTS.—ARS AND LA SALETTE.—THE BISHOP'S PAMPHLET ON LA SALETTE.—HE BEGINS THE VISITATION OF THE DIOCESE; AND HIS "TREATISE ON THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION."—DEFINITION OF THE DOGMA.—HUMILITY IN RECEIVING CORRECTION.—LETTERS ON LITERARY SUBJECTS.—THE SECOND PROVINCIAL SYNOD OF WESTMINSTER.—THE TAKING OF SEBASTOPOL.

THERE is a passage in his *Autobiography* in which Bishop Ullathorne, after briefly relating the circumstances of his withdrawal from the Mission of Australia, alludes to the interior disturbance which he felt at times when exchanging a life of active work and large responsibilities for one of simple obedience. It was an experience of which he sometimes made use in the direction of others, and a reference to it which occurs in his correspondence will not be without its interest. He is writing to a Religious Superior on whom he had often pressed, but as it would seem only with partial success, the duty of taking needful rest and not exhausting the physical powers.

"Birmingham, January 1st, 1854.

"Your attack was a serious warning; I have seen Dr. B——, and his opinion agrees with mine that it was a kind of palsy stroke, the consequence of over-exertion, and over-

wearing of the brain. He insists on the necessity of your giving yourself more repose, both of body and mind, and taking an interval of rest to divide the day. But you cannot do this without lying down. . . . It may be humbling to do this, but what is better than humiliation? Why, St. Gregory the Great, the most vigorous of Popes, lay a good part of his time on a pallet, because of his infirmities. . . . It is a good way of feeling and appreciating what others have to do who are always under obedience. You and I have scarcely an opportunity of knowing what that is. I remember when I went to Downside for a couple of months after my Australian career, how much surprised I was at what rose up and passed within me every now and then when I was again put to that test, however much kindness and consideration I then received. I do not say it is so with you. Still it is a good thing to have oneself sometimes put specially under rule for a time. . . . There is another thing still more essential. You must positively give up thinking when in bed. Nothing is more injurious. I know it is a habit, and habits are difficult things to change. But you ought to pray against it. And if you obey direction on this point, God will bless the obedience. . . . You know what Our Lord says about our solicitude. There is danger of two things in it; of attaching too much importance to our own part in God's work, and of diminishing our inward tranquillity and union with God. St. Stephen, the Cistercian, during those long years when he was so anxious about his Order, and when his brethren were starving, was observed to stay at the church door every night before he entered. He was asked why he did so, and he said he was commanding his thoughts and solitudes about the Order and the brethren to stay there till the next morning. That is precisely what I want you to do; not to do my will, but to do your duty to God, and to

govern yourself, depending on Him and not on your own wisdom."

Whilst pressing on others the necessity of giving needful rest to overworked powers, it became evident to those around him that the Bishop himself was in need of some recreative change, to repair the strength which had been so severely overtaxed during the last three years. Yielding to the representations of friends therefore, he agreed, as soon as the season was favourable, to arrange for a few weeks' tour abroad. In the meanwhile a revival of the movement against convents threatened to take a serious form, Mr. Chambers, the avowed agent of the Evangelical and Protestant Alliance, moving in Parliament for a "Committee of Inquiry." This drew from the Bishop a letter, addressed to Lord Edward Howard, in which he furnished certain statistics relative to the convents then existing in England, which were read in the House of Commons.

"Bishop's House March 12th, 1854.

"I am preparing for the Committee in case I am called before it. I have not much fear as to the result of the vote about the Communities in Parliament. Catholics are now aroused and stirring, and there will be a good fight. Several discussions will be raised in Parliament before they can possibly get any powers, and by that time they may be shamed or worn out. For Government is anxious to keep all quiet with this great war just beginning.* I believe the war is, in the designs of Providence, to prevent the Church in the East from being forced into the Greek schism. How strange, if you did not know how Providence works its ends, that England should again be used without its intention to protect the Church from destruction over a large portion of the world where it is making progress

* The Crimean War.

. . . France has always been the great protector of the Catholic Church in the East, and now she is to have England to help her. But she will not make peace without securing the liberties of the Church. It is her interest to do so. Thus God plays with nations through their imaginary interests for His own wise purposes."

By the beginning of May it had been arranged that Bishop Ullathorne's tour of health should be made to include a visit to the holy mountain of La Salette. "I go," he says, "not to criticise, but with clear faith as a pilgrim." But on his way to La Salette he proposed to stop at Lyons, in order to pay a visit to the Curé of Ars, whose marvellous life was at that time beginning to attract notice in England. The following letter, describing his visit to Ars, will be read with interest.

"Lyons, May 14th, 1854.

" . . . I have been to Ars to-day, and have seen the Saint . . . a good priest led us through a side door of the church, and the first object my eyes fell upon was his head and face, and little shrunken figure, never to be forgotten. He was saying his office amidst a crowded nave of people waiting for him, though several omnibuses had already left, returning with those who had been there all night. His face was shrunken, worn, and sallow, with many traces down his cheeks and round his mouth. His hair and expansive forehead were white, his brow smooth and clear, his eyes remarkably deep in shadow and covered with their lids. He soon moved to a little side tribune, and leaning against a pillar, as if to sustain the feebleness of his worn frame, he began to preach. As he opened his eyes, they sent forth over the audience a light so pale yet so bright, wan as if with incessant fasting and yet preternaturally lightsome and tranquil. As he

went on the vivacity and vigour of his spirit mantling through his feeble suffering frame increased in energy. His voice, soft, yet shrill, rose into cries of anguish as he spoke of sin ; his hand doubled up, pressed itself between his eyes on his forehead, his eyebrows shrank together, and he wept, as he always weeps when he speaks of sin. Then he opened his eyes again, and those deeply shaded recesses became full of light, and he threw his feeble hands appealingly toward the people, who listened in profound attention, and even awe. Then his eyes were cast up, and his whole figure seemed to follow. He spoke of God, so good, so amiable, so loving, and his whole being seemed to circle round his heart, on which his hands, his shoulders, his whole person seemed to concentrate. It was impossible not to feel that God was wholly there, and drew his whole being to that centre. Then there was one word about being in the Heart of Jesus ; and in that word I felt he himself was there in a way I shall not easily forget. He spoke with animation of spirit, but with feeble bodily force, for twenty minutes, with a self-abandonment, a naturalness, a simplicity, a variety of tone and action as his subject changed, all spontaneous from the heart. . . .

“ . . . His reception of us was beautifully free and simple, so full of humility and charity. None of the cringing gesture or tone which is so often mistaken for humility ; but such a simple, disengaged pure humility, combined with the genuine politeness of a Saint. . . . The smile on his wasted, but most expressive, features was angelic. I was speaking of prayer for England, and was describing in a few words the difficulties and sufferings of our poor Catholics for their faith, when he suddenly interrupted me by opening those eyes—which are so deeply shaded by the depth to which they enter when listening or reflecting—and streaming their full white light upon me in a manner I can never forget, he said, with a voice as firm and

confident as though making an act of faith : ‘ *Mais, Monseigneur, je crois que l’Église d’Angleterre retournera à son ancien splendeur.*’ I am sure he firmly believes this, from whatever source he has derived the impression. I then asked him to hear my confession and manifestation. At each point which tended to a question his words were few, simple, penetrating, but exceedingly large in their charity to the individual to whom they were addressed. With him the Spirit is everything, the form and manner of action of little consideration, so long as God is the object of the soul: the Spirit of God, the protection of the Blessed Virgin. On one practical point he gave a practical decision. It was precise, clear, and satisfying. He knelt by my side when he had concluded, as he did before he began, and I felt it was a moment of grace.”

From Ars he continued his journey to La Salette, which he describes in the following letter :

“ La Salette, May 26th, 1854.

“ May Our Lady of Salette be your protection ! Yesterday, the Feast of the Ascension . . . in company with the good Curé of Corps, who has been a principal observer of this great cause from its origin, mounted on mules, we proceeded, until after passing the little hamlet of La Salette we began to wind into these grand and solitary mountains. We passed beyond the habitations of men, beyond the trees, beyond the birds, until we reached the perfect solitude of the holy mount, and by one o’clock I was kneeling by the miraculous fountain. The whole scene of this mysterious manifestation was before my mind, and my heart was full. There Our Lady sat, and from the stones on which she sat, with the form of her crucified Son upon her breast, in a light which Melanie said could not be compared to any colour in this world

—falls the perpetual fountain. Close by is a cross, marking the spot where she spoke to the children, whence the holy way of her departure proceeds in a zigzag up to the place of her ascent and disappearance. All around lay blocks of black marble, of which the noble church is being built. . . .

“Since writing the above there have arrived two Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul from Geneva, one of whom was very ill, and is now, after one day, quite well.

“As I made the Way of the Blessed Virgin early this morning . . . there was a decent, but poor-looking, woman on before me, and I could not but observe that she hastened and got on, to be out of my way. At the well I said : ‘ I will pray for you at Mass. Do you pray for me.’ I found that two years since she had been given up by physicians and could retain nothing on her stomach. She had been brought from a distance of more than fifty miles, and had been carried up the hill more dead than alive. She drank a considerable quantity of the water the moment she reached the well, and was perfectly cured ; ate a good breakfast, and has been well ever since. It was the second anniversary, and she had come to make her thanksgiving. . . .

“The hills, the valleys, and the fountain are all redolent of Mary. It is like the mountains round the Lake of Gennesareth, only far grander and more sublime. . . . We have had Vespers . . . the men sitting on the blocks of marble destined for the church ; on the other side of the little valley of the Apparition, seated on the grass, a great body of women, the banner of Our Lady of Salette planted among them, the Nuns standing behind it ; the priests and the men chanting one verse, the women the other.

“. . . . The conversion of England is always mentioned *first* here when those prayed for are given out. At

the morning sermon the preacher happened to be so placed that an echo repeated each sentence, and it was strange to hear the echo say *priez pour la conversion de l'Angleterre*, as if the mountain, with its great voice, were praying and exhorting to pray. It was all literally in the clouds, for though a dry warm day, clouds have covered all the mountains above and below us. We are 7,000 feet above the sea, and we can see mountains near 11,000 feet above it. You can have no idea of the giant grandeur of this mountainous country, and of the contrast of the beautiful slopes and soft verdure which sweep down on all sides towards the fountain of La Salette. Our Lady has certainly a very perfect judgment in selecting her sanctuaries. Yesterday I walked up one of these slopes looking down on the fountain. . . . On the other side a sheer precipice, like a wall of iron, went down to an immense depth, and all beyond were ranges of naked and broken rocks which stood in strange contrast with the soft green, covered with beautiful blue flowers of different kinds which surrounds Our Lady of Salette. A gentleman who was with me said, pointing to the slopes down towards La Salette, 'There is a picture of Paradise,' and turning to the other side of the point on which we stood, 'There is a picture of hell.' The expression was perfect. You will naturally ask me what I think and feel. I can only say that everyone who comes here, leaves with some new and ever to be remembered impression. It is observed that with all the rudeness of the dangers from the ascent, and so many invalids coming, no one has ever suffered from an accident; and invalids expose themselves in all weathers with no fear of consequences, for a common feeling prevails that Our Lady takes care of that. The spirit of kindness, the affection, the charity, the thought for everybody's wants on the part of the missionary Fathers, nuns, and domestics, where everything is so temporary, and there are so many coming and going, is quite remarkable.

The housekeeper said to Mr. —, as she urged him to ask at all times for whatever he wanted, ‘You know when you come to see your Mother you are at home.’

“May Our Lady of Salette obtain for you and all the dear Sisters a thousand blessings, and the full spirit which emanates from this holy place.”

The warm devotion and confident faith in the Apparition of La Salette which Bishop Ullathorne conceived on the holy mountain were never shaken even by the subsequent unsatisfactory conduct of the witnesses ; and to the day of his death he continued an ardent champion of this devotion.

He returned home on the 8th of June, recruited in health, full of enthusiasm, and eager for work.

“June 8th, 1854.

“I return quite well and full of La Salette, about which I must publish something in honour of Our Lady, *Our Mother* ; for since I stood on that holy mountain *Our Lady* has grown to be a phrase too cold for me . . . I never had so much work before me, and I have done nothing for the diocese these two months.”

But whilst returning with vigour to diocesan work he lost no time in drawing up an account of his pilgrimage while the impressions he had received were still fresh and vivid.

“July 5th, 1854.

“I have finished all but about six pages of the book on La Salette. . . . I have written it as an act of devotion to Our Mother in Heaven, and of gratitude for the lights I received on her holy mountain. I never did anything with

so much and such constant assiduity. La Salette has now filled my mind for two months, and I shall turn from it with regret to other and more pressing duties."

These "more pressing duties" consisted in the canonical visitation of the diocese, to which he devoted the greater portion of the autumn; and it was whilst so engaged that the news was authoritatively published that the Pope would summon a Council at Rome, with a view of defining the Immaculate Conception.

"Bishop's House, September 2nd, 1854.

"I begin the course of visitations next Sunday, going on week-days and Sundays throughout the diocese. I take two priests with me, and shall be much occupied for a long time, for I wish to do this work as thoroughly as I can. Pray for its success; I trust it will begin a new era in the diocese. I shall search into everything, give everybody access to me, hear anybody's confession who wishes to come to me, and visit the sick of the mission. In short, I wish and intend to make myself all things to all, and to do what I can to gain all. I hope, with God's grace, to realise in some degree that which I have always had more or less before me, and the want of which has been my torment. I know you will pray much for me that I may not faint from my purpose."

Whilst devoting his whole energies to this laborious work he was already engaged in the composition of his "Treatise on the Immaculate Conception," as appears from a letter, dated September 22nd, in which, after giving some details regarding the progress of the visitations, he adds:

"Bishop's House, September 22nd, 1854.

"In the midst of my work I have projected a book on the Immaculate Conception; it will be in twelve chapters,

about the size of the one on La Salette. I have the whole plan in my head, and shall write it at odd times, as I can work it out in my meditations. I never preach on that subject without seeing how much it is wanted, from the remarks that are made. It will be not an original, but a popular book. . . . A work of this kind, taken up without interfering with the visitations, will relieve the heaviness of that work, and prevent my relaxing myself by desultory literature. If you have any devout thoughts on the subject you can send them; they may suggest embellishments of the subject."

So through the months of September and October the work of the visitations and the composition of his book went on hand in hand, and his letters generally contain allusions to both subjects.

"Bishop's House, September 23th, 1854.

"The change in the chapel and congregation at Oxford is delightful. They have established a little choir and sing all in plain chant delightfully. I visited Badlesley Convent yesterday. It does one's heart good to go there; I know of no convent where there is such habitual fervour, kept up at such a height. It is truly the simplicity of the Spouses of Christ. . . . Tell R—— that St. Catherine held the right doctrine on the Immaculate Conception. Her language is only ambiguous from want of the proper key. And thank I—— for the nice letter sent me. It is remarks of that kind I want, and should be glad of more if they arise from any quarter."

"October 3rd, 1854.

"Drs. Grant, Briggs, and Wareing are going to Rome for the Council. Dr. Polding, who was here on Saturday, presses me much to go. But I have decided to finish my

book instead. I get a page or two of matter ready every day amidst the hard work of the visitations, which are going on very well and doing much good.

"A Tertiary came to me for advice at the visitation at the Cathedral: a poor Irish woman who lives by washing is very infirm, and has lived under vows these fifteen years.

"At St. Chad's I preached, during the visitation, on the Rosary in a way that has made a stir for rosaries. I think I must take November, or most of it, to finish the book, for it is greatly wanted; and by that time I shall want a rest. I think I can bring good proof that St. Thomas was not really opposed to the doctrine, and that it is even not improbable that he taught it. About 100 Dominican divines have maintained the doctrine; St. Alphonsus says 180, but he is not always to be trusted on such matters, as he commonly quotes at second hand."

Although he had decided on not attending the Council he took the most lively interest in all its proceedings; and when, in the course of them, the language of certain theologians present was corrected by the votes of the bishops, he could not conceal his pleasure.

"November 6th, 1854.

"I am delighted to see the bishops capsizing the theologians. The bishops are all authority, and the theologians all reason. I consider my work now as good as finished, though it will still keep me a fortnight. But I am ready now for the printer as soon as I can get a sight of the Pope's Bull, which I suppose will reach us a few days after the feast."

At last came the welcome telegraph in the *Univers*, which he at once forwarded to the friend to whom he knew it would cause the most unfeigned joy:

"The Pope, officiating at St. Peter's after the Gospel at eleven o'clock, promulgated the expected decree. The Immaculate Conception is declared of Faith, and whoever denies it, a heretic. Two hundred bishops present. Rome drunk with joy."

The doctrine of the Immaculate Conception had, as will have been seen, absorbed the Bishop's inward mind for many months past, and it was natural that his Christmas letters, written just after the great event of the definition, should be full of thoughts connected with this subject.

"Bishop's House, Christmas Eve, 1854.

"May we all draw solid humility from this mystery of humility, that mystery on which the kingdom of Heaven rests its foundations. The world is everywhere shaken and convulsed, that, if possible, some of its pride may be shaken out of it. Happy they who know but little of the world, and care for it less.

"It is curious that so long as the Immaculate Conception was believed, received, and preached with a simple unreasoning faith, as it always was in the East, there was no difficulty about it. The moment reason touched it it became obscured and darkened, and the language of divines got perplexed. And it has taken six centuries to get back from reasoning to faith, and for the wisdom of man to get back to the foolishness of faith.

"A happy Christmas to you; and having said that I know not what else to say. For a happy Christmas means so much. It means that Christ is with us, and that our hearts are with Him. It means that with the Innocents we are prepared to die for Him. It means that we know what Bethlehem means: a child's simplicity, a child's confidence, a child's ignorance of this weary world. It means converse

with Christ, and angels listening to it. It means pure hearts, and a beautiful love of the beautiful God. . . . Humility will give us all this ; but who will give humility ? Only the Child Jesus, Who gave it to Mary. . . . May Our Lord give you that grace, and more and more of it !”

The *Treatise on the Immaculate Conception* was published in the following January. Various circumstances had concurred to delay its appearance.

“ I have been so occupied, and, indeed, plagued with this book. Richardson has had his hands full, and, perhaps, the devil does not like it. Then Mr. Estcourt keeps back the copy when I have done with it, and thinks good sometimes to alter my alterations. He means well, and often does very well, but it all delays.”*

In a singularly beautiful Lenten Pastoral for the year 1855, the Bishop gave a more simple exposition of the mystery than that contained in the book ; and, announcing to his people the joyful tidings of the definition, called on them to unite with the whole Church in thanksgiving.

As soon as his book was published he took occasion of a short breathing space in the midst of his labours to make a retreat at Mount St. Bernard's.

“ Bishop's House, February 3rd, 1855.

“ I have just come from a short retreat at the Cistercian Abbey at Mount St. Bernard's. I have been much struck with the discipline of that Monastery, and specially with

* The above remark is worth noting. Not every writer would be found willing to submit his manuscript, not merely to the criticism, but even to the correction, of others. Yet Bishop Ullathorne habitually did this. He would invite criticism, and adopt suggestions from very humble sources ; and his secretary, Mr. Estcourt, who, perhaps, of all men, enjoyed most of his friendship and confidence, was at all times permitted full liberty, not merely to suggest alterations in his MSS., but to make them at discretion.

the solemn choral duties which, from two o'clock in the morning, occupy a great portion of the day. I have been deeply impressed with the almost continuous chanting of the choir, in the fervid, long drawn contemplation, yet most simple notes, of the Cistercian song. It is a chain of aspirations, with links of silence. They have also the Office of the Blessed Virgin in choir, and the Office of the Dead during Lent. They take food but once a day in Lent.

"On Monday I recommence the visitations, and shall be much occupied for a long time to come."

Among the letters of this year there occur some which throw an interesting light on one side of Bishop Ullathorne's character better known to his intimate friends than to the public at large—his readiness, namely, to accept reproof, even from an inferior. In speaking of a person of high station whose conduct he considered as open to blame, the Bishop had used language which, in the opinion of the friend to whom he spoke, was somewhat wanting in respect. The frank expression of this opinion, so far from offending him, was received with gratitude, and its justice as frankly acknowledged.

"I always like you to speak openly to me, and I confess things do look much like what you apprehend. I equally admit that I *was* indignant, and that my feelings about X—— were not very sweet. I know I have to guard against my own feelings; for it is, and always has been, difficult for me to keep myself from a certain loss of respect, a sort of contempt for persons in high station who act a less noble and honourable part. I cannot keep up the same reverence for these persons that I should do for anyone, however lowly, who is straightforward, and acts with simplicity. . . . However, I will put all personal feelings aside, and intend to show him every respect."

But this was not all. Some weeks later, having had another interview with the person in question, he exerted himself to show him marked consideration, and reported as much to his faithful monitor.

"I had quite a satisfactory meeting with X—— this morning. . . . He parted with me with a warm shake of the hand; so you see that, thanks to you, I have been a good boy."

Another letter, written after a visit paid to one of the old established convents of his diocese, was intended to dispel the impression that he had any wish to impose on others, even on those subject to him as their Superior, his own preferences in matters of taste. The subject of Gothic and Roman styles of ornament had been brought under discussion, and Bishop Ullathorne had freely expressed his preference for the former.

". . . You are quite correct in supposing that all my *badinage* and nonsense was never intended to convey my will or directions to Mother Prioress. There was nothing canonically wrong, therefore, nothing in which I had any right, even if I had had the disposition, to interfere . . . I may have my own tastes and likings as to the difference between the new and the old style of things, but both are lawful, both innocent, both allowed.

"Where I have a great affection, feel a great confidence, and take a great interest, I am inclined to let out an amount of foolishness which I keep hidden from all the world beside; and it is only in two or three Religious Communities where I at all feel inclined to show this humour.

"I cordially hate all spiritual tyranny, and where the laws of the Church are not concerned, I wish to leave all persons at liberty. . . . I wish Mother Prioress to go on in her

own proper freedom, and even to have some consideration for the feelings of her Community ; and I shall be much more pleased that this should be the case than that anything should be done in these matters, in themselves accidental and indifferent, owing to any, the least, pressure from me.

“ For my part, *au fond* I care very little for Gothicism or any other fancy, so long as souls are saved and sanctified—and I speak this quite in earnest. I have long since reflected on the point.”

The following letter was written to a very holy Religious who had been appointed to the office of Novice-mistress in her convent ; but who, in her singular humility and diffidence in her own powers, shrank with sensitive dread from the responsibilities of so weighty a charge. The Bishop, however, who knew her well, would not accept of the arguments by which she sought to escape ; and yielding to his representations, she addressed him what he calls “ a truly heroic letter,” intimating her readiness to sacrifice her repugnances, and take up the burden imposed on her by the will of God.

It is thus that he writes in reply :

“ Little Malvern, June 22nd, 1855.

“ . . . It is quite a joy to me to know that of your own act you have accepted the holy and heroic path which the voice of superiors who speak from God has marked out for you.

“ Such an act—and I know what it costs you—is worth more than years of prayer and years of good works for your soul. God blesses generous souls and helps them much. He wants nothing but the will, and having the will He can do all things through His instrumentality Himself.

“What have you conquered? More, my child, than you are aware. You are conquering that hidden and mischievous notion that we are anything in God’s works, that God requires anything in us beyond a generous will. You are conquering the secret instinct of fallen nature, that it is out of any qualities of our own that God’s work is to be done. You looked at yourself and almost despaired. You look at God and gain confidence and courage in Him. To Him look always and all will be well. Lift your heart to your Help. Courage! courage! and when that sinks, depend upon it it is because you are looking at yourself with a secret notion there is something to be looked for there. Then lift up your heart to your Help.

“This is a sweet sacrifice which God loves. This is death to self; this is life in God. This, and obedience. Death to self-will; life to the will of God. This is the way of the valiant woman whom the Holy Ghost praises in the Scriptures. How rejoiced I am to see you step into this way! It will be rough at first, and you will stumble sometimes, but then lift up your face to your Help. In time it will be smooth, and even pleasant.

“Dear child, faith and courage, courage and faith! And so God bless and prosper you and your charge.”

During the remainder of the year the Bishop continued to be engaged with the visitation of his diocese, which he was anxious to complete before going to Rome, as he purposed doing early in the following spring. Among his correspondence of this year are to be found some letters touching on literary subjects.

“Dr. Faber’s new book, *Growth in Holiness* is like nothing he has written before. It is full of prudence, well balanced, and supplies many defects visible in his former

books. . . . It is an analysis, both of the old man and of the new, such as I never read ; solid, simple, clear, profound : in short, a wonderful book. It is certainly calculated to help very much knowledge of self. . . . As to the one on *The Blessed Sacrament*, I have now read half of it ; and I have no hesitation in saying that it is a most profound book, and a complete course of theology both on the Trinity and Incarnation, grace, and the Blessed Sacrament. . . . It is written with brilliancy and eloquence, which was necessary in order to rivet the mind and draw it to enter into the subject. It is impossible for anyone to read it and not find themselves greatly attracted to the wonders of God, and of the Blessed Sacrament."

Writing to Mr. Philipps De Lisle, of Grace Dieu, he says:

" March 8th, 1855.

" I thank you for the copy of your book,* in which I have found a great deal of interesting information. The question of the little *Horn* you have established clearly and learnedly. I do not feel so confident of your conclusions respecting the Man of sin, or, at all events, respecting Antichrist.

" I send you my book. You will find me come in parallels with you in the chapter on the thirteenth chapter of the Apocalypse. But though we touch on the same ground we do not clash. And now, as I have criticised you, it is fair you should criticise me. You will find me also on Mohammedan ground for a few moments. But I agree with you and with Dr. Newman that we have no right to uphold so foul an enemy of God as Mohammedanism. We are, *in fact*, destroying his power ; but that is not the intention, and God may yet punish us severely."

* *Mahometanism in its relation to prophecy.* Dolman, 1855.

"You will be glad to hear that congregational singing is among the most marked signs of progress which I find in the diocese. Plain chant at Benediction is another of the improvements which is spreading, and generally, a graver order of music. At each place visited the confessional is introduced into the church, so this will soon be the universal rule."

"I hope in a few weeks to send you a pastoral on plain chant from my pen, with annotations. I lectured on the subject last Sunday at Oscott. The more I study the subject the more surprise I feel that it has been so much neglected and so little understood."

The following letter to the same correspondent, on the subject of classical studies, belongs to the year 1853, but is given here by way of convenience.

"Birmingham, October 3rd, 1853.

"I thank you for the sight of Abbé Gaume's letter. The one by Cortes is very remarkable; but I think, though not overcharged with gloom if we take one side of the picture, the state of the world, yet in the Church there is certainly much going on fraught with hope for the future, and not without present consolation.

"A grand conflict is undoubtedly coming on, but the Church is preparing also for some great part; in what shape, does not to my feeble sight precisely appear. A great outburst, revealing the world to be thoroughly pagan, would settle the question of paganism as within the Church. The question is debating within her borders, and a catastrophe would act upon the controversy like a revelation. Who can doubt but that if we then had reached our present point in the argument, that appalling event, the French Revolution, and the principles on which it ran,

coming upon prepared eyes, would have given a due sense of the essential action which paganism (that is, corrupted and unredeemed nature) must exercise upon human souls as upon human society.

“For what is this paganism against which we contend, but fallen nature and its corruption worked into subtle refinements of form, and made more winning and dangerous by being allied to beauty than if left to its intrinsic grossness, whether we speak of art or literature? The devil uses God’s beautiful forms, beautiful in themselves, and as allied by Him with innocence and beautiful harmonies, to clothe the pollution of pride as well as the putridity of sensualism, so to steal them into the soul.

“The most important point in this controversy seems to me to be most lost sight of by both parties in the conflict. The question of *impurity* is dwelt on. The pagan side reply triumphantly, how small a portion of the classics is impure. It should then be much dwelt upon that the whole spirit of the classics is the spirit of *pride*—the foulest of all spirits, as also the most subtle and insinuating from its remarkable delicacy, under its classic forms of expression. This is the true root of the controversy. In them man is everything, especially the cultivated man. God is nothing to him; grace has no existence. Hero-worship is the sole religion. It is nonsense to say that we may imbibe beautiful forms without the substance of things in which they inhere. Corruption attracts corruption, as earth attracts earth. And there is more in us of corruption to assimilate corruption than of the sense of beauty in form to attract and separate beauty of form.

“It is the pagan heart, with its self-dependence and self-idolisation, and its refusing to have God in its knowledge, which presents to us in the classical school, both of literature and art, the antagonism most dangerous to the Christian spirit in the souls of the many who so early

fall under its dominion and so deeply imbibe its proud breathings.

“Whilst I thus dwell on the substance, do I concede the question of form? By no means. In all created things form is greater than substance, for it rules and determines both its character and its influence. It is that by which alone we apprehend it. Take the finest forms cast in the mould of a pagan mind and expressed by pen or pencil. It is a form of pride, or a form of sensualism, the conception of a godless heart. It has no grace, no unction of God in it. And what is called grace, beauty, and even divinity, on close examination will be found, by the eye of a chaste and humble Christian, to be but the pose of a poor mortal mistaking himself for a God, yet but too transparently, however delicately, revealing the passions of a mortal without the qualification of that grace and faith which in the lowest and most unrefined of Christians reveals the hope of future union with Divinity.

“It is nonsense, I affirm, to say that a youth may drink in for seven years, day by day, hour by hour, the most delicate essence and aroma of human pride, the growth of hearts in which there was no God recognised, and most certainly no faith, in which there was the most dreadful pride and the most diabolical sensualism; it is rank nonsense, I say, to affirm that a youth, himself by nature inclined to pride and with the root of it in his soul, imbibes not the spirit of pride in such a process. Pride is the prime essence of paganism, and its politics are rebellion or conquest.”

The second Provincial Synod of Westminster was held in July, 1855; and at its opening Session the Bishop of Birmingham preached a discourse which is printed in his volume of “Ecclesiastical Discourses.” Its concluding passages may be quoted here, as expressing some of those thoughts which so often filled his heart even to overflowing

“Great is the harvest of souls and few are the labourers Give us, O Lord, Apostolic hearts; detachment, prayer, charity, and love of souls. Oh, yes, love of souls, and the generous spirit of labour which that love inspires! I recognise your virtues, my brethren, and I confess my own failings. But oh! remember that charity can do all things, and that the man of God is a man of prayer. We must not think of what is useful for ourselves, but of what is profitable for souls. . . . It is not so much by force of intellect or learning, it is not by refinement or polish, if we except the high refinement which holiness gives; but it is by a great Apostolic heart, a heart detached from every selfish object and burning with the love of souls; it is by a heart truly humble and simple and with the fire of the Holy Ghost burning within it, that a priest becomes an apostle to convert a multitude of souls. And how is the Holy Spirit attracted to that heart? His fire is conceived in prayer, kindled in love, brought forth in zeal, made perfect in suffering. This is the whole secret of the formation of Apostolic men.

“Let us each strive in our degree; and let us not despair of our England. . . . Our fathers hoped and laboured on, though they had neither our signs nor our encouragements. For are there not signs? Signs in the earth beneath and in the heavens above. But the greatest sign is in the heavens. Oh! Immaculate Mother, from the brightness of whose glorious origin every cloud has disappeared, remember that our fathers in their ancient liturgy were wont to cry to thee that England was thy dowry! Remember that they were among the first who gave festive honours to thy Immaculate Conception, and forget not their children; but intercede for them, that the cloud may be removed from their eyes, and that they may see thee and thy Son in that inseparable glory!”

Much important work was accomplished in this Synod, in which Bishop Ullathorne took his full part.

“ Bishop’s House, July 16th, 1855.

“ The Synod ended yesterday with great magnificence. The Bishops concluded their labours to-day at three o’clock. All has gone well. We had heavy work. One day we began at seven, and finished at half-past eleven at night. It has been, I may say, almost incessant labour. The preachers are requested to print their sermons ; so I have that job to do. Next week I make all the visitations at Wolverhampton.”

In the month of September, 1855, came the news of the fall of Sebastopol, and the consequent termination of the Crimean War. Bishop Ullathorne received the intelligence at Baddesley, where he had gone to preside at the clothing of a novice.

“ Mother Abbess from Bruges is here, and in relation to another subject remarked just now, ‘ *Le monde, c’est une drôle de chose.*’ I at once replied that I was always saying so, but people would not believe it. Here is Sebastopol all in flames, thousands on thousands of men lying dead about it, and all for the deeds of other people, who are quite happy in their palaces, if we are to believe them. And everybody here is rejoicing because a town is on fire and destroyed, and a hecatomb of red and blue and green-coated men are lying dead. *Le monde c’est une drôle de chose.* It is the ape of its Almighty Creator, playing at His greatness, dealing with lives and souls as if they were ninepins, and quite satisfied with the result of the game.”

In a letter written on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, the first that had occurred since the dogmatic

definition of the mystery, the Bishop refers to the state of public affairs throughout Europe.

“ December 7th, 1855.

“ However much and multifariously occupied, I cannot let this first festival of our Immaculate Mother pass over without remembrance of you ; the first, that is, since the doctrine was dogmatic, as well as of free and pious faith. It was foretold that the time, that pre-appointed time, when it came, would be a new era for the Church. And is it not so? The Austrian Concordat is the greatest act of worldly power bending down to uplift the Church that has been seen since the days of Charlemagne. There was only one other day in the history of the world like that of Charlemagne, and that was the day of Constantine. At both those great periods, the temporal power that ruled the centres of the civilised world so plainly saw the Divine constitution of the Church, and the Spirit of God ruling in her, that they set her free from the trammels of the State, and added to her the support of her temporal power, that she might rule herself in all things temporal as well as spiritual. And now, after a lapse of 1,050 years, the most ancient of Christian empires which holds all the centre of Europe under her sceptre, in this very year of grace, the first year of the Immaculate Conception decreed, by one solemn act has undone the most dire, insidious, and enslaving legislation that ever bound the Church of Christ with the cords of worldly policy. The result of this act upon Catholic nations, and upon the ultimate opinion of the world, it is impossible to estimate.

“ Then this war has stirred the whole East out of its stagnancy into thought and animation ; it has checked the creeping on of the most dangerous of schisms, and the advance of the most powerful of all antagonisms to the Holy See, and has exalted only the Catholic Powers engaged

in it. Time and patience will show how these facts will tell on men's minds. The world is moved, and all men can see, if they will, that Catholicity is rising, and all things else decaying. Every month the Church gains back some ancient element of her power from the rulers of the world, and her prelates are no longer the bonded servants of the Monarchies. The children of the Church and the children of the world are becoming more and more separated and arrayed against each other, beneath their own banners ; and this must bring greater conflicts and greater triumphs to the Church, though her victories may have to be won through much terrible, and therefore most glorious, sufferings and labours. It is plain that great heavenly powers are acting in the world, greater than have been witnessed for ages, in this first year of the definition of the Immaculate Conception."

CHAPTER IV.—1856, 1857.

VISIT TO ROME AND SUBIACO.—DEATH OF EARL BERTRAM OF SHREWSBURY.—FINANCIAL STATE OF THE DIOCESE.—NOTES ON THE EDUCATION QUESTION.—FAILURE IN HEALTH.—TOUR IN SWITZERLAND.—LETTERS OF SYMPATHY ON THE DEATHS OF EVERARD DE LISLE PHILLIPPS AND MRS. BERKELY.

IN the month of February, Bishop Ullathorne set out for Rome ; the first visit he had paid there since the establishment of the Hierarchy. His stay was very short, and before returning to England he paid a visit to Subiaco ; but no letters written by him at this time have been preserved.

On the Feast of St. Philip he preached the panegyric of the Saint at the Birmingham Oratory.

“ . . . I gave St. Philip's panegyric on Monday, at the Oratory. Until I had to do that, I never understood his wonderful character. He was certainly the most extraordinary being of whom we have any account. A real crucified seraph, and always befooling his very acute intellect in pure contempt of all but faith and love. And with his pithy sentences he laid the foundation of his science of direction. Look at any time into his sayings as collected at the end of his life ; there is nothing like them.”

In some letters addressed a little later to the Superior of

the Birmingham Oratory, he endeavoured to engage him to undertake what he calls "some positive work on religion."

"July 4th, 1857.

"My dear Dr. Newman,

" . . . I have been looking over your *Anglican Difficulties* once more, and am struck with the way in which the language of the two first lectures fits into this education theory.

"When will you give us a positive work on religion? Never was it so much wanted as now."

"1857.

"When I asked you in a former letter when you would write a positive work on religion, I gave vent to a long pent-up thought. I am confident you could not have looked on the world and the Church for the last ten years, meditating and pondering, and accumulating, and applying in your mind your stores of learning and reflection, without having conceived a word which ought not to die with you. And a hint which I caught from your conversation, I think in last autumn, confirmed my conviction. You are the person who could do for this time something like what St. Augustine did for his, in his *Opus Magnum et Arduum De Civitate Dei*. There is as great a breaking up of inveterate errors and systems now as then, as great a searching of ground for the soul to rest upon; and the Church, while she haunts all minds with her action and presence, is to the many out of her pale an inexplicable mystery, a portent and a scandal: and as she was read by the old pagan world so is she now, the mystery of evil. She is their Apocalyptic Beast. Surely there never was such a time for a work synthetic of the Church, expository of her genius, of her true relation with Christ her head, with the individual soul, and with all the varying forms of social life; of a work which should expound the principles of her history and her workings,

whilst it took keen glances at the confusion of those blind elements which fight against her. And God has given to you a power and a name to enforce attention. But as to how such a work should be done, must depend on your own views and inspirations. What I wish and hope is that you will speak the word within you, and not let it die."

The death of Dr. John Moore, formerly President of Oscott College, which took place in the July of 1856, deprived Bishop Ullathorne of a dear and valued friend. Dr. Newman addressed him a letter of sympathy, in replying to which he gives a beautiful account of the last moments of this holy ecclesiastic.

"Bishop's House, July 11th, 1856.

"My dear Dr. Newman,

"Thank you for the affectionate letter just received. I have great faith that Dr. Moore knows all you have written to him, more than to me. And it will be a consolation to his reverend brother and near friends.

"His death revealed his life. When I came to this diocese he was the one whom my predecessor had marked out for my place. He knew it, and all the diocese expected it. His name was sent to Rome by the Vicars-Apostolic. He had brought the Catholics of Birmingham to unity after a grievous division. He set up the order of things in the Cathedral and in this house as we now follow them. He had the unlimited confidence of Bishop Walsh, and latterly managed his affairs; yet when I came he was as a child, unconscious of these things, and made festive preparations for my coming, and had no will or desire but mine. I never knew an ecclesiastic more completely detached from selfishness and self-consequence.

"His dying days were perfect. It was as if he had assisted at another's death rather than his own. He felt the

sacrifice of leaving his Community,* and Congregation, just at that moment, when, as he said, God had given them all he could desire to see ; but he added, ' God often takes us away just when our human wishes seem to begin to be realised.' He received the last Sacraments at my hands, knowing he had but a few days or hours to live : answering the ritual with the same calm self-possession as if they were the ordinary acts of his life. He corrected an oversight as if he had been an assistant ; and at his wish his dear nuns were present. When his brother began the seven Penitential Psalms, he interrupted them in the midst with a request for the *Laudate*, and *Quam dilecta*, adding ' You know I do not like long prayers, but short ones.' He often asked the nuns who attended him to say the *Memorare* with him. One moment he put his hands over his eyes, as if to arrest a passing imagination, and said, ' I cannot, I dare not believe God will reject me.' At another he said to his brother, ' I have been trying to love God for thirty years, but how little I have done.'

" A few hours before his death he had each of the nuns, one after another at his bedside, blessed each one and said to her some precious sentence. His sight failed. He still continued to bless and speak to all of his Congregation who came, and sent them all, he said, thousands of blessings, for they had been his consolation. To Mother Juliana, the late Superioress, he said, after his sight was gone, ' Are we alone?' She said ' Yes.' He said ' Be always simple and open as the day with your Superiors as with God ; you cannot think how happy it will make you.' He dosed and tranquilly departed.

" Much, then, as I had esteemed him, it was only at his death that I fully read his interior and saw the full loss I was about to suffer. Still, as I cannot think that God would

* Dr. Moore at the time of his death was chaplain and confessor to the Community of Sisters of Mercy, Handsworth.

take such a man except at His own special time, and he has left such an impression of sanctity behind him, I rather feel the sense of loss than of desolation. For I pray for him, while I believe he will profit us as much as ever, though in a way less tangible to nature.

"I feel anxious about the latitudinarian spirit manifested in D——'s new book, and the writings of S—— in the *Rambler*. Truths, and beautiful truths, are mixed with grave errors, and a disposition to push away the received teaching of theology in a bold spirit, and to merge all the attributes of God into one of universal forgiveness in D——'s book ; and there is a recklessness of speculation, unguarded by the checks of the trained theologian in S——.

"I fear the result of this on those who are looking for signs in the converts. W—— told me, after his conversion, that his Puseyite friends thought there was a rampancy in many of the writings of the new Catholics ; Passaglia said it was a thing to be looked to without loss of time. I say this the more freely, because your own writings do not come within the scope of these observations. I think it must lead to some kind of censorship, and that it is required."

August brought the sad news of the death of Earl Bertram of Shrewsbury, the last Catholic holder of that ancient Earldom, which took place at Lisbon, on the 10th of that month.

"My feast (St. Bernard) found me in the midst of much exterior trouble. The death of the young Earl of Shrewsbury is a staggering blow to the finances of this deeply indebted diocese. It has been a series of tumbles down from one floor to another ever since I came here ; the consolation is that we shall reach the ground at last with whatever jolt to the bones. God's will is the only good thing in this world, so in whatever shape it comes all will be right. Pray much

for the soul of the Earl, who really sacrificed himself for the service of religion. My feast was spent in writing letters of business. I shall be glad next week to have something spiritual, if it be only to prepare spiritual food for others."

As the relations of Bishop Ullathorne with the two Earls of Shrewsbury have been variously represented, and often misunderstood, it may be well to give his own explanations as stated in a letter written at this time to Bishop Brown, of Newport.

"Bishop's House, September 15th, 1856.

"I have no secret with respect to my relations with the Shrewsburys. Earl John paid £1,000 a year during his life and promised to leave a capital equal to that amount at his death. This was intended to cover alienations of missionary property made in the time of my predecessor, which were owing throughout the extent of the Old Midland District. He first left me £50,000, then altered it to £25,000, and finally changed this arrangement and left me £20,000 in railway debentures. But these it had been more than once decided in law belonged to the estate, so I got nothing.* He left me some leases, in lieu of which Earl Bertram gave £500 a year, which I divided with the three other Bishops, to pay the interest of alienated property. The other Bishops and myself met to arrange the division of the fund, and we found that nothing remained but this £500 from Earl Bertram and as we had just heard of his death, even this was gone.

"He has left me £10,000, if I can get it, in part from his *personalia*, but no estate; and in addition to other difficulties,

* As the Bishop explained in a Pastoral letter, Earl John was in no degree responsible for this disappointment. He had made provision for the continuance of his benefactions to the diocese, but owing to the oversight of a point of law the sum provided for the purpose lapsed to the estate.

all the Shrewsbury missions are now thrown on my hands without one penny of endowment."

The time then, was full of cares and embarrassments, and it was with a deep sense of the significance of his words that he addressed a letter of encouragement to Mother Margaret Hallahan, who was then also harassed by an unusual complication of difficulties.

"Bishop's House, November 1st, 1856.

". . . Through how many tribulations came all the Saints to the kingdom. Nets were constantly woven round them, out of which there seemed to be no escape ; and when they least expected the cords were broken and they were delivered. We have only to do our best, and leave consequences to God ; to try to succeed, and not to be too anxious about success. The safest and soundest path is not where all seems to go merrily along. We may toil and try to deserve success, but God does His own work in His own way. We may always be sure of this, that all we gain we gain by patience."

But though fully alive to the difficulties that surrounded him, Bishop Ullathorne never permitted himself to spend his strength in anxiety, "that most unspiritual of all unspiritual things," as he called it ; and in another letter to the same correspondent he tried to put their mutual troubles in an amusing light, and to show how they might contrive to suck something good out of them. Nor did he allow financial cares so to absorb his mind as to be unable to give his attention to other matters of interest, whether social, artistic, or literary. During the autumn he drew up an account of his visit to Subiaco* which first appeared in

* This was afterwards published in a separate form, under the title of *A Pilgrimage to the Proto-Monastery of Subiaco, and the Holy Grotto of St. Benedict.*

the *Rambler* ; and of this he speaks in one of his letters to Mr. Phillipps De Lisle.

“ I have been writing an account of the remarkable Gothic sanctuary of Subiaco, of its frescoes, its scenery, and its history. . . . At Subiaco nothing but plain chant has been used since the reform, and the original vigour of the rule is observed at the Holy Grotto.

“ We shall not be able to have daily chanting at St. Chad’s till we have a middle school. I assisted the other day at the opening of Poplar Church, with kettle-drums, double-bass, and fiddles unlimited. Mozart No. 12, a grand operatic piece in place of ‘ Gradual,’ a *Tantum Ergo* in the same style at the offertory (though the Blessed Sacrament was not at the altar), etc., etc., all just at the back of the Bishops, nearly blew us out of our seats.”

But although he resolutely set himself to bear the increased burden of his position with courage and cheerfulness, he disguised the gravity of the crisis neither from himself, nor from others. In an Advent Pastoral he frankly set the facts before his people, calling on them to give their aid both in the shape of prayer and alms deeds. For himself, he found his support in the practice of patience ; and it is to be observed that in most of his spiritual letters, written at this period, he dwells particularly on this virtue, as he had heretofore dwelt on that of humility.

To some Novices.

“ . . . Give your heart to prayer, for prayer is almighty with God. The amusing of the imagination is not prayer ; the exercising of the reason is not prayer ; these are but the door-posts on the way to prayer. Prayer is the action of the heart divinely moved. ‘ My prayer is turned within my breast,’ says David, who was a king of prayer. Present

your hearts to God, and not your heads to yourselves ; and so soon as the voice of His greeting shall sound in your ears, your hearts will spring towards Him Who sends cords of grace out of His goodness to draw your desires to Him. You require not long ladders of many rounds of thoughts to reach Him, when He is already in your heart. And when like the sun behind the clouds, you see not the clear rays of His presence, but only His reflected light, seek Him with the desires of your heart, more than with the wearying imaginations of your head, and your desires will reach His presence. For *'He is found of those who seek Him, yet so that they seek Him with their whole heart.'* *'Patience is necessary for you,'* my dear children, *'that you may obtain the promises.'* Do what you have to do patiently. Having your good hearts rooted and founded in God, and His Spirit anointing your hearts with spiritual strength, stand steadfast in your patience ; and if evil come nigh you, it shall not move you. Take your heart to your work, but take God with you, and in your work you will find God ; and after your work return to your heart, and you will find God the more."

"Christmas Eve, 1856.

"When one wants to say a great deal, one can generally say nothing, and this is just my case at this moment. But Our Lord will have much to say to you from the crib, and you will have something to say to Him. The shepherds can only say what they have heard and seen, and point to where He lies. So you had better go into the cave, and there you will find the Eternal Wisdom, Who places Himself at your mercy, to do with Him what you will. What an awful thing it is to have the Eternal Wisdom at your disposal ! and to find that when that Wisdom takes up His abode in this world, it is something so childlike, helpless, and poor ! A terrible rebuke to the notions of the natural man."

At the beginning of the year 1857 various questions connected with the subject of education, and the position of the Catholic schools that had accepted the inspection of Government, claimed the attention of the bishops. In particular, difficulties presented themselves with regard to the acceptance of building grants. At the request of Cardinal Wiseman, Bishop Ullathorne drew up a pamphlet on the subject, entitled *Notes on the Education Question*, which he exerted himself to get ready before the meeting of the bishops in Low Week ; at the same time that he was so engaged he was ruminating in his mind that *Treatise on Humility*, the idea of which had suggested itself to him in the previous year.

“We want a book on the subject of humility, treating it both intellectually and spiritually ; except the treatise in Rodriguez, we have nothing on the subject. I would try and show, not merely that it is the basis of faith, justice, and holiness, but *how* and for what reasons it is so. . . . It is the return of my mind to St. Benedict’s rule since I was at Subiaco, which has awakened these feelings ; and I have long wished to write one spiritual book at least, as a balance to so many of a temporal nature, and because, by a book, one is always preaching. And I have a sense of having something to say that God has given me ; I wish to show that humility is *wisdom* as well as piety, and to give pictures of it for the mind to rest on, and practical rules for its exercise ; and then to try and gain what I would depict.”

But a great stir about the appointment by Government of a new Catholic Inspector, made, as it would seem, in an irregular manner, for a time put other matters out of his head ; this, together with the fact that the pamphlet on Education, when it appeared, raised strong opposition in some quarters, entailed on him a long and somewhat vexatious correspondence.

“Bishop’s House, March 9th, 1857.

“I have finished my pamphlet ; but all this work and other things brought on a swimming in the head. When I was in the pulpit yesterday the church seemed to rock about and everybody to be turning round, and I was obliged to come down. This will oblige me to do only half work for some time to come. I think I shall do if I abstain from night work ; but I had been writing till one o’clock the night before and felt I had overdone myself.”

This was the beginning of a very serious affection of the brain and spinal cord, which in a manner incapacitated him for continuous work for several months. The physicians consulted insisted on the necessity of perfect mental rest, and a month or two’s rambling among the mountains of Switzerland. The half measures of a brief visit to St. Winifred’s Well, and another to Scarborough were tried and found ineffectual ; and the Bishop’s medical advisers continued to press the absolute necessity of his withdrawing altogether from work, and giving himself such a total change as could only be secured by going abroad. But one grave difficulty existed in the want of means, for in the impoverished condition of the diocese, he indignantly refused to apply a penny of its resources to his own private needs. This difficulty was however solved by the generous devotedness of a lady, who on the eve of her religious profession placed at his disposal a sum of money with the understanding that it was to be appropriated for the purpose of giving him a lengthened tour abroad.

“Bishop’s House, June 20th, 1857.

“As I am going abroad on Monday, in search of health, and shall be absent some time, I would not leave without letting you know that I thought of you. . . . I am going to ramble about the Catholic portion of the Alps ; to witness

the simple piety of an old Catholic people in the mountains and valleys of the Tyrol and primitive Switzerland ; to visit old sanctuaries and shrines, where I shall remember you. . . . Here are two anecdotes in connection with the comet. An Irishwoman at Newcastle, who had buried two of her teeth in the churchyard, asked Father O'Connor if the comet* would destroy the world. He said he could not tell her. 'Troth, then, your Reverence,' she replied, 'I'll take up my two teeth again, and get safe back to Ireland.' A family in Dudley spent all they had in feasting, before the night came when they could enjoy no more !"

He left England on the 21st of June, in company with the Rev. Mr. Souter. The chief object of the Bishop in directing his steps towards Switzerland was to visit the celebrated Benedictine Monastery of Einsiedeln. Writing from Lucerne, he says :

"All the people of this canton are Catholic, the churches are crowded, and there is much devotion : the people are fond of singing, and the rosary is in everyone's hands. You would be delighted with the quaint, but modest, costume of the women : each canton has its own. The young women in the refreshment departments never so much as lift their eyes, though serving a great number of fashionable people. But these railroads bring streams of English, Americans, French, and Russians, who will soon corrupt this simple people. It is sickening to think of it, and to see the progress of what is called civilisation.

"To-morrow we go to the Righi. Half-way up are cold baths, and a celebrated sanctuary of pilgrimage to Our Lady of the Snow. We shall stay there some little time, and go thence to Einsiedeln."

* A great comet was at this time visible, and a very widespread belief current that it would destroy the world.

On his way to Einsiedeln, he passed through Schwitz.

“This is one of the most beautiful spots in the whole world : the whole place has a purity and tranquillity about it which seems scarcely like this sad world. There is not a Protestant in the place. The little children with frank, innocent, and beautiful faces, came running up, kissing their hands, and then seeking to kiss ours as priests. . . . Next morning we rode in half-a-day to Einsiedeln, and received a most hospitable invitation to remain in this, the greatest and noblest Monastery I have ever seen. Pilgrims in the modest costumes of the various cantons, trudging on foot with their bundles, dotted the way we came. If you ask them how long they have been journeying, some tell you six hours, some twenty, forty, or even a hundred, across all sorts of mountains and lakes. There are men as well as women—all clean, modest, and in such good humour. The great church is magnificent, and embellished with frescoes marbles, and sculptures. The image of Our Lady, a black one, is in a chapel in the rear, about eighty feet from the entrance. There must have been above a thousand pilgrims in and about the place, though it was no particular feast. Groups all over the church, clustering like bees around the holy chapel, were reciting the Rosary or the Litany aloud, or chanting German hymns. In another church adjoining the great one there are twenty-eight confessionals at work with thirty-five confessors attached to them, hearing the pilgrims every day from four in the morning until as late at night as they come. At all times, except when the offices are going on, the people are praying or singing aloud. The monastery church and offices enclose eighteen acres, all in beautiful order. There are eighty-five choir monks besides lay-brothers ; a college with one hundred students in the house, and as many more lodging in the own, gives them ample employment, as well as the work

in the great church, and in four other little churches in the estate, served by the monks, so there can be no idleness here.

"To-day, Sunday, Masses began at four : the first High Mass of the Community being sung at half-past six ; then a sermon for the students, followed by one for the people. Then a most beautiful procession of Our Lady out into the open air : one of the most beautiful I ever saw, all the people walking, as well as the students and the monks. High Mass for the people at nine, and all day long the pilgrims filling the church with their spontaneous devotion. The monks and choir sing the *Salve* most solemnly in the holy chapel to harmonised plain chant. To-night two Capuchins have come as precursors of a parish from the Canton of St. Gall, which is to come with its curé ; and as I write I hear a band of music approaching, which I think is this parish. These things excite nobody here, or turn them from their usual occupations ; it is the ordinary state of things, and works like a law of nature. The town contains 3,000 inhabitants ; they are full of faith, and the Monastery is everything to them. The Novice-master here is an old friend of mine, and is doing much by his writings to promote the Order and the spirit of the Rule.*

"One of the most striking things in this country is that the poorest cottager has a house with two storeys and an attic, with plenty of convenience and arrangement for dividing a family. The people have all the good qualities of the English and Irish combined ; all the faith and fervour of the Irish, and all the care, foresight, and economy of the English of the old stamp. In church, everyone has his book and his rosary, and uses both.

"Here is a rustic scene. I was walking with one

* Bishop Ullathorne has given an account in his *Autobiography* (p. 130) of an incident connected with his visit to Einsiedeln ; his last meeting, namely, with Father Brandis, then acting as Novice-master.

of the Fathers by a stream, where half-a-dozen urchins, nut brown with the sun, were catching little fishes under the stones. The Father said, 'This is a bishop.' Up went their bright faces, and down went the stones : then they washed their hands in the stream, dried them on their clothes, and ran up the bank, first to kiss their own hands, and then mine : one or two of them being just old enough to toddle. This is Catholic Switzerland."

From Einsiedeln he proceeded to St. Gall, where the once famous Monastery no longer exists.

"St. Gall, July 12th, 1857.

"The building, indeed, is still standing ; but fifty years ago, under pretence of changing it into a Catholic bishopric, it was taken possession of by the Government, with its great revenues. The noble abbey church is now the Cathedral, and part of the Monastery was bought by the Catholics for the use of the Bishop and clergy. Here, as elsewhere in Switzerland, the schools are excellent. . . . Standing close to the Cathedral, but separate from it, is a most beautiful chapel for the use of the children. The Bishop this morning preached to the children at their Mass, which they sang together. When he came out they all got round the venerable old man as if he were their grandfather. He is eighty-two, but quite in a green old age."

His next letter is dated from Munich (July 17th), where he was naturally delighted with the treasures of Christian art, both ancient and modern.

"In the Royal Library, which contains 700,000 volumes, I saw such a collection of glorious old manuscripts as I did not think existed. Think of one alone which cost

the value of an entire province, its binding covered with large rubies and whole lines of emeralds, and enclosed in rich enamels. Open it, and you see letters all of gold, often on a ground of purple vellum ; rich paintings adorn the pages, and where the writing is in ink it is black as ebony and glossy as jet—a thousand years old or more. Well, there are whole cases full of such books, and their price would be the worth of a city. . . .”

“ Nuremberg, July 19th.

“ Of all cities Nuremberg is the most mediæval, Gothic, and picturesque. The style has never been changed, and the new houses are built like the old. All the great churches are in the hands of the Protestants. St. Sebald and St. Lawrence are equal to cathedrals in size and grandeur. And though for ages in the hands of Protestants, they are just in the state in which they were taken from the Catholics. In these churches you are able to understand how Catholic churches were furnished before the Reformation. There are the old statues, the old altars, each with its carved tryptich, their doors painted with figures of Saints, on a golden ground. I cannot say what an impression these churches have made on me. Their life was taken out of them with the Blessed Sacrament and the daily Sacrifice, and they were left petrified as they were on the day when the last Mass was said within their walls.”

Bishop Ullathorne returned to England on the 29th of July, and found that in his absence a fierce attack had been published in the *Edinburgh Review* on his pamphlet on La Salette.

“ I should like to avoid answering it, simply because, though bodily well, I have just a sufficient hint left at the

back of my head to warn me from attempting anything of the kind which would require correspondence with Grenoble, and also a harassing labour of research and writing."

The controversy on La Salette, however, having been taken up by the *Rambler*, the zeal of Bishop Ullathorne got the better of his prudence, and in spite of continued warnings in his head he exerted himself to answer the objections that had been raised against the truth of the Apparition.

"As I find that the writer in the *Rambler* has shaken the faith of many I shall be at him again, I hope, next week. . . . I am gradually recovering, and feel daily improvement. But this La Salette business tries my head. — has printed a letter disclaiming all connection with the articles written in its defence in the *Rambler*, and has put out a theory respecting modern miracles not unlike that of the infidel Hume; and this I must answer."

His reply appeared in the shape of a letter printed in the *Tablet*. "It is in defence of the Blessed Virgin (he writes), and if you read it you will see what an edifying castigation I have given the *Rambler*."

But the effort he made to do this, added to the necessity of attending to some harassing matters of business, brought on a renewal of his malady,* and he had to rest for a time at Little Malvern, and place himself under a regular course of treatment from Dr. Gully, who enjoined complete abstinence from work for at least a couple of months.

The following letter, written to one of his convents in

* This was pronounced by the doctors to be congestion of the spinal cord and cerebellum.

reply to their congratulations on his feast, has in it a tone of tenderness to which he did not often permit himself to give expression.

“Bishop’s House, St. Bernard, 1857.

“My dear Children in Christ,

“The greetings you send me by the hands of a few, and the good prayers you offer for me on the feast of my patron, St. Bernard, are very agreeable to my heart and refreshing to my spirit. Great gratitude, and devotedness for very small services, are signs and significations beyond all doubt of grace, and of a loyal affection to your Superior, which has not its source from the earth, but from God. To be subject, and to rejoice to be subject; to look up to Superiors, and to reverence in their persons the authority of God; to see all and more than all that is commendable in them, and but little of their deficiencies and failings—these are tokens of a good religious spirit, and the sure signs of unity, peace, and grace.

“My dear children, as men grow older and more grey in authority, and as they experience more of the attachment and devotion of their subjects, they contract and draw in their severity, and expand their hearts with more love and confidence upon their spiritual children. This, I believe, is according to God, and it is the reverse of what happens in the world. With those in the world, suspicion and doubting and jealousy grow with age and with experience. But with the servants of God, who are truly such, whilst we are yet young and weak and unpractised, in a manner, in good things, in humility, patience, and fortitude we prudently restrain what belongs to the feelings and stand upon what belongs to form and discipline. But as we grow familiar with the narrow way, and practised in its rude exigencies, then, as St. Benedict so beautifully says in his Rule, the heart grows enlarged in the way of the Commandments

and we are actuated by love rather than fear. And this is true with reference to the relations of Superiors and subjects, as well as the relations of the soul with God.

"And so, my dear children, as, after beating about the bush, the word must out, do I rejoice in you, as the joy of my heart and the crown of my life. I have failed in many things of which I am conscious during my anxious ministry; but I have never failed in devotedness to you, or you in devotedness to me. And as I have always been ready to do whatever God might require of me for your sakes—whether for your present good, or your final happiness—so I firmly believe that God in His mercy will overlook many things, many weaknesses, because I have cherished you to my best, and prayed for you my heartiest, in my earnest and constant desire to present you to Him as chaste spouses and valiant handmaids of His Divine Son. I might suspect that all this had little merit, because it was easy through great affection; but I know that it is the gratuitous grace of God, not indeed so much grace for me, as gratuitous grace which is given for you, which has made it all, and always, so easy and so pleasant.

"My children, accept this confession of your spiritual Father, in return for your hearty greetings and your loyal devotedness; and always believe me, even if ever I seem stern to any one of you, that I am always animated with a father's affection and devotedness towards you."

Whilst still at Malvern the intelligence reached England of the death of Everard Phillipps De Lisle, who, after winning the Victoria Cross when but twenty-two years of age, was shot through the head whilst leading his men through the streets of Delhi. The Bishop at once addressed a letter of sympathy to the sorrowing parents.

“ Little Malvern, November 19th, 1857.

“ Dear Mr. Phillipps de Lisle,

“ The newspapers have informed me of the great affliction which has fallen on you and Mrs. de Lisle in the loss of your dear and noble-hearted son. I can say nothing to you, my dear friends, which God has not already said to your hearts at this moment of solemn visitation. ‘ The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away ; blessed be the Name of the Lord.’ He died in his duty ; and whilst his heart retained its youthful generosity and the early impress of piety, he had not yet lived to reach those positions in public life in which the soul is so often warped away from its simplicity.

“ Walking these hills, where I am at present for my health, I have said more than one *De Profundis* for his soul ; and if I have not yet said Mass for him, I shall not delay what lies on me like a duty until it be fulfilled.”

Another death which occurred about the same time, in a family to whose members he was bound in ties of close friendship, also elicited a letter of sympathy not to be omitted here. Mrs. Berkeley, of Spetchley, expired on the 14th of December. One of her daughters, Sister Philomena Berkeley, was a professed Religious in the Community at Stone, where she filled the office of Novice-mistress. To her Bishop Ullathorne addressed the following letter :

“ Bishop’s House, December 16th, 1857.

“ My dear Child in Christ,

“ Anchored as your heart is upon God in His eternity ; feeling Him near and within you, and speaking to your heart, you do not want consolation even at this moment of separation from a life which was the fountain of your own. ‘ The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken

away ; blessed be the Name of the Lord.' As it is the will of God in Heaven, so be it done.

"After full notice, with full preparation, at a ripe age, after a life obedient to the law of God, and after accomplishing all the duties of a mother to her children both well and lovingly, God has taken His own out of this world. Sharp and keen as is the wound of separation, and strongly as nature may assert its right to sorrow, yet how great is the consolation which is whispered within. For what can be so consoling as to know and feel that one so well beloved has passed clear through the perils of life, and has well run her course? What we are all aiming at she has attained; for not a long life is the object of our striving, but a happy departure from life. It is not the cold obstruction of the clay which awaits its resurrection in sure hope that we have to follow, but the living soul, the soul which only now begins to understand what it is to live. You follow with your heart into eternity what on earth you loved. You feel yourself less mortal as you have less to love that is mortal, and more that is immortal. Earthly solitudes themselves turn into heavenly ones. The fountain of your life has passed beyond the heavens before you. Your heart goes out of itself, out of this world, to find the person who of all others has been most familiar with you, and whose heart was the home of yours.

"Oh! those prayers which rise to the God to whom she has gone; which give peace to the departed, and consolation to those who remain; which reunite the souls of the separated—how strong and beautiful they are!

"There is one consolation for yourself, dear child, which, were it selfish, I would not suggest. You know how nature struggled with grace, how long and hard was the struggle when she gave you up to God Who called you. But the harder was the struggle, the greater was the merit of the offering. God surely sent you back to her when He

came to call her,* that she might, now that the offering of her heart was accepted, be consoled with the fruits of her own oblation. I say Mass for the departed to-morrow, and shall continue to offer my prayers in that Divine oblation, which is all powerful, because independent of the merits of the offerer."

By the close of the year Bishop Ullathorne was able to report himself almost well, and resumed his usual labours, after what he called "the idlest year he had ever spent." Amid many cares of a temporal kind he had, during its course, received some great consolations in the spirit of generosity and self-sacrifice exhibited by the priests of the diocese, and their readiness, not only to share the burdens and embarrassments of their Bishop, but to contribute out of their poverty to supply the needs of the Church. Two instances of this kind out of many are referred to in his letters; one of a priest who, out of his private means, sent £120 to the Church Education Fund; whilst another, on being appointed to a chaplaincy to which was attached a fair stipend, made over the whole of his little property, consisting of £700, to the Bishop's hands for the same purpose, only desiring that his name might not be made public. Acts of this nature were of the kind which most powerfully moved Bishop Ullathorne's heart; and in his November Pastoral he did not fail to allude to the support given him by the clergy in terms of deepest gratitude.

*By special permission of the Bishop, Sister Mary Philomena assisted her mother on her death-bed.

CHAPTER V.—1858 TO 1861.

THE "BOOK ON HUMILITY."—THOUGHTS OF RESIGNATION.—ORATORIO OF "THE MESSIAH."—DEATH OF MOTHER FRANCIS ANGELA VAUGHAN.—THIRD PROVINCIAL SYNOD.—AUSTRALIAN AFFAIRS.—VISIT TO ROME.—SPEECH ON THE QUESTION OF THE PONTIFICAL STATES.—DEATHS OF THE PRIORESSES OF PRINCETHORPE AND ST. BENEDICT'S; OF SISTER MARY PHILOMENA BERKELY, OF HIS MOTHER, AND OF BISHOP BRIGGS.—THE CHURCH AND SOULS.—A LESSON FROM TREES.

WHILST taking advantage of his restoration to health to resume his Episcopal labours with fresh vigour, Bishop Ullathorne did not lay aside the literary undertaking alluded to in the last chapter, the plan of which was gradually developing in his mind.

"The 'Book on Humility' is going quietly on. It appears to me the grandest, as well as the most instructive of subjects, for a creature to study. I cannot say how it grows on me, and what thoughts come to my mind that I never before dreamed of. I have got many holy souls to pray for its success. It completely takes me back to my first religious years, but with a light I never had before. I find wonderful things in the old Oriental ascetics; the old men make the new ones show like babies. It was never from themselves alone that they wrote, but from the

lived up wisdom and experience of generations of hermits and cœnobites. They throw a light on the labours of active life as conducive to sanctity which you may look for in vain among the direct founders of that life. This has struck me very much."

It was possibly owing to the thoughts and desires arising out of these studies, which, as he says, carried him back to the feelings of his early religious life, that in several of his letters of this period there occur phrases which indicate that a secret longing to resign the Episcopal office, and retire into the cloister, constantly made itself felt. If he resisted it, it was chiefly from the belief that by retaining his position he was helping forward the work of others which he believed to be worthier than his own.

"Easter Sunday, 1858.

"I am glad (he writes) to hear of the progress at L. When tempted, as I often am for a moment, to wrench myself out of my position and get free, it is the feeling more than anything else that I may still require my position to protect and uphold that work which encourages me to go on."

But there is no indication that this desire of his soul arose in any degree from a wish to escape from the trials and embarrassments that surrounded him. Patience under difficulties, and the resolute resistance to anxiety, as it was the constant theme of his spiritual direction, so was it also the disposition in which he habitually exercised his own soul. It is thus he writes to one greatly harassed in mind :

" . . . We both have our perplexities of one kind

or another. But they will humble us and do us good. The only way through troubles is to keep calm and act for the best before God ; leave results to His Providence, and all will come out well. . . . It is in the ordinary course of the Providence of grace, that where great progress is being made in any work destined to be solid, purging trials should be added. It is the will of God that you should approach new undertakings with sufferings and sorrow. The door to them is made of the wood of the Cross. But is not this the way of Christ Our Lord ? Have the Saints ever done much for God without fearful sufferings ? Our Lord left them two things—His path of suffering and His peace. Souls cannot be brought to God, or religion planted, unless the instrument suffer. . . .

. . . In this world we cannot have things perfect as we see the model in our mind. For the model is the light of God, and the poor copies are mortal and of frail materials. Even a potter has ideas of vessels far more perfect than he can make them ; for the idea is in his spirit, and he has to work it out with mortal hands in dull clay. And so we must not be anxious if we cannot get things or persons perfect beyond a certain limit. It is the clay and the mortality that slips us at that point—and souls especially require time.”

“All strength of mind is in the truth of God, and all strength of heart in the charity of God. Think of Him and love Him, and you will be strong with a double strength. Mind, I do not say you will be strong in yourself—quite the contrary. A *strong-minded* woman is a mind that is as cold and stark as a piece of iron ; brittle, nevertheless, and breaking down in places not expected. And we all know what a *wilful* woman having her own way is. True strength is a most subtle force, neither stiff nor unbending, nor unyielding ; nay, it is wonderfully responsive to God, and

pliant to all His ways. And in proportion as we enter into the truth and love of God, which are nothing else but God Himself imparted to us in the form of grace, the stronger we are in God and not in ourselves. Our Lord cared nothing at all about having any human strength in Him ; He was content with His Divine strength. He might be strong ; He chooses to be weak that we may understand what a weak thing human nature is at its best, and to show that all God's work may be done as well without human strength as with it. He might have legions to fight for Him, but He prefers letting the world deal with Him as it chooses. For all the strength of God is perfected and glorified in human weakness."

Here is his description of the musical festival held this summer at Birmingham :

" I went on Thursday with Lady Dormer, to hear the 'Messiah' at the great musical festival. What a wonderful thing it is, and what a meditation on the life of Our Lord ! Five hundred performers and 2,500 hearers filled the hall. The music was wonderfully executed. I took off my spectacles, got everything into a mist, and then meditated."

" Our meeting in London was most agreeable and satisfactory. Twenty-one Bishops afterwards met at dinner. Bishop Vaughan received news of the death of his holy sister that morning.* She expired tranquilly, without a struggle, being wholly absorbed for a week before in the thought of the goodness and the will of God. Her gratitude to God for the least thing was poured out spontaneously.

* Mother Frances Angela Vaughan, Superioress of the Convent of the Visitation at Westbury, was a singularly holy Religious who had been for many years under the spiritual direction of Bishop Ullathorne. He visited her during her last illness, and frequently bore testimony to her great sanctity.

Thus she would exclaim, 'Oh, how good God is to let me swallow this milk!' Every incident was made a theme for gratitude and love. She had but one wish—to remain on the Cross as long as her Lord chose. Her exclamations on God's goodness seem to have electrified those who were near her. One Mass was being said whilst she died, and another followed immediately after. So departed the purest and most constant soul I ever knew, after many years of purgation of the will, sustained with wonderful constancy and fidelity."

About this time Bishop Ullathorne's attention began to be directed towards a subject in which a little later he took a very active part. Articles had begun to appear in the *Rambler* of an unsound and dangerous character.

"January 24th, 1859.

"The *Rambler* has been denounced to Cardinal Wiseman and is to be reported to Rome. It is doing great mischief. I am half inclined to write something on the subject in my Lenten Pastoral. It is time, or nearly time, for the Shepherd to lift his voice, and for the trumpet to give a certain sound. . . . I am happy to say that though there is a restless party who hold with the *Rambler*, the large majority are on the side of orthodoxy. . . . We shall have a very busy year in Church affairs, but I cannot write all I anticipate in the way of work and solicitude."

Heavy clouds hung just then over the horizon, for Europe was on the eve of a war in which the interests of the Church could not fail to be endangered.

"April 24th, 1859.

"After thirty years this blessed Easter sees the beginning of another European war.* This very night, I

* The war between France and Austria.

suppose, the die is to be thrown. Heaven knows where it is to stop, or what nations will be drawn into it, or what is to come out of it. It will be a terrible time for religion. It may be that another great scourging of the nations is what God designs in terrible mercy. How strange it is that great sacrifices, even of human blood, always bring about organic changes of the world ; and with all the vices that arise, bring out heroic virtue also.

“ It will be an awful time for Rome and the Pope with the two great Catholic empires fighting for the mastery at his door.”

The Third Provincial Synod of Westminster was held at Oscott in the beginning of July. In it much weighty business was transacted, and “ a foundation laid for important results as to the future education of the clergy, and the ultimate establishment of diocesan seminaries.” At its conclusion the Bishop gave to the Community at Stone a retreat in every way memorable. It was based on the subject which had been so deeply engaging his attention during the past year, and many pages in his book on *The Groundwork of the Religious Virtues* are taken *verbatim* from the meditations there given. None who listened to them will ever forget them ; as one of his hearers said, “ they made you in love with God.”

In the course of the autumn it appeared likely that a very responsible and difficult duty would be imposed on Bishop Ullathorne, by his appointment to act as Papal Delegate in Australia, where the affairs of the Colonial Church were in great confusion. Although persuaded that the business in question would be best carried out in another way, and keenly sensible of the peculiar difficulties which would attend his return to Australia in a position so responsible, he was nevertheless prepared, if called on, to obey.

"I am sure of this (he writes), that if there is prospect of doing any important service to the Church, for which there is no other visible means, and if the Holy See strenuously urges this course, I must not shrink from the duty merely because it may be an unpleasant one. Some people are destined to do gracious things all their lives, and others to do ungracious ones; and the last has mostly been my lot. I have no special relish for a diet of thistles; but there are times when some creatures must eat them. However, my impression is that I shall not go further than a brief trip to Rome."

So to Rome he proceeded some little time before Christmas; and the memorial he presented to Propaganda on the subject of the affairs in Australia resulted in the abandonment of the proposed plan of sending a Papal Delegate, and the adoption of a different course.

The defeat of the Austrian arms, and the triumph of the Liberal cause under the protection of victorious France,* was meanwhile threatening to bring about an attack on the temporal power of the Pope, from which the worst consequences might be anticipated.

"Rome, December 26th, 1859.

"Poor Pope! At the great function yesterday (Christmas Day), when he communicated, I was just before him on the steps of the throne among the assistant bishops. His eyes were full of tears; and as he wiped them I heard him say, '*Jesu, fili Dei, miserere mei.*' I could not but contemplate his face, full of tender emotion. His eyes caught mine; I immediately lowered them, and when I raised them again he gave another glance at my face. He must have

* By the Treaty of Villafranca (July 11th, 1859) Austria was forced to renounce possession of Lombardy to the French Emperor, who made over his conquest to the King of Sardinia.

seen that I felt with him, and that both keenly and reverentially. When he was unvesting in the sacristy the Cardinals presented him an address, and we all crowded round him. After it was read he replied with that ready facility and unction which told his full heart. His last words were: 'Pray with me to *Gesù Bambino*, in the words of the poor man of the Gospel, "Lord, that I may see."' He is in good health and spirits, and full of his usual confidence in God.'

The Bishop returned to England soon after Christmas, his mind greatly occupied with the political crisis which was every day assuming grave proportions. On the 14th February 1860, a great meeting of Catholics was held in the Town Hall of Birmingham, to protest against the attack on the Pontifical territories, at which Bishop Ullathorne delivered the *Speech* which is printed among his works.

"February 2nd, 1860.

"We have a great public meeting in the Town Hall on the 14th, for the Pope. Lord Feilding will be in the chair. I make the first speech, and have much to study. You know that the Emperor has suppressed the *Univers*, has asserted all the worst principles of Gallicanism, and is regularly fighting the Church. He is labouring to annex Savoy, and all the world is in commotion."

"February 23rd, 1860.

"The meeting was a grand thing. Six hundred gentlemen and priests on the platform, 500 ladies in the side galleries, 1,000 persons in the front gallery, 6,000 on the floor. When I called for cheers for the Pope they shouted and jumped till a cloud of dust rose through the splendid hall. The reporters were astonished at the meeting, and said you might have searched all the Radicals in England, and not

have got people to have stood and applauded as they did for five hours."

The year, so full of political anxieties, brought with it also a long record of deaths. Among those departed were to be reckoned the names of two saintly Religious Superiors of the diocese, which took place almost at the same time.

"May 6th, 1860.

"It is impossible for me not to be deeply conscious of the loss of two such remarkable women as the Prioresses of Princethorpe and St. Benedict's. Mother Prioress, of Princethorpe, was as much occupied with the Community during her last illness as in life, and evidently had a presentiment of her approaching death. She told one of the novices, before her illness, that she would be the crown of the next Prioress. She had a very strong feeling about the festivities which were to take place in June on account of her Jubilee, and only consented to them by my persuasion. She was consoled to think that before her illness she had in the course of the year seen every Sister of her large Community for their private direction, and she sent for each one on her death-bed to give them a parting word. Her language to those in office was uniformly one, 'love and zeal for the dear Community ; but remember, not *bitter* zeal—that ruins everything.' She died as she lived, evincing the same firm solid character, in great peace, devoid of fear. For she was one of those souls who had always rested on God.*

The death of Mother Mary Clare Knight took place on the 13th of May, at St. Benedict's Priory, Rugeley. As the first foundress of the Perpetual Adoration in Eng-

* The holy Religious here spoken of was the Rev. Mother Agatha Josephine Godefroi de Ste. Agnes, at whose Jubilee the Bishop had preached in the January preceding her death. The Jubilee sermon is printed among his works.

land, her name will always be held in benediction. She was united in close ties of friendship with Mother Margaret Hallahan, who, by special permission of the Bishop, assisted at her saintly death. Another death, which took place the same year in the Community of Stone, deprived that Community of one of its most valued members, and the Bishop of a spiritual daughter deeply cherished in his regards. Sister Mary Philomena Berkeley, who for five years had exercised the office of Novice-mistress at Stone, expired of rapid consumption on the 16th of July.

“Wolverhampton, July 17th, 1860.

“May God receive His own in the dear child departed ! I cannot imagine it so much an odour of death as an odour of life that her departure has diffused among you.

“I know that you must deeply feel this loss and separation. Yet what can be so consoling as to see a noble soul nobly finish her end, and accomplish the object of her earthly existence ! She has done a work which lives. She herself has begun the new life ; and that life is in close connection with your own lives. She has gone to continue her work for the Order and for the glory of God. You will have one Novice-mistress in Heaven, and another on earth. It is loss and gain for you, but pure gain for her.”

September brought the Bishop yet another death, that of his own excellent mother, who expired at Scarborough, September 14th, 1860.

“Scarborough, September 14th.

“It is now past midday, and I have just closed the eyes of my dear mother. She expired so tranquilly that only a kind of smile on closing her mouth for the last time indicated her departure, just after she had

kissed the cross which the Pope had specially blessed for her hour of death. I was with her most of the night, which was a long and painful struggle. She never once gave a sign of impatience, and thought of everything and everybody to the last moment. . . . In short, she died as she had lived, thoughtful for everyone, patient, loving, and devout."

At her own request, Mrs. Ullathorne was buried in the Convent church at Stone.

"It is one more link of union (writes the Bishop) between myself and the Community, and it will increase by one more sacred tie my attraction to that, more than to any other spot on earth. I had *two* homes, to which my heart was wont to turn ; they are now, so far as that could be done, brought into one."

The Bishop's correspondence at this time gives ample evidence of unusual activity and heavy demands both on his time and physical strength. But no amount of exterior occupation was ever able to divert his attention from those subjects of spiritual interest to which his mind ever returned, and in which they found their refreshment. Writing to an intimate friend as Christmas approached, he says:

"December 24th, 1860.

"I pray that you may have all the graces that bring us to the eternal Christmas. As the golden altar is in Heaven, surely the Mass, in some mysterious form, will go on in eternal worship. It is wonderful to try and imagine out from what one knows, of the way the Saints are all united in Our Lord. It is you who have sent me thus thinking, and I have rewritten several pages of the book, and have been trying to show how we are all founded on Our Lord, as the living Rock. I have been marvellously

struck with the current of exemplification used by St. Paul, which shows that unity, faith, and humility are all equally incommunicable out of the Church, because they equally result from the rooting and founding of souls in Christ. It gave me a new view of what the Church is, and of what Religious Communities are as more perfect portions of the Church, and of what a soul is, that has the grace of such a Community. And Christmas leads me to think what it will be when all is unveiled and Christ is really all in all.

"But I cannot, and never can write of what I see above me; for I always get a cramp in my pen when it comes to paper."

The *Church and Souls*; they were the two subjects on which, as they were, next to God the nearest to his heart, so on them his pen was ever the most eloquent.

"There are but two things (he writes) that exhibit constancy in this inconstant world. And they are constant because they are not of this world, because they are born of God, and rest on the everlasting foundations of faith and grace. The Church of Christ is constant and unchangeable amid the fluctuations of the world; and the soul of the just man is constant because, denying the world and its corrupt aspirations, he lives in the faith and grace of the Church."*

One such just soul had departed shortly before Bishop Ullathorne wrote these words, in the person of Dr. John Briggs, formerly Bishop of Beverley. Worn out with age and infirmity he resigned his diocese in the November of 1860, and expired on the 4th of January in the year following. It is thus that Bishop Ullathorne sketches his holy and simple character:

* Pastoral, March 4th, 1861.

“ Birmingham, January 11th, 1861.

“ . . . I have just returned from the funeral of the senior bishop, Dr. Briggs. He was truly a venerable and interior man. A man of prayer ; patient, meek, and child-like. They say of him, that never did he breathe a word against anyone. Even if he had a scandal to redress, and his heart was oppressed with his secret, and he had to take council, he so talked of the subject, whilst seeking light with his advisers, as not to reveal the person, or say anything that would make him known. Once only he spoke of himself to a Religious with whom he was very intimate ; and then he said that he tried to carry out the chapter of St. Alphonsus regarding poverty. He cared nothing for himself, and gave away everything he got. He had a true simplicity of heart, and always enjoyed and liked to bring out any little story about himself that seemed to show his weaknesses and to lower him. He did not tell these stories himself, but he led other people to tell them against him. He had a great love for children, and the simple poor, and was fond of the Irish people. His heart had that full and delicate love of good people that led him to speak to them with an irony of love, reserving its expression by talking a language opposite to his feeling. I think you will understand what I mean by that modest strength of affection which conceals itself whilst in the act of expression. He never answered a question without lifting his mind to God ; and delayed speaking if he saw not clearly. But where he saw truth, and right, and duty, no human respect ever stood in his way.

“ I have seen him in moments of severe trial, when to speak would have been his vindication, and when a firm silence, compressed lips, and paler cheeks, that marked the inward effort of self-repression, and a quiet tear rolling from his eye, were all the signs he gave. He was truly a meek, patient man.

" You know he was famous for not being in time ;* in fact, he seemed unconscious of time. I have often thought of that, and why it was. In him I verily believe it marked a mind which rested on eternity, and was careless of reputation. Men who are much occupied with themselves, and their character, are commonly prompt, and rather before than after time ; time is their peculiar property. He had an object before him that was not himself, and such people are a good deal unconscious of time. His soul was tremulously delicate, and so was his conscience ; and in his sense of reverence few men equalled him. Hence his care as well as his protractedness in all sacred offices. God purges His servants sometimes in the end. He had a hard agony, which brought out his virtues to the full ; he prayed incessantly, and asked the nuns and clergy by him to help him by their prayers. For a short time, he was struck with some terrible awe, even dread ; then recovered his radiant serenity and expired. He was a man of God, was deeply respected by the other bishops, and was their senior for many years. When the Pope first sent him, he said, 'That is truly a venerable man.'"

On the fifteenth anniversary of his consecration the Bishop reviewed the work of the period that had elapsed since then :

" June 22nd, 1861.

" Years as they quickly pass draw with them heavy responsibilities, yet give subject for much thanksgiving and gratitude. The diocese is tranquil and is becoming more and more consolidated. The number of persons devoted to the good works of the missions increases, and the Catholics, as a body, are zealous and well disposed. I was never before left so long in one place, so as to witness the

* Bishop Briggs was called by his friends "the late Bishop Briggs," in allusion to his proverbial unpunctuality.

expansion of works at whose beginning I assisted. I have now been in this diocese thirteen years, which seem like thirteen months. I rejoice, among other things, to see your own Congregation advancing towards maturity. It is now old enough to have shot some of its branches into Heaven, as well as to have spread them, green and goodly with fruit, upon the earth.

“The laurel trees, under the severe trial of last winter, seemed to have nothing left in some of their branches but barren sticks, yet I see they are all once more pushing forth a pleasant freshness of green at their roots. And so when a soul under sharp trial has not kept all the green vigour of its first freshness, and has dropped something of its ornaments to the ground, the life has yet continued in the root, and again puts forth its virtues from that humble hidden root. The trees are a fine lesson ; they come out so grandly in the summer when the sunshine is on them ; and in the winter of trial all goes back to the root, and there gathers new life and strength at the foundation. Even the holiest human life is a constant rising and descending, and the more we descend the more vigorously we rise.”

CHAPTER VI.—1862, 1863.

VISITS TO ROME.—THE BISHOP PETITIONS TO BE ALLOWED TO RESIGN HIS SEE.—ANSWER OF THE HOLY FATHER.—CANONISATION OF THE JAPANESE MARTYRS.—RETURN TO ENGLAND.—DEATH OF MR. MAHER, OF BIRMINGHAM.—LETTER ON THE “RAMBLER” AND THE “HOME AND FOREIGN REVIEW.”—LETTER FROM DR. NEWMAN.—LETTER TO A NEWLY APPOINTED PRIORESS.—LETTERS OF SPIRITUAL DIRECTION.—SECOND LETTER ON THE “HOME AND FOREIGN REVIEW.”

IN the autumn of 1861 affairs connected with the general interests of the Church in England rendered it necessary for two bishops to proceed to Rome, to submit several important questions to the Holy See. The two bishops chosen for the purpose were Bishops Ullathorne and Clifford. On the 1st of November they reached Rome, where in consequence of the pressing nature of the business in question they were detained for six months.

From the mass of letters referring to the negotiations in which they were engaged, a few may be selected of more general interest.

“You write to me that I must tell you something about Rome and the Pope. I have really little to say except that the Pope is well and wonderfully cheerful. He drives out of the city and takes his daily walk alone; and if there is any special devotion going on, you are pretty sure to

meet him, conspicuous in his white dress, red hat, and portly figure, backed by the purple of his domestic prelates, with his train of carriages and mounted guards, the poor running to him whenever they can make their way through the guards. If he goes to a church he stops in the porch after he has said his prayers, and says, *Venga, venga*, and the people rush to him to kiss his feet. It is extremely curious to see the list of things sent every week to the Pope as offerings. They are given in the supplements of the public papers. One poor girl sells her hair for six pauls and sends the money. Many priests send their silver shoe-buckles, the only valuables they possess. There is enough Peter's Pence in the treasury to pay all the expenses of next year, to the great dismay of his enemies, who thought to render his government impossible.

"I have been twice to hear the Advent sermons of Father Luigi di Trento, the Capuchin preacher to the Vatican. It is sublime to hear the poor Capuchin speaking in the name of God to the Head and Princes of the Church, with the speech of a prophet.

"It has always struck me that the constant interruptions of the Cardinals and prelates in the course of their deliberations, by the many functions in the Vatican must be a great safety against being too much carried away by nature. Then they serve many incidental purposes besides the main one of sanctifying the rulers of the Church. You see Cardinals, bishops, and prelates meeting in the sacristies and anterooms exchanging greetings, and as much at home as in their own houses; and it softens, unites, and keeps up good feeling and charity, and rubs away any little asperities which may spring up in those constant debates and deliberations, out of which come the light whereby the affairs of the Universal Church are judged and rectified. So much may be said in reply to those English natures that expect to see about the Papal Court

the long faces of the Pharisees. These grand ceremonies are at once exercises of prayer, charity, and meekness; and I often think that *meekness* is the special characteristic of Catholic Rome."

"I must tell you a story I heard to-day at dinner. It happened this Christmas. Four men, very early in the morning, were going to a church, being members of a Confraternity. They saw a young woman shrink from them in fear as if dreading pursuit. She ran until she sank by a fountain, exhausted. They went up to her and told her she had nothing to fear; but asked to know why she was so frightened, as they would gladly protect her if they could. Thus encouraged, she told them she was a Jewess, who had left her house in the Ghetto, and was afraid she was pursued by her relatives. She said she had seen in the night a Child, in a flame of dazzling light, who said to her: 'I am also born for you;' and that she desired to be a Christian. They took her to the convent of the catechumens, and gave her into the charge of the nuns."

"I sang Mass at the Propaganda College on the Epiphany and the Pope asked Cardinal Barnabo afterwards, 'Well did Ullathorne do himself honour?' The Cardinal replied: "I was not there, but the prelate who sang Vespers *caused himself to be compassionated.*' The humour of the thing is that, according to the Pope's notion, no Englishman can sing Mass decently. However, a student of our diocese preached before him in the Sistine on St. Stephen's Day, and that so well as to matter, form, and delivery, that everybody was roused, and the Holy Father paid him great compliments. Cardinal Barnabo asked to what diocese he belonged, and being told Birmingham, remarked: 'And there was his Bishop there to hear him!' The whole English College feels honoured at Mr. McCabe's per-

formance. Pray that I may get well through my weary work, for I am now but enjoying the ninth Beatitude."

The "weary work" in which he was at that time engaged had its share in increasing that secret longing to escape from the burden of episcopal responsibility which has before been noticed. There occur from time to time in his letters from Rome little words which speak of his "hopes of some day getting back to his quiet monastic cell." Probably the friends to whom he thus wrote attached but small significance to such expressions, and were therefore but little prepared to hear that he had actually applied to the Pope for permission to resign his see and retire into a monastery of his Order. It is thus he tells the story to one of his friends :

"English College, Rome,

"February 6th, 1862.

"You must have marked that my letters lately have not come from a heart altogether at ease. Worn out with many cares, about three weeks ago I sent a letter to the Pope direct, in which I stated my weariness of mind and body, arising from a long succession of solitudes, beginning in Australia down to the present time. I represented to him my physical and mental state, and implored him to allow me to retire to a monastery of my Order. It reached the Pope the day he was taken ill, which I regretted when I knew it. Monsignor Talbot came to me twice, and said that though he was not deputed to speak, yet that the Pope would not consent, and I had better not persevere in my request. But I said : ' I have put myself before His Holiness, and he will answer me ; and I don't forget that the men of old time sometimes bolted clean away.

"On the Feast of the Purification I had my answer, and in a way I could little have anticipated. In the midst

of the great function at St. Peter's, after he had chanted the Benediction of the Mass, the Pope called me quietly before his throne, on the steps of which the assistant-bishops all stand. I went up and knelt before him, and bending kindly towards me, he said: '*In nomine Sancti Petri; from this holy chair of truth I say to you that you are not to think more of retiring. You are to remain at your post, to go on with the work committed to you, for you have still many things to do.*' I kissed his ring and returned to my place amidst the wonderment of all on-lookers; for only the two assistant Cardinals and a master of ceremonies, and perhaps the nearest of the bishops could have heard what had passed. I withdrew to my place feeling completely calm and firm, as I have done ever since, having those words constantly before me. Yesterday I preached on the martyrdom of St. Agatha at the Irish College church. Cardinal Antonelli, by whom I sat at dinner, afterwards whispered to me, 'You must have felt that what the Pope said to you under circumstances so solemn was far more tranquillising than if he had spoken to you in private audience'; and Monsignor Capalti, the Secretary of Propaganda, said: 'The Pope has told me what he said to you; and said under the Chair of St. Peter,* you must be well content and at peace.' So you see I have reason to be satisfied that I wrote my letter, as it has brought me clear light."

Bishop Ullathorne left Rome towards the end of February, having, however, received an intimation that he would be expected to return in the month of May, when bishops from every part of Christendom were to be present at the solemn Canonisation of the Japanese Martyrs. He accordingly returned after a stay of two months in England, and writing from Rome on the 22nd of May, he says:

* It will be remembered that the Pope's throne in St. Peter's stands *under* the Chair of St. Peter.

"This morning we assisted at a semi-official Consistory. After all had spoken and the Pope had concluded his Allocution, His Holiness made a most touching and affecting address, out of his very heart. He spoke of the glory of the Martyrs, of the delight of having around him the bishops from all parts of the world, and of his bitter sorrow at the miseries of Italy. He asked each of us to say a Mass for the conversion of sinners. When he spoke of some who had been unfaithful, he wept, he trembled, he shook upon his throne ; his voice grew broken, and he said words to himself in the intervals of his address in an undertone, as if encouraging himself. And the bishops thrilled and wept with him ; old, grey-headed men, many of whom then saw the Pope for the first time, covered their faces with their hands and wept. There was but one heart in that august assembly of the Church's rulers, and that heart was the Pope's. He had put that sorrowing heart of his into the heart of each one present."

The closing function is thus described :

"Rome, June 10th, 1862.

" . . . Three hundred bishops, including Cardinals, and 3,000 foreign priests and a number of devout laity from all quarters crowd Rome. Bishop Clifford found four poor French *abbés* in the streets at eleven p.m., unable to get shelter, and kneeling before a Madonna as their refuge. He got them with much difficulty into a hospital amongst the sick for the night. Cardinal Altieri, the Bishop of Moulins, and Monsignor Nardi have opened their suites of apartments for reunions of the prelates twice a week. Those at the Palazzo Altieri were quite remarkable. I have seen twenty-two Cardinals and 150 bishops assembled at once. Everything is done to make Rome agreeable and to bring the prelates acquainted, and the intense heat that is so continual is the only drawback.

“St. Peter’s within is like a fairy tent of paint and paper, candelabra and coronas, put up at the cost of £12,000. But it is not St. Peter’s ; it is a tent for a day, to disappear to-morrow. The numerous paintings, representing the scenes of suffering and charity of the martyred Saints, are very beautiful. Thirteen thousand candles, weighing 30,000 lbs., light it up from roof to floor. The Pope gives audiences to hundreds and even thousands at a time of priests or laity: walks through them, addresses them, and to the priests gives medals. Every morning brings us heaps of books, circulars, documents, presents from the Pope, directions for functions or Consistories, offers of courtesy, etc. The bishops are all made free of the city, of the noble class, by special diploma of the Senate ; and a medal is to be presented to each by the City, in addition to the magnificent one presented by the Pope. The enthusiasm is very great, and the courtesy exhibited in the streets could not well be surpassed.

“It is felt that an immense invigoration is preparing for the Church.

“On Sunday we assembled in the Vatican by six a.m. The procession began at seven. The 300 mitres, they say, was a grand spectacle—the largest number since the Council of Lateran seen together in Rome. The interior of St. Peter’s was very dim, the lights being a feeble substitute in so vast a place for open sunlight, and in the course of the function light was introduced through the windows. It lasted five hours. The Pope both sang Mass and preached a homily, and was none the worse after it all.

“Yesterday was the last Consistory. The Pope gave an Allocution, and then the bishops presented a long address, read by the oldest Cardinal Bishop, and signed by all. Then the Pope uttered a short reply from his heart, exceedingly sweet and touching. Then we rambled about the Vatican until dinner-time at two p.m. Each prelate

received a plan of the tables with his own number and name printed, so that he found his place without difficulty. The Pope sat under a canopy in the centre. The Cardinals were dispersed amongst the bishops ; each bishop sat according to his order and time of nomination. The dinner was admirably served, and the 300 guests were each attended to without the slightest hitch, delay, or inconvenience. This resulted from having three distinct sets of servants : one to look to the guests, one to bring in the course, and another to carry off the one to which it succeeded. Thus the dinner exactly occupied the hour and a-half which the Pope wished it not to exceed. I confess to have sinfully pocketed a white dove reposing on sugar, and a singular old gentleman in blue wings and yellow hat, and a muffler for toothache ; intending to carry them to a certain St. Dominic's, at Stone ; in punishment for which theft they broke and melted in my pocket. And yet this was not so wicked as the act of a French bishop, who put a peach in his pocket, quite unconscious it was an ice : how he got through his troubles I never heard. Some of the vases of sweets had little Cardinal's hats on the top of them ; and it was quite pleasant to offer them to one's neighbour, and assure the fortunate prelate that his new honour came from the Pope.

“ After dinner we strolled through the beautiful gardens of the Vatican ; and the mixture of red and purple robes, with a sprinkle of black, brown, and ash colour of the regulars, made, in the bright sunshine, amidst the dark foliage and white statuary, a magnificent spectacle. All commingled and conversed as if they had known each other from childhood ; Italian, French, and Latin being the tongues most commonly heard. At last we gathered in a cool pleasaunce encircled by colonnades, round fountains and groups of flowers, where coffee was served ; and then we regularly mobbed the Holy Father, conspicuous by his

fine figure and white costume, like a set of grown-up children. He got on some steps, and we all crowded round him. 'Holy Father, Holy Father, you have given us everything, what will you give our flocks?' His eyes twinkled with the fun of the scene. Cardinal Donnet had got him by the arm, and all were calling together. 'Well,' he said at last, 'a plenary indulgence and the Apostolic Benediction on your return.' 'But is it for all the congregations?' 'Well, then, at the first pastoral visit you make.' Then it was 'Evviva' and 'Hurrah' for the Holy Father, and we all shouted like boys let loose.

"Then he took an old German Cardinal by the arm, and as he walked on he said: 'You see, he is older than I am, and yet I am his support.'

"And so all hearts were open, free, and glad, and the Fathers of the Church became as children round the common Father. No one will ever forget that day, and the Father perhaps less than the children. It was a happy day for him, and yet many had occasional sad thoughts, and even words. The Bishop of Geneva said to me: 'May we not use the words of Our Lord? "I have desired to eat this supper with you *before I suffer*."' "

Bishop Ullathorne returned to England on the 21st of June. The feelings with which these two last visits to Rome had inspired him are expressed in one of his Pastorals, written shortly afterwards.

"At a time when other Religious societies are waning and dissolving, the members of the Church are drawing into closer union with their Head. They are thinking of the Pope, feeling with the Pope, speaking of the Pope; and all this concentration of the mind and the heart of the Church upon the Vicar of Christ comes of his sufferings, of the injustice he endures, and his heroic spirit under the trial.

On the other hand, God has raised up a great Pope fitted for the occasion. Popes have been great in various ways. Pius IX. is great by force of his personal character, and through the influence which, by reason of his character, he exercises over the hearts of men. No one ever left his presence without experiencing the sweetness of that overflowing charity, and the loftiness of those Catholic sentiments which flow from him with untiring ease, and unchanging meekness. His sufferings, borne with so much firmness and gentleness, have drawn more souls into his presence than all worldly success could have attracted ; and his character has exercised a wider influence on souls than perhaps it ever fell within the lot of a Pope before to accomplish. . . . And so, in spite of the few among us who have imbibed the giddiness of the times, we have more and more one spirit in one body, even the spirit of Christ and of His obedience, flowing from the Head into the members."

Almost immediately after his return to England the Bishop had to lament the loss of one member of his flock for whose character he cherished a singular veneration—Mr. Maher, a member of the Town Council of Birmingham, and a man of singular worth and holiness.

"June 26th, 1862.

"Mr. Maher died on Monday. There is but one feeling of respect for him, expressed by high and low. Every morning of his life he made his meditation on some page in the *Spiritual Combat*. For every act, for everything he put on, for every step he took on his staircase, he had a suitable prayer. I have his copy of the *Spiritual Combat*, with his little selection of aspirations, written by his hand ; and wherever the words *Will of God* occur in the book, there, and only there, he has put a strong underline. . . . His real love for the poor, and his constant exertions for them,

both as a private man and a Poor Law Guardian, will not soon be forgotten.”*

A great subject of solicitude engaged the attention of the pen of Bishop Ullathorne during the remainder of this year. The unsound articles that had from time to time appeared in the *Rambler*, (which had recently taken the new form and title of the *Home and Foreign Review*) had called at length for authoritative censure; and the Cardinal Archbishop, in a letter addressed to his clergy, had exhorted them to warn their people against the teaching of a journal which, to quote His Eminence's words, “had for years shown an absence of all reserve or reverence in its treatment of persons or things deemed sacred, and had grazed over the very edges of the most perilous abysses of error.” In reply to this solemn censure there appeared in the next number of the *Review* an article entitled: *Cardinal Wiseman and the Home and Foreign Review*, in which no disposition was expressed implying submission to authority. In consequence, Bishop Ullathorne, who had long been urged to reply to the writers, of the *Review*, published a “*Letter on the Rambler and the Home and Foreign Review*,” addressed to his clergy, in which, after a careful examination of the principles therein put forth, he concluded by declaring that the journal in question “contained propositions which were, respectively subversive of the faith, heretical, approaching to heresy, erroneous, derogatory to the teaching of the Church, and offensive to pious ears.”

Such an outspoken expression of opinion, while from the condemned writers it only called forth a renewal of their former statements, and an appeal from the judgment of the episcopal authorities to that of the more enlightened

* Bishop Ullathorne's sermon at the funeral of Mr. Maher has been printed.

public, elicited from every quarter, not of his own diocese alone, but from all England, letters of gratitude, and expressions of loyal adherence to the teaching of the Church and her bishops. One of these letters was from Dr. Newman. At this time the public was taking its usual liberties with the name of that illustrious man; and rumours were busily circulated, both at Rome and in England, to the effect that his sympathies were altogether with the writers of the *Review*. To the injustice of these rumours the Bishop frequently alludes.

The following extract is taken from a letter written to Bishop Ullathorne by Cardinal Wiseman, after the publication of his "Letter":

"I take this opportunity of thanking your Lordship for your excellent letter on the *Home and Foreign Review*. I have read it with great interest, and find the arguments most lucid and cogent, and the conviction of heresy most complete. Your Lordship has rendered good service to the Catholics in England by writing and publishing it; and I sincerely hope that it may open the eyes of many, if not of the writers themselves, on the unorthodox and unsound character of the principles and aims of this most dangerous publication."

"Newman has written to Dr. Ward (writes the Bishop), that unless the conductors of the *Review* repudiate such doctrines, they cannot be considered as good Catholics, or deserve that any interest be taken in them."

A few days later he wrote:

"I have had a beautiful letter from Dr. Newman. Considering his former connection with the *Rambler*, and his friendship with the Editor of the *Home and Foreign Review*, it is very important, and I shall send it to Rome."

The letter ran as follows :

“ Ramsgate, October 25th, 1862.

“ My dear Lord,

“ Your letter to your clergy has been sent to me here. Every Catholic must, I am sure, be grateful to your Lordship, for having in so clear and direct a way stated the grounds of the severe animadversions which you have felt incumbent on you, by virtue of your sacred office, to make on the *Rambler* and the *Home and Foreign Review*.

“ I need not assure your Lordship that I concur with all my heart in the condemnation of the doctrines which you find in these publications, and of the articles containing them.

“ It follows that I must consider it, as I do, the simple duty of the writers of them, and all concerned in them, first to repudiate the doctrines in question, and secondly to withdraw the statements in which they are conveyed.

“ I write to you as one of your clergy, on the spur of the moment, what comes first into my mind, without consulting anybody. If there is anything more which could be a consolation to you to receive from me, I hope you will tell me.

“ I am, my dear Lord,

“ Your faithful servant in Christ,

“ J. H. NEWMAN.”

The Bishop was well aware that the controversy was not likely at once to be set at rest, and prepared himself to carry on the war in good earnest.

“ October 27th, 1862.

“ I have been examining the whole philosophy of the *Rambler*, to be ready in case of need. I find that they have adopted a system chiefly from the German infidels, as I

suspected when I examined what I have already written upon. They lay down the principles of a system that destroys the substance of everything, and makes the mind itself create all that it sees, except the phantasms, or images of things. In fact, it makes the mind God, and is a sort of spiritualistic Pantheism. . . . I hope I shall not have to go further, for even the friends of the writers are advising them to submit. But if they do go on I shall have to exhibit worse things of them, though things more difficult for the common reader to understand."

The writers *did* go on, and early in December one of them published what the Bishop calls "a bitter reply to my censure."

"December 19th, 1862.

"I must get out a pamphlet before this reply of — does mischief. It is great and prolonged labour, not to get materials, but to work them into shape ; because I can only think whilst writing, and, as it were, on the point of the pen, and this entails endless re-writing. . . . God knows where all this will end ; but I had a letter from a bishop this morning, saying that persons in his diocese were pressing for something to be written, more than mere censure—a refutation of the arguments from science : that a party assembled at a certain great house in his diocese had advocated the principles of the *Review*, and that the ecclesiastics who were present had not been up to the mark in reply."

As the close of the year approached, the Bishop's thoughts reverted to the past, and to that brief period of peaceful pastoral work which he had enjoyed in the interval between his Apostolic career in Australia and the yet harder labours of the Episcopate.

“ December 8th, 1862.

“ Your letter has recalled the old scenes, with their old thoughts and feelings. The Church in this country has indeed made a marvellous development since those early times. My happiest days were spent in Coventry ; I have never *felt* myself in an entirely natural position since ; I have never since had work which has done *me* good as well as other people, nor have I had work which has, in an equal degree, suited my tone of mind and inclinations. You will say I am melancholy ; but I am only putting together the two ends of those seventeen years. Yet I do rejoice and thank God for all He has done for us, and see very clearly that on its human side all has been built on prayer. Prayer is the true power of every work, and the force of all who govern and direct it. The prayer of the humble heart, yearning towards God, can do anything ; but the prayer of the lips only is nothing.”

On the same day he wrote as follows to a newly appointed Religious Superior :

“ You are in the best place, both for the grace of God and for your own salvation, when you are where your superiors have placed you. My advice to you is not to waste your time and heart on sentimentalities on the subject, but simply to go on with the work in hand with as little reflection about yourself as may be. Believe an old grey head, that there is often self-indulgence in complaints about the burden of responsibility of office ; sometimes even, and not seldom, there is a mock humility in talking about one's weakness. We are all weak ; and if one happens to be the weakest, really knowing it, without making any pretence about it, that is just the kind of instrument God wants. He chooses the really weak things to confound the strong, and the things that are not to bring to naught the

things that are. I wish you a happy feast, and I ask you to pray for me and for the conversion of men who, by their writings, while professing to be Catholics, are insinuating infidelity into Catholic minds. And also that, if it be needful that I should expose them, I may say nothing unwise, or from any human impulse."

The following extracts are from letters of spiritual direction written about this time :

On excessive desire for direction.

"There are souls that desire frequent confession, not so much from compunction, as because they love to talk of themselves and catch sympathy from the confessor. Such weak souls, moreover, take the sense of their spiritual condition from the sentiment of having been recently at confession, and not from their contests with themselves, or from the heartfelt contrition with which they regard their sins.

"It is the same spirit as that which induces religious, who are weak in their spiritual joints, to sink whenever they can upon the shoulders of their superiors, unwilling to undertake the labour of supporting themselves on their own legs and spine, or of enduring anything by themselves. They get such a habit of feeding on the sweet candy of sympathy, and of being carried like wooden dolls or helpless babes, that they know not what it is to exert their own strength, or resist their own languor.

"Such souls can progress in no direction ; they must always have someone to serve as their spiritual armchair and pillow. Their real malady lies in the want of will, and the exertion of spiritual force to resist their own fancies.

"There is a well-known corporal condition, which used to be called *the vapours* ; the French call it the *maladie imaginaire*. It is the fancy of being always ill and in-

capable, coupled with an intense craving for notice, nursing, and soothing. Doctors, however, know very well that it consists of nothing but a want of the habit of vigorously exercising the will, and heartily taking to healthy work.

“The spiritual nerves of some Religious get into a similar morbid condition from a like cause. They are uncomfortable in themselves, and seek for some outward remedy which, like laudanum, will soothe them for the moment, but instead of curing them, in the end only makes them weaker. They will go to their Superior and think that a little exhibition of their languor and a few soothing words will set them right. But they do nothing to master themselves, and so these manifestations delude them. They fancy they have done something, when they have only taken a dose of their spiritual paragoric. In the same way they would be constantly going to the confessional; not because they are struck with repentance or penetrated with compunction, but because it runs with their humour and lulls them into fancied security. It satisfies their craving for human sympathy, and saves them the trouble of making inward efforts to master themselves and rest on the grace of God. For it is not so much on the grace of the Sacrament coming into a humble and contrite heart that such souls rest their confidence, but on the gratified sense of having talked, and been talked to, about themselves. So they would desire to be always going to the Sacrament of Penance; as if spiritual life consisted in going to confession, and not in loving God and hating ourselves.”

On the want of simplicity.

“No doubt there are some characters who regulate their exterior better than their interior, and give proof, by not letting their humours and weaknesses come to the surface, that they still retain so much of their secular habit as always to appear *in dress*. Some do this from human

respect, some because they have no great spiritual intuition, and some from vanity, which prompts the keeping up of an outward character. The way to treat them is to get inside their hearts and so to bring them inside their own ; and when they can be got there, to show them how much better they would be if, like David, and St. Augustine, and St. Teresa , they could let out more of their real nature. Still there are some into whose hearts it is impossible thus to get, and who with their mixture of human influences are at all events protected from giving bad example. Not very spiritual, but not disedifying. I have often thought of giving a lecture on David, St. Peter, and St. Paul, in order to explain that single-hearted simplicity which brings everything out, and so purifies all, regardless of human respect. Still, remember that what is *artificial* is not always *artful*. It is often an unconscious habit. To make it seen by the conscience is the secret of a good Novice-mistress ; and it is done neither by teaching nor by admonition, but by putting one heart skilfully into another. This gives a new spirit, for when one heart has the liberty of Christ then by entering into another the liberty of Christ is communicated."

A postulant hardly pressed by entreaties from a Protestant mother to give up her vocation and return to her, wrote to lay the whole case before the Bishop, ending her letter (in allusion to her mother's arguments) by the words, "please don't say it's the devil !"

In his reply, after assuring her that he was firmly convinced she had a real call to the Religious state, he continued :

"God beholds the two paths that issue forward from this point of your life, and their end. He says to you, 'Have you most confidence in Me, whose ways are a mystery, or in nature, whose ways are manifest ? What has nature done

for your immortal soul? Have you ever followed the voice of nature and not repented? Is not nature in My hand, and at the command of My will? Oh, child of My creation, are you not My daughter,' says Almighty God. 'Oh! child of My Blood, are you not Mine,' says Jesus, your Lord? 'Will you follow Me and love Me even to death, that you may find Me? What is your faith in Me if you shrink from committing your cause to Me? Do you trust to a visible path marked out for you by nature, or to the invisible path marked out by faith? How far can you see with clearness on that path of the natural woman? What constant and steady light lies on it, and is it a light from Heaven? You have taken up your Cross to follow Me, and do you now look back? When that other one whom My Angel conducted did the same, what did she think of? Only of the world she was leaving behind her and those on whom her affections had reposed; she did not think of the pillar of salt. She never dreamed that thus turning from God's attraction was to end so soon in her becoming a monument to warn mankind—in vain.

"Dear child, I will not say 'it's the devil,' but I must say it is nature, and nature at its very fountain. It is such a cry of nature as, had Apostles, and Virgins, and Martyrs listened to and followed, Heaven would have stood empty, and the Lamb on the Golden Altar, Who is the Light of that Temple, had never celebrated His nuptials in the midst of those countless multitudes of Saints, had their hearts not risen above the calls of nature whilst yet on the earth."

To a person suffering from interior darkness.

"Although I feel keenly for your present state of suffering, I am conscious it is a great blessing in disguise. There is nothing so abused and perverted by almost every in-

telligent creature, as God's light, nothing that is so constantly and as a matter of course appropriated. There is nothing in which we get so really blinded as in the use we make of this marvellous light. And so there is no lesson we want to learn so thoroughly and habitually as a sense of where this light comes from, what it is, what we are without it, and what is its priceless value when we have it. There is no practical way of learning this lesson like being deprived of the sensible consciousness of this light. Then we learn to say in our hearts what the priest is daily required to say before he goes to the altar: '*Send forth Thy light and Thy truth ; they have led me and brought me unto Thy holy mount and into Thy tabernacle.*'

"There is no test of the will like having to cling to God without this sensible light ; as the bat clings through the cold winter to the dark roof of the cavern, recovering force for the summer ; and as the trees gather up strength in their roots in the dark hard ground of winter. It is all well then, only hard to see and to practise ; but every look upwards, and every act of resignation, will strengthen you."

To the same.

"Fear not ; there is nothing in the state of your soul to cause you real anxiety or lower your confidence in the protection of God. You could not make acts without grace, still less when they return you no marked comfort ; nor could you make them without the concurrence of your will. You rightly guess that these trials are mostly in the imagination. But the real condition of the soul lies in the intention and direction of the *will*. When the *will* seeks God, the soul seeks God. And God never abandons those who rely on Him. For as a holy and learned man observes, '*It is the very recreation of God with His children to leave them for a time to their fears, that they may cling to Him the more desperately ; and to humble them that they may*

be safe from themselves. To be reconciled with your trial is to be reconciled to the Cross ; and to be reconciled to the Cross is to have the spirit of Christ.' ”

In the January of 1863 Bishop Ullathorne published a second letter to his clergy, entitled *On Certain Methods of the Rambler and the Home and Foreign Review*, in which the errors noticed in his former letter were scientifically examined. It appeared in the form of a pamphlet of one hundred pages, and produced a marked effect on the public mind.

Cardinal Barnabo wrote to express his “vehement approbation” of the pamphlet ; and letters of thanks and adhesion to the principles put forth flowed in from many quarters. To one of these, addressed to him by Mr. Phillipps de Lisle, he replies :

“ May 5th, 1863.

“ I thank you for your very kind letter and approval of my second pamphlet. It is satisfactory to know that labours and writings produced under circumstances so unpleasant have not been altogether in vain. I have had several other very kind letters, which have not a little relieved me ; but what I most wish to see is some satisfactory change in the management of the periodical itself.

“ My *opus magnum*, the philosophical, theological, and ascetical treatise on the virtue of humility has, alas ! been suspended for years, and I know not when I shall be able to resume it. I have the materials of nearly two volumes lying in a rough state, and how glad I should be if I could have six months of seclusion to complete it ; but that is out of the question.

“ Business grows so much, and in such varied shapes, whilst creeping age comes on, and slackens the old energies,

that I should be heartily glad if the Holy Father would let me retire. I made an effort last year to get free, but failed, so I suppose I must be reconciled with my burden."

A little later he had the satisfaction of finding that his labours had not been without result even on the Reviewers themselves.

"June 4th, 1863.

"The new number' of the *Home and Foreign Review* which I got this morning is, in the main, sounder, and gives up some of its worst positions, though the tone is still unsatisfactory. Still they have in so many words abandoned some of the worst principles on which I wrote. It is always a satisfaction to see conversion, even when not complete."

Some letters written by him about this time to Bishop Brown, of Newport, touch on some of the questions which had been raised by the Reviewers.

"Birmingham, May 28th, 1863.

"My dear Lord,

" . . . I think with S—— so far that if you grant such a theory of man's origin you open the flood-gates to a flood of consequences that will sweep away the landmarks of Scripture and tradition.

"The theory concerning man rests on the theory of the uncounted ages required for certain geological formations. I do not consider that theory rests as yet on proved facts. Everything is running one way for the moment ; but there are signs of a turn, and the other side of the question has not yet been fairly examined. Rawlinson's remarks on the gigantic delta formations of the Tigris in recent times, Fergusson's observations on the Ganges, and even Bates' remarks on the land embedded crocodiles are the last

things that have come under my notice as signs of a counter course of observations.

“Suppose we had given up the Deluge on the theories of half-a-century past, when water was not found to cover the earth, where should we have been now that it is determined that water has been the agent to a far greater extent than the Deluge of Noe can explain; and when the atmospheric waters are appealed to, as more than enough to drown the Himalayas and the Andes? Depend upon it the whole question is in its infancy, and is for the present all running on one side.

“No one seems to think of the difference between the growth of youth and of maturity—of the immense rapidity with which forces would act when heat and moisture, fire and steam, so to speak, were so rapid and powerful, before the cooling of the earth and receding of the central fires from the outer crust, were as far accomplished as they are now. On their own theories uniform action in uniform time is absurd.

“I might start several other points converging to this conclusion, and sustained by existing facts, especially as comparing tropical with temperate zones. The modern growth of peat with us is no test of the way in which it would grow amidst great heat and vaporous moisture, as in a forcing-house of powers which now we cannot calculate. The immense rapidity of glacial action, when the moisture was below and dry coldness in the atmosphere above and a totally different condition of atmosphere, and earth and currents consequently had other forces as well as chemical action, and the magnetic condition of the earth might be altogether different—not one of these points have been entertained, even as objections, although they are within the data of the new learning.

“I remember, as far back as 1837, hearing Sir W. Hamilton’s exposition of the mathematical laws involved

in the gradual recession of heat from the earth's surface. I heard and witnessed the plaudits of the very men who are now arguing from the principle of uniformity, and who yet maintain that very theory of the gradual subsidence of the great regulating force of heat. And yet, so intent are they upon their pet conclusions, that they forget half the premisses of their science.

"I do not think the science of the subject is in that developed and certain condition, or that it has so exhausted the facts within its scope. as to justify us in throwing overboard, on its account, the tradition of all humanity, as well as that of the Church, as to the comparatively recent origin of man.

"But even then I do not think we are bound to the chronology commonly received.

"It will be difficult to reconcile the ape theory with any substantial right to oppose Colenso's views on the authority of the Pentateuch. It will be equally difficult to hold our ground against either Materialism or Pantheism, if we allow these newly broached theories to have greater authority than universal tradition and the unbroken *catena* of interpretation.

"I have thrown off these rough and rudimentary remarks, simply to show that it comes natural to me to mistrust and doubt if we need be so much afraid of the *so-called* science of the hour as to abandon the letter of the Scriptures and the patristic account of the origin of man as formed corporally by God Himself from the dust of the earth.

"I remain, my dear Lord,

"Your devoted brother in Christ,

"✝ W. B. ULLATHORNE.

"N.B.—As the *Atlantis* observes (last number), no hypothesis can be wholly true, and the amount of error depends on the extent of its development. The history of science is a constant relinquishment of assumptions as proof proceeds."

The same to the same.

“ . . . I by no means accept the *Rambler's* reading of Galileo's case. Cooper's article in the *Dublin* (the result of long research, for I was in communication with the author when he got it up), and the more recent French work containing the documents, the title of which I forget, quite satisfied my mind that it was only Galileo's meddling with the sacred Scriptures that was really censured.

“ The very fact that his predecessor, Copernicus, a canon, maintained the system, and that under the patronage of a Cardinal without offence, is enough to throw strong suspicion on the common opinion, kept up by the Protestant world. I have heard that there is a considerable tendency at this moment in Cambridge to question the Newtonian theory.

“ I quite agree with you as to the expediency of not censuring matters professing to rest on science where the Church has not censured. It is another thing to point out the spirit implied in Catholics hastily and rashly preaching and writing up such conclusions in a way to injure the faith of the weak.”

But the controversy had wearied and saddened him.

“ To-day (he writes on the 7th of May) I reach the fifty-seventh year of mortal life. One begins to feel that the hill is turned, and the decline begun. Springs do not bound as formerly, joints begin to stiffen, and life begins to do its work with effort. One begins to look with more gravity towards the end, and to suspect that before long one will be in other people's way. The best result of all this is to mitigate one's conceit, and make one see how little one has done, and how little one will do in the future.”

He turned for refreshment to his "Book on Humility," his *opus magnum* as he had called it, of which he wrote a rough draft of the present Dedication and sent it to Mother Margaret, with the comment: "I wonder whether you and I will live to see in print what I send on the other side?"

The letter was acknowledged by Mother Mary Imelda Poole, who at that time acted as Mother Margaret's assistant and secretary.

"The dedication of your much wished for book (she writes) goes straight to our hearts as it comes from yours, and awakens those memories—which I trust will never die among us—of all that we owe to you as our father. May the spirit you have laboured to form in us live and gain strength through succeeding generations."

Little did the writer of these lines think that the book was not destined to see the light for another twenty years, and that the Dedication, when printed, would be altered so as to include her own name and that of Mother Margaret, both then having passed to their reward.

CHAPTER VII.—1864, 1865.

LENTEN INDULT.—THE “APOLOGIA.”—SYNOD.—
LETTER TO DR. NEWMAN.—DEATH OF FATHER IGNA-
TIUS SPENCER.—CORRESPONDENCE WITH A NIECE.—
THE ASSOCIATION FOR PROMOTING THE UNITY OF
CHRISTENDOM.—DEATH OF CARDINAL WISEMAN.—
VISITATIONS.—OLD LETTERS.—DEATH OF CANON FLAN-
AGAN.—LETTER ON THE ANGLICAN THEORY OF UNION.

COMPARATIVELY few letters of Bishop Ullathorne's have been preserved, written in the year 1864, and of those but a small proportion are on subjects of general interest. To supplement the vacuum in his correspondence, we shall give a somewhat lengthy extract from his Lenten Indult of that year. Perhaps some of the best specimens of his writing may be gathered from these Indults and Pastoral letters, which, as not being at command, like his other published works, are hardly, if at all, known to ordinary readers. As has been observed in a former page, there was no subject on which he spoke and wrote more frequently, or more forcibly, than the *Soul*, its true nature, and its sublime destiny.

From the Lenten Indult, 1864.

“The greatness of the soul is found in her capacity for Divine and eternal things, in her capacity for God. So capacious is the soul of man, to use the words of St. Bernard, that though every created thing may engage

and absorb her attention for a time, yet all creation put together and delivered into her power would never content or give her satisfaction, even were they assured for ever . . . O! soul of man! how little dost thou understand the hidden depths, and the secret wants, that lie unfulfilled and wasting in the hidden chambers of thy spirit.

“ . . . The greatness of the soul may be known also in this, that she is the similitude of all things. She is not only as a living mirror which reflects whatever is in this world, and which has a sense of them all; but the grace of God makes that soul a little Heaven, which reflects and feels those things which come to her out of God's own eternity. How vast is the storehouse of the mind which holds these treasures new and old. And the soul is not tied to place or time, but wanders afar off, and even reaches with her thoughts to the throne of God.

“ . . . The nature of the soul is great and noble; and it is the concupiscence of the flesh and the world which makes her so vile and so degenerate, and which drags her through her habits of indifference to the things of God into so much that is sinful and unworthy of her greatness. . . . If the greatness of the soul consists in her capacity for eternal things, the rectitude of the soul consists in her taking the straightest and readiest path to seek God, and to possess His light and grace. . . . No man is just who does not pay his debts to God: no man is just who does not often lift his heart to the Fountain of Eternal Justice. Would you call that man upright and generous who neglects his own household and abandons the father who gave him life? . . . What shall we say of those who neglect their own soul and care not for its life, who abandon the Lord and Father of their souls? . . . What shall we say of Christians who do but what the heathen do, and seek but what the heathen seek, until they almost forget the nature of their soul and the nearness of their God? . . .

“ When a soul habitually lives without taking thought in herself and is unconscious of God’s presence, it becomes a wild waste, a desolate region with dried up fountains, whose greatness and capabilities lie all unknown to their possessor. . . . Oh! then, you who have wandered far, and have been repaid with misery, return, return into your heart, enter anew into your soul, renew your acquaintance with your own spirit. It is a terrible thing to be separated from God, Who is everywhere. . . . There is but one way back, and that is through your own soul. . . . The voice of God which breaks the cedar trees—the loving, the merciful, the gracious voice of God calls on you and conjures you, by the greatness of that soul of yours which He made capacious of eternal life. . . . that you return to peace and rectitude with God and with yourself.

“ And thou, O just soul, wherever thou art to be found, do thou cultivate more and more the knowledge of God and of thyself, that God may perfect His noble work in thee. Thy beauty is in God’s sight, thy strength is the operation of His spirit, thy greatness is the measure of His charity. He hath raised thee from the dust to be the temple of His wisdom, and it doth not yet appear what thou wilt be ; and the voice of justice heard in thee is that simple cry : ‘ Of myself I can do nothing, yet can I do all things in Him that strengthens me.’ ”

In the February of this year there appeared the correspondence between Dr. Newman and the Rev. Charles Kingsley which led to the publication, in weekly numbers, of the celebrated *Apologia*. It is not too much to say that all England was stirred by this publication, and many references to it occur in Bishop Ullathorne’s letters. He speaks of the correspondence with Kingsley as “ the keenest scarification—and that of a *muscular Christian*—that ever

man gave to man. I found, when I talked to Newman, that he was unconscious of having given him a *soubriquet* that will stick to him for life—'Baby Charles.' Dr. Newman was not aware at the time that Kingsley's name was *Charles*."

"You have, of course, read Newman's third number. How true it is! There is scarcely a theoretic dream in those early years which one does not feel has passed, in some shape or other, through one's own head in younger days. The clergy of this diocese wish to pay him some mark of respect. . . . But after such a stripping of his soul in public, and before all the world, and in a way so rending to him, he will be too glad to escape for a time, and go somewhere to recover himself."

An occasion presented itself for expressing the sentiments of the clergy at the diocesan Synod which was held in the month of May.

"June 1st, 1864.

"The Synod has passed off well, and everything was in the best spirit. After it was over the clergy's address was read in the church to Dr. Newman, who felt it much, and made a beautiful reply off hand, which went to all hearts."

The Bishop's own feelings of sympathy and regard were expressed in a letter which he addressed to Dr. Newman after the conclusion of the Synod, and which must here be given at length.

* "Bishop's House, June 4th, 1864.

"My dear Dr. Newman,

"It was with warm gratification that after the

* The following letter was written by the Bishop to Dr. Newman, on the removal of the Oratory to Edgbaston :

"St. Chad's, May 7th, 1850.

"Dear Father Newman,

"I beg to offer my congratulations to you on your having secured a good site, with a suitable extent of land, for the erection of

close of the Synod yesterday I listened to the address presented to you by the clergy of the diocese, and to your impressive reply. But I should have been little satisfied with the part of the silent listener, except on the understanding with myself that I also might afterwards express to you my own sentiments in my own way.

"We have now been personally acquainted, and much more than acquainted, for nineteen years, during more than sixteen of which we have stood in special relation of duty towards each other. This has been one of the singular blessings which God has given me amongst the cares of the episcopal office. What my feelings of respect, of confidence, and of affection have been towards you, you know well, nor should I think of expressing them in words. But there is one thing that has struck me in this day of explanation which you could not, and would not, be disposed to do, and which no one could do so properly or so authentically as I could, and which it seems to me is not altogether uncalled for, if every kind of erroneous impression that

an Oratory in this populous town. And in this congratulation I have reason to believe that the clergy of Birmingham share with me. Having been established with your brethren in Birmingham as the first house of the Oratory in this country by an express decree of Pius IX., and under the especial benediction of His Holiness, every good Catholic must join me in the hearty desire of seeing you rise out of your small, but zealous beginnings, into an establishment with a church commensurate to the carrying out of the whole Institute of St. Philip Neri. Having the happiness of knowing your personal character, I do not doubt but that the Institute, placed on more ample ground, will be developed, under your direction, with that wise attention to 'difference of place, time, and circumstance,' to borrow words from the Apostolic letter of the Sovereign Pontiff, which will at the same time secure success and preserve the spirit of your Holy Founder.

"Funds have yet to be provided for this undertaking ; and I regret that I can do so little for so great a work. But as an example and encouragement I will devote £30 out of next year's collections as a contribution for the year 1851. I shall not cease to implore the blessing of Almighty God upon your arduous work, and remain,

"Your devoted servant in Christ,

"✠ W. B. ULLATHORNE."

some persons have entertained with no better evidence than conjecture is to be removed.

“ It is difficult to comprehend how, in the face of facts, the notion should ever have arisen that during your Catholic life you have been more occupied with your own thoughts than with the service of religion and the work of the Church. If we take no other work into consideration beyond the written productions which your Catholic pen has given to the world, they are enough for the life’s labour of another. There are the *Lectures on Anglican Difficulties*, the *Lectures on Catholicism in England*, the great work on the *Scope and End of University Education*, that on the *Office and Work of Universities*, the *Lectures and Essays on University Subjects*, and the two volumes of sermons; not to speak of your contributions to the *Atlantis*, which you founded, and to other periodicals; then there are those beautiful offerings to Catholic literature, the *Lectures on the Turks, Loss and Gain*, and *Callista*; and, though last not least, the *Apologia*, which is destined to put many ill rumours to rest, and many unprofitable surmises: and yet all these productions represent but a portion of your labour, and that in the second half of your period of public life.

“ These works have been written in the midst of labour and cares of another kind, and of which the world knows very little. I will specify four of these undertakings, each in a distinct character, and any one of which would have made a reputation for untiring energy in the practical order.

“ The first of these undertakings was the establishment of the Congregation of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri—that great ornament and accession to the force of English Catholicity. Both the London and Birmingham Oratory must look to you as their founder, and as the originator of their characteristic excellence; whilst that of Birmingham has never known any other presidency.

“ No sooner was this work fairly on foot than you were

called by the highest authority to commence another, and one of yet greater magnitude and difficulty, the founding of a University in Ireland. After the Universities had been lost to the Catholics of these kingdoms for three centuries, everything had to be begun from the beginning; the idea of such an institution to be inculcated, the plan to be formed that would work, the resources to be gathered, and the staff of Superiors and professors to be brought together. Your name was then the chief point of attraction which brought these elements together. You alone know what difficulties you had to conciliate and what to surmount, before the work reached that state of consistency and promise which enabled you to return to those responsibilities in England which you had never laid aside or suspended. And here excuse me if I give expression to a fancy which passed through my mind.

"I was lately reading a poem not long published from the MSS. *De Rerum Natura*, by Neckham, the foster-brother of Richard the Lion-hearted. He quotes an old prophecy attributed to Merlin, and with a sort of wonder, as if recollecting that England owed so much of its literary learning to that country; and the prophecy says that after long years Oxford will pass into Ireland—*Vada boum suo tempore transibunt in Hiberniam*. When I read this I could not but indulge the pleasant fancy that in the days when the Dublin University shall arise in maternal splendour, an allusion to this prophecy might form a poetic element in the inscription on the pedestal of the statue which commemorates its first Rector.

"The original plan of an Oratory did not contemplate any parochial work, but you could not contemplate so many souls in want of pastors without being prompt and ready at the beck of authority to strain all your efforts in coming to their help. And this brings me to the third and the most continuous of those labours to which I have alluded. The

mission in Alcester Street, its church and schools, were the first work of the Birmingham Oratory. After several years of close and hard work, and a considerable call upon the private resources of the Fathers who had established this congregation, it was delivered over to other hands, and the Fathers removed to the district of Edgbaston, where up to that time nothing Catholic had appeared. Then arose under your direction the large Convent of the Oratory, the church expanded by degrees into its present capaciousness, a numerous congregation has gathered and grown into it ; poor schools and other pious institutions have grown up in connection with it, and, moreover, equally at your expense and that of your brethren, and, as I have reason to know, at much inconvenience, the Oratory has relieved the other clergy of Birmingham all this while by constantly doing the duty in the poor-house and jail of Birmingham.

“ More recently still, the mission and the poor school at Smethwick owe their existence to the Oratory. And all this while the Founder and Father of these religious works has added to his other solitudes the toil of frequent preaching, of attendance in the confessional, and other parochial duties.

“ I have read on this day of its publication the seventh part of the *Apologia*, and the touching allusion in it to the devotedness of the Catholic clergy to the poor in seasons of pestilence reminds me that when the cholera raged so dreadfully at Bilston, and the two priests of the town were no longer equal to the number of cases to which they were hurried day and night, I asked you to lend me two Fathers, to supply the place of other priests whom I wished as a further aid. But you and Father St. John preferred to take the place of danger which I had destined for others, and remained at Bilston till the worst was over.

“ The fourth work which I would notice is one more

widely known. I refer to the school for the education of the higher classes, which, at the solicitation of many friends, you have founded and attached to the Oratory. Surely after reading this bare enumeration of work done, no man will venture to say that Dr. Newman is leading a comparatively inactive life in the service of the Church.

"To spare, my dear Dr. Newman, any further pressure on those feelings with which I have already taken so large a liberty, I will only add one word more for my own satisfaction.

"During our long intercourse there is only one subject on which, after the first experience, I have measured my words with some caution, and that has been where questions bearing on ecclesiastical duty have arisen. I found some little caution necessary, because you were always so prompt and ready to go even beyond the slightest intimation of my wish or desires.

"That God may bless you with health, life, and all the spiritual good which you desire, you and your brethren of the Oratory, is the earnest prayer now and often of,

"My dear Dr. Newman,

"Your affectionate friend and faithful servant in Christ,

"✠ W. B. ULLATHORNE."*

The discourse delivered by the Bishop at this Synod was on The Unworldly Spirit of the Priesthood. In it he reminds his hearers that the word *secular* as applied to the clergy, has nothing to do with a secular spirit, but only marks out the field of their labours; that if the man of

* This letter is quoted in the *Oscotian*, and is there dated 1866; an evident error, as the Synod was held in 1864, and the incident is narrated in the letter from the Bishop, above quoted, and dated June 1st, 1864. The last observation on the *Apologia*, which we find in his letters, is as follows: "What a magnificent thing is the first half of Dr. Newman's last number. No one will mistake him after this. It is like the writing of a prophet."

God, the true salt of the earth, lose his spirit in the man of the world, there is nothing left by which the earth can again be salted.

“The true spirit of the Priesthood is to think and feel with the great soul of the Church. To have that thought in us which was in Christ Jesus. To enter into His Word which will transform our own. . . . With what a different force and attraction do we see the same sacerdotal power put forth by one as compared with another in the selfsame ministry. Nor does this depend, beyond a certain moderate limit, on natural ability or human culture. It depends on the way in which the grace that is in you of the imposition of hands, is stirred up by the cultivation of the sacerdotal virtues. Take some single-hearted missionary, intent on the one thing needful ; he has imbibed a deep impression that, as a man of God, he need not take much time in dressing out his mind for the sake of the world, and prefers to nourish the fountains of his heart on habitual recollection and prayer. You may know such men at a glance. They draw crowds to their confessionals. You find the type of such men in St. Vincent de Paul and in the late Curé of Ars. What is their secret? It is this : they abide in Christ ; they draw their light from His Word ; they penetrate into the spirit of the great High Priest, and cherish His operations in their hearts.”

Writing to one of his convents on the Easter Festival of this year, Bishop Ullathorne, after wishing them the Paschal joys, and praying “ that they may have a share in the virtue of the white garment in which Our Lord walked through Jerusalem from Herod’s Court to Pilate’s house—a share, that is, in the patience, the lowliness, and the wisdom which that white garment clothed,” continues thus :

“ I wonder whether you have ever reflected that it was a part of Our Lord’s obedience to wear the white habit on the day He suffered, carrying it from the top of Sion all the way through Jerusalem to the corner of the Temple. Though invested with it as a garment of ~~den~~ sion, there was another sense latent in the act. Jewish criminals under accusation wore *black* till their innocence was proved, when the black garments were changed for white ones. So the act of Herod, like the words of Caiaphas, was intended for one thing, and really expressed another.

“ My recent studies have carried me with intense interest to everything which concerns Jerusalem. The faithfulness of Catholic tradition concerning the Holy Places has been very much questioned of late in many books written by those who profess to have examined everything. But a book, among others on the Catholic side, has just come out, in which recent discoveries are revealed that must settle the question for ever. An Italian, who has been architect to the Pasha of Jerusalem for eight years, has made most remarkable discoveries underground. He has traced the walls of the city in the time of Our Lord in their foundations, and has shown that the Holy Sepulchre is the legal distance of sixty cubits beyond them, etc.: thus upsetting all the new theories.

“ But the most remarkable thing is the discovery that the great rock in the centre of the Mosque of Omar on Mount Moriah is the original threshing-floor of Arauna, where the pestilence was stayed, and which formed the stone altar of Solomon’s Temple. In the heart of the rock below are two large chambers cut to receive the blood of the sacrifices, a vast drain three and a-half feet broad and high communicates between the sealed fountain of Solomon and these chambers ; the fountain in the deep rock, closed over with arches, contains at this moment a quarter of a million gallons of pure water, supplied from the pools of Solomon

near Bethlehem—those three enormous square basins of stone, one below the other, which communicate with the Temple by an aqueduct seven miles long, winding over the mountain of Olives, and running to the west, and then turning through Jerusalem into this sealed fountain. This fountain, I say, communicated with the chambers under the altar which is twenty-five feet square ; but this is not all ; other great drains run in the solid rocks, carrying off the blood and ashes of the countless victims and holocausts into the Pool of Bethesda and right down into the Valley of Jeoshaphat into the Pool of Siloam. There are other large receptacles on the way, and the whole work is enormous.

“When the Jews in Jerusalem heard of these discoveries, as you may imagine, they were very much excited, and got the water in bottles to take to the sick. But none of the Jews will go on Mount Moriah because they believe that many sacred vessels are buried there, and that they might profanely tread on them.

“The ascent from Solomon’s house of cedar up to the Temple which astonished the Queen of Sheba, though reconstructed at a later time, was discovered some time ago. Also a vast substructure at the corner of the Mount, with great columns and vaultings, and rings in the square pillars, of Solomon’s time, and called Solomon’s stables. They may have been for his 3,000 horses, but more likely were for the animals to be sacrificed. When you remember that soon after our Lord’s time, we have an account of the number of lambs slain at the Paschal Feast, and that they were 256,600 in number, you will see why everything should be on so vast a scale.

“Is it not very interesting and providential, that at the very time when our worldly wise scholars are attacking the truth of the Bible on all sides, these discoveries should be made, and should come forth as so many seals to the truth of the inspired books?”

In the month of October Father Ignatius Spencer died suddenly, and Bishop Ullathorne, who had always been on intimate terms of friendship with him, thus notices the event.

“You will have heard of Father Ignatius’ death. He had always desired a lonely and deserted death, like St Francis Xavier and Father Dominic, and he had his wish. On the 8th of last month he had written to an Italian periodical a review of the progress of religion in England since his conversion thirty-four years ago. When he went to Rome for his theology a bishop from the remotest part of Italy came to see him as a rare religious spectacle—a converted English minister. The same Bishop of Oppido told him that it was believed the first scapular given to St. Simon Stock was still secretly preserved in England as a pledge of her conversion. Father Ignatius then points out how strange has been the result of prayer for England, and that in no other instance has the move begun with the gentry, nobility, and the ministers of religion.

“He kept a journal of his acts from youth. There was part of one page left in the last book, filled up to the last day. He had an impression that this page would last out his life.”

Before noticing a fresh controversy in which Bishop Ullathorne was this year required to take part, room must be found for a correspondence which, simple as it is in its tone, will be read with interest by those who care to study the domestic side of a character which was known to the world chiefly by its force and energy. To give it in its completeness, we must go back to the year 1856.

“Birmingham, December 27th, 1856.

“My dear little Niece,

“It is very pleasant to have your wishes for a

happy Christmas, and to know, even though you are obliged to tell me yourself, that you have received spiritual privileges ; from which I must conclude that you are a good child, and have a merry Christmas in your heart.

“ A child of the angels must be a child of song, for they are always singing their happiness. So when you told me you were a child of the angels, I was not surprised to hear next that you had got something for your music. When I was a very little child I thought I knew something about the angels. Your uncle Owen and I begged our nurse to waken us to hear the Canticles sung on Christmas night ; and when we were awakened and the music began,

Christians awake, salute the happy morn :

Whereon the Saviour of the world was born,

my child's mind thought it saw quite plainly our little Lord on the ground, and all the way between Heaven and earth was filled to my small eyes with most beautiful angels in white, with long, sharp-pointed blue wings, flying about amongst great white falling flakes of snow. And all between earth and Heaven they were sweetly singing. As you are a child of the angels, have they told you if it is they who put such pleasant pictures of what they do into children's minds ? May God bless you, dear child, and keep you always a child of the angels ; and continue to pray for your affectionate uncle.”

“ Birmingham, February 22nd, 1860.

“ My dear Niece,

“ Your letter duly reached me after my return from Rome ; and to show you that I did not forget you whilst in the Holy City, I send you a rosary with the Holy Father's blessing and indulgences upon it. When you use this rosary, do not forget to pray for the Pope.

“ Dear child, let your old grey-headed uncle say a word to your heart. A good heart is worth fifty heads, but a heart is only sound when the head agrees with it. God’s voice is in the heart, and the head must listen and obey what He says through the heart. The head is made wise through the heart when the heart lives in the sight of God and feels His everlasting presence. If you study with your heart as well as with your head, and do one thing only at a time, just what is set you to do, and do it to please God, it will be very easy, and you will be a wise child ; and the Scripture intimates that a wise child is the honour of her father. Then will the love of the hearts of all your friends find new matter in you to increase their love ; and what is very much more, God will love you more and keep you in His hand.”

“ Birmingham, September 5th, 1863.

“ My dear Niece,

“ I was glad to hear from you and to know that you were settled down in your new and beautiful establishment, and that you yourself were doing your best to make this important year of your life a good and fruitful one, and that your little sisters were well and happy.

“ I have myself been preaching since you last heard from me, in my native town of Pocklington. A new church has been opened there ; but the old altar with its old frontal of brocade, is still there as when I was a child ; and the old altar cards, as I used to see them from infancy, brought up the fresh feelings of childhood to my grey hairs, and filled my heart with tender recollections. I could remember almost every house in the town, and who used to live in it, though I left the place at about ten years old. Old stooping people came to remind me that I played with them in youth ; and one man, still in green old age, came to tell me that he came to my father’s service about the time I was born.

"I also made a pleasant visit to my venerable uncle of Barnard Castle and his family. He was very kind to me, and made his home my home, when, as a sailor boy, I had got my foot in a state of mortification from a severe scald on board my ship, then in the Thames. He has been the means of founding the mission at Barnard Castle, and there are now 700 Catholics in that place. It was pleasant to stray on the richly-wooded banks of the Tees, the Greta, and Deepdale; to examine, among many wild flowers, the old Castle, the Abbey, and other monuments of past ages, and to realise the early imagination I had found of these scenes, so accurately described in Scott's *Rokeby*; it was the first of his poems I ever read, and I was introduced to it by a Catholic schoolmaster, whose talk of college life first led me to think of the ecclesiastical state. The value of such visits, besides the relaxation, is that it refreshes the more aged heart with a renovation of youth's freshness."

"Birmingham, October 16th, 1863.

"My dear Niece,

"I am glad to hear from you and of you, that all is going well with you and your two little sisters.

"You are now entering the transition from the age of girlhood, and your character is being formed; that character the result of the habits of the will, which must determine the whole bent of your future life.

"It is true, my dear child, as you say, that life is short, and my fifty-seven years seem but like a few scenes that have passed across a stage. But between the sixteenth and thirtieth year is the rapid time of life when that is easily forgotten. But happily there are two kinds of life: there are the years which pass over us, the life which is always dying in its birth; and there is the life which is always accumulating and growing—the life of grace increasing in us the love of God, and uniting us more and

more with His Divine Majesty—and this is that real life which passes not, but is always coming nearer to the Divine foundation of all life. This, dear child, is that one, true, and only abiding good, which that other life is given us to gain. And if that life of time, which is coming and dying away from us at every minute, is ordained to pass as quickly by us as a railway train, it is that we may not attach ourselves to anything so passing, but to God, Who never passes by us and can never pass by. Even your young heart will find all wisdom in the comparison of these two lives. You will think of that life of the heart established in God, which never passes away ; and of that life of the senses which would fain attach them to the world and a time which is always passing away."

" Birmingham, August 10th, 1864.

" Dear A——,

" Poor little Lizzie ! with her good little soul and her poor little body. Is she going to leave it behind her ? Well, if God sees that it is best for her, to take her out of the world before she has known its evils or its miseries, it is surely a great blessing, whatever her papa or her sisters may suffer to see her go away in her innocence. Tell that dear child from me that she belongs to God, and that Our Lord gives her some of His suffering that He may love her more and then take care of her for ever. I send her my blessing, and shall pray that Our Lord may, in His infinite love, take entire possession of her heart.

" Nor must I forget her little sister, and all the distress of her heart in this first serious affliction. So give my blessing and my affection to Philomena, whom the Saint preserved in her infancy."

The "little Lizzie" spoken of in the last and in the

following letter was a younger sister of the niece whom he was addressing, who died in tender years after having had the happiness of making her first Communion.

“ Birmingham, September 13th, 1864.

“ My dear Nieces,

“ She was taken away lest malice should come and darken her heart, or lest the delusion of the world should deceive her soul.

“ It is in this way that the Holy Ghost speaks in the Holy Scripture of those whom God takes out of the world when they are still both young and innocent. The world is just shown to them that they may know from all eternity what they saw, and from what they have escaped, and then they are taken to God. They have just a taste of suffering, that they may know from all eternity what the Cross is by which they have been redeemed ; just a taste of that bitterness of pain, death, and separation which is due to sin ; and then they go among the innocents who play with their palms and crowns, as the Church sings before the throne of God.

“ Dear children, you, not little Lizzie, have suffered most from the wound of separation. She is safe, but the dangers of life are left to you. But have you not been much comforted ? Have you not seen what it is for innocent affection to die in the arms of religion ? Has not your little sister been your teacher now and for the rest of your life ? Has not her death become a part of your life ? Have you not ceased to call it death that you might call it the beginning of heavenly life ? Have you not also learnt more of the goodness of your spiritual mothers, which reflects on this earth the goodness of God ?

“ Dear children, all this is good for Lizzie and good for you. It is good for her who now wishes you all the good she sees and rejoices in the good her death has been to you,

making you appreciate good so much more and to care so much less for yourselves."

The fresh controversy to which allusion has been made as now about to engage Bishop Ullathorne's pen regarded the Association for the Promotion of Unity of Christendom, which had recently been condemned by the Holy See. In the month of November, 1864, the Bishop published a letter addressed to the clergy of his diocese, explaining the true doctrine of unity, and drawing attention to the recently published Rescript. To this letter Dr. Littledale replied in a pamphlet, entitled *Unity and the Rescript*, in which he endeavoured to show that the Association had only been condemned from a misconception of its real object; whilst the Unionist papers boldly asserted not only that their Association had received the adhesion of two Catholic bishops and several other Catholics of eminence, but that in an audience which its promoters had had with the Holy Father he had solemnly blessed their work.

Bishop Ullathorne applied to the two bishops named who distinctly disclaimed having had anything to say or do with the Association.

"I fully expect (he writes) that I am in for a smart controversy. . . . I have been glancing over most of the High Church periodicals, and cannot but notice how this Association is influencing many active thinkers. They seem to know all the gossip about us; they are abusive of the converts, specially of Manning and Ward; they take up the cause of the *Home and Foreign Review*; they represent that all the most learned men in the Church are scornfully treated, and they try to show that only converts have any mind among us. They hold up the Greek schism as deserving Anglican sympathy, and complain that Catholics

will not admit them to Communion. In fine, they represent themselves as treating us with charity, whilst we show them nothing but disdain."

"December 2nd, 1864.

"My pamphlet has been well received, and is thought useful and opportune. The leaders of the Association are preparing a sort of appeal to Rome against the late Decree. I have now clear proofs that no English Bishop has been in any way compromised with the Association. . . . It is a curious fact that two Anglican clergymen were converted, by the very facts that transpired at the first meeting for founding the Association. One is now actually in Birmingham; the other is M——'s nephew. It oozed out at that very meeting that Rome required *submission* as the condition of union."

Thus the year closed with prospect of more work of a weary yet necessary kind.

"December 27th, 1864.

"To-night I go to preside at a union of the Catholics of Wolverhampton. Then will come the visitation of the diocese, a long task, probably not to be finished in one year. Meanwhile, one thing grows into my mind with age; the exquisite beauty and charm which breathe, as from flowers growing in celestial light and perfume, from pure souls that despise this putrid world, and keep their hearts for God and the work He gives them to do.

"The noblest soul is that grand, simple kind of soul that is not broken into petty details by the world's wit and wisdom—all points, personalities, and systems. A soul noble with Divine wisdom in its broad simplicity sees all things in the simple light of God—as for instance: God is in Heaven, and He is in a little child. He who fills these

two extreme terms of intellectual life can easily dwell in me. God has made it as natural to dwell in a human child as to dwell in His unfathomable eternity. The condition is one and the same, allowing for the difference between a nature like ours, and the nature of eternity—that this nature be kept pure, and responsive to the Divine life.”

The new year opened with the illness and death of Cardinal Wiseman, who expired on the 15th of February, 1865. When the fatal issue of his attack became evident, Bishop Ullathorne proposed to visit him and pay him a last token of respect. But the offer was declined with grateful thanks, for the Cardinal's condition did not admit of his receiving even his most intimate friends. His most faithful and devoted attendant, Canon Morris, writing to the Bishop, says: “He said last night that it was cruel to keep him alive, for he hoped to have been in Heaven by this time. The expression he used was: ‘I feel like a child going home from school.’ His address to the Chapter was touchingly humble and affectionate. A more beautiful sight I never saw. He put on his rochet, mozetta, stole, cross, and ring, remaining in bed at the foot of which was the archiepiscopal cross. Then he made his profession of faith, and after addressing the Chapter received each to the kiss of peace. His voice was very low, but he told me beforehand what he meant to say, and said that I was to be on one side of him, and put down what he said for those who could not hear. He said: ‘I do not want anyone to read to me when I am dying, but I wish to be left to my own meditation.’ I said: ‘But you will have the Litany, my Lord?’ He answered: ‘I want everything the Church gives, down to the holy water—don't leave out anything.’ He is as calm and self-possessed as ever he was in his life.’”

The death of Cardinal Wiseman, his splendid funeral, at which it may be said the whole population of the metropolis respectfully assisted, the nomination of Monsignor Manning as his successor, and the consecration of the new Archbishop on the 8th of June, at which ceremony Bishop Ullathorne was the consecrating prelate, were the events which filled up the early portion of the year 1865. Meanwhile the affair of the A.P.U.C. was carried on with unabated vigour. In fact, the controversy with Anglicanism was just then at its hottest. Dr. Pusey had published his *Eirenicon*. One hundred and eighty-nine Anglican clergymen had signed an appeal to the Holy See against their condemnation, and the reply of Rome was conveyed in a dogmatic document, in which the condemnation was reiterated in terms yet stronger than before. Bishop Ullathorne felt himself called on to complete his exposure of the unsoundness of the Association and the dangerous principles of its promoters, and in doing so to include a reply to some portions of the *Eirenicon*.*

“ March 1st, 1865.

“ I am in the middle of a pamphlet on the appeal of the Unionists. The appellants charge Rome with falsifying their programme in two places ; and, of course, Rome cannot enter into a controversy with them. It is a vile Jansenistic document ; and Dr. Pusey’s views on the Church, which I must also take in, are simply astounding. He can never be a Catholic without a kind of miracle. I hope to

* His pamphlet, entitled *A Letter on the Anglican Theory of Union*, was not completed and published till the April of the year 1866. He delayed it in order to have the text of the dogmatic letter of condemnation, which is dated from Rome, November 8th, 1865. This was his last publication connected with the controversy. The date of publication is given in the *Oscotian* as 1865, but the exact time may be gathered from a letter, dated April 2nd, 1866, in which he says : “ My book on the appeal to Rome of the Unionists, and on Dr. Pusey’s *Eirenicon* will be out next week.”

finish next week, and then I shall go and make a retreat, which I greatly need."

As soon as his retreat was over he recommenced his visitations.

"April 16th, 1865.

"I thank you for your Easter greetings; but by far the most fervent greetings I have had lately are from old Irish women, who come into the sacristy at visitations. Some of them have taken a pious fancy to salute the episcopal feet and knees, and both hands, on both sides; and if not stopped, would go all over again. It does one good, and puts one to shame to see the perfection of their faith, and the way in which it penetrates them through and through, and fills the atmosphere about them. But what odd reasons people sometimes give for grave acts. I had a petition from C—— to dispense a young lady from banns before her marriage; and as no dispensation can be given without a reason, hers was that when a little girl at school, aged three, I had asked her to sing for Mother Margaret's amusement and mine! Here is another curious reason. An old man left the Little Sisters of the Poor the other day, and gave as his reason that he could not live any longer *without onions*. I should have thought their absence a vegetative Paradise."

"May 3rd, 1865.

"I have been turning over a packet of letters this morning that I had not looked at since I left the Clifton Diocese. Alas! three-fourths of those whom the letters concern are now dead! It was like recovering remembrance of some lost life a thousand years ago. All things are so changed that it was like another world. But in turning over and destroying these letters I felt that not

unpleasant nor yet uninstructional sensation of melancholy humour which comes upon one's mind and heart in having thus revived to memory a life more youthful, keen, and vigorous. One thing strikes one in these things: the number of persons and of feelings that one survives; though the latter only sleep under the coverlid of later events, and show that they still exist as soon as old associations are touched. May we but make great use of the life still left us!"

"July 21st, 1865.

"Canon Flanagan died this morning. It is the case of a priest who has been the victim of his sense of duty. He was almost all day and every day in the confessional, and people came to him from all quarters of the town; nor could he be induced to diminish the time he gave to that work. He went directly after dinner, and at odd times when called; so that the servants say he used to come in hardly able to put one foot before the other. His piety and recollection showed their power when he was prostrated, and even to the last. All the clergy feel that they have lost a model of devotedness."

Bishop Ullathorne's sermon preached at the funeral of Canon Flanagan was published; and in it, speaking of the departed ecclesiastic, he says: "The finest model of sacerdotal life has passed away from the world."

On the Feast of St. Charles he preached at Bayswater the panegyric of that Saint.

"I have been amply rewarded for my sermon at Bayswater by being thrown back on the study of the character of St. Charles. He appears to me the least human of human beings, through his wonderful power of uniting activity with

contemplation ; and his being the living, walking law of the Church."

Two letters, written at the close of this year, and the beginning of next may conclude this chapter.

For All Saints' Day.

"Birmingham, October 31st.

"A happy feast to you all ! The Church sings to-day of 'how many sufferings have all the Saints gone through that they may possess the kingdom of God.' This strange world, with its mysteries of wickedness and trouble, is all directed and guided to make a few Saints. This is the explanation of the mystery of this world. So many sorrows, so much hunger, and cold, and danger, and strife, and hatred, and cunning, and fear, and scheming, is all for this alone : that the children of the kingdom may come out of the furnace bright and unhurt, and clothed with merit. Very humble and simple-hearted children of God can alone clearly understand this mystery in practice, and they must practise a great deal in the faith of obedience before they can take in this truth to shine like the guiding lamp in their souls.

"When the grape is bruised and crushed it gives out wine ; when the olive is pressed it gives out oil ; when Christ was so treated He gave out His Blood ; when the body, it gives forth obedience ; when the soul, it gives forth humility ; and the heart conceives charity like wine, and meekness like running oil."

A New Year's Greeting.

"Birmingham, January 5th, 1866.

"I must not pass this holy time without a word to let you know that you live in my mind ; if I do not say in my heart, I suppose it is because I have not very much of

that organ. With all that remains of it, I wish you a happy year, and good progress of soul. How time does run as one grows old, and how the years seem to tread on each other, and how fast everybody is dying off! . . . Surely time cannot be that long and tedious thing which people make it out, and we shall all soon see the end of it.

“Sooner or later (says Lacordaire,) we all come to think chiefly about souls. We get to see that they are the only things that endure, or have life to care for; and when we once get to think mainly of souls, then we come mainly to think of God. Well, my dear Sisters, so you turn to take account of the past year. When a tradesman takes his annual stock, it is to see how much money he has made; when a Religious does so, it is to see how much prayer she has made, for what money represents in commerce, prayer represents in religion; it is representative of grace, of humility, of charity, of devotion. It is the fountain of all; it buys for us everything; it gives us humility, charity, God. It lifts us above time and makes us careless of its inroads. Religion is that commerce which turns time even into prayer, and so I leave you to your own conclusions. If you wish to have God for your teacher and master, and to get above the miseries of time, you have prayer. And now may God bless you with the peace of prayer, that you may have all else besides.”

CHAPTER VIII.—1866, 1867.

LECTURE ON THE "MANAGEMENT OF CRIMINALS."—
SOME SPIRITUAL INSTRUCTIONS TO RELIGIOUS WOMEN.
—VISIT TO BELFAST.—MURPHY RIOTS.—LIFE OF LAC-
ORDAIRE.—DEATH OF THE HON. H. DORMER, AND OF
THE REV. CANON RICHMOND.—LENTEN PASTORAL.—
VISIT TO ROME FOR THE CENTENARY OF ST. PETER.—
TESTIMONIAL PRESENTED BY THE CLERGY.—EXAMINA-
TION BEFORE COMMITTEE OF HOUSE OF COMMONS.—
ILLNESS OF MOTHER MARGARET HALLAHAN.

IN the January of 1866 Bishop Ullathorne read a paper in London, at a meeting of the Catholic Academia, *On the Management of Criminals*, a subject on which few persons were better qualified to speak than himself. In this lecture he had occasion to speak of the labours of the late Captain Mackonochie in Australia, whose reputation he defended against many popular misrepresentations, declaring his belief that his name would one day share the celebrity of that of John Howard. The lecture was printed in the form of a pamphlet, and procured him a welcome consolation.

"March 24th, 1866.

"I have had a very gratifying letter from Mrs. Mackonochie, on my vindication of her late husband in my pamphlet about criminals. It seems that he died—martyred by public opinion about his system, for which in life

he sacrificed everything. This letter is worth more to me than the praises of other people."

The following little note, written to one of his Communities, shows that his second *Letter in reply to the Home and Foreign Review* was not actually published until the April of 1866.

"Birmingham, April 2nd, 1866.

"My dear Children,

"The Paschal joys to you all. Easter Day was as bright in beautiful Birmingham as in ugly Devonshire. How delighted you will be to have all the fuss of bricks and mortar about you! Poor human nature! It always likes a little importance. Here is a specimen of it. I have been engaged in writing ever since Christmas, and will send you my pamphlet on the *Management of Criminals*. My book on the appeal to Rome of 189 clergymen, and on Dr. Pusey's *Eirenicon*, will be out this week, and I hope it will open some people's eyes. (Almost as fussy this as the bricks and mortar—*side talk in the Community*.) However, some of you will be surprised to find what Dr. Pusey has come to. I gave nineteen ordinations, with all the orders, as usual, on Saturday, which, with the functions, lasted from half-past eight to one o'clock. Next week there will be hard work at the episcopal meeting in London, and then for the visitations. (Poor old gentleman! how he does talk of himself!—*side talk in the Community*. Perhaps it is because he is writing to his children—*better side talk*.)"

The two pamphlets above named appear to have been his only publications during this year, if we except a sermon preached at the dedication of St. Peter's Church, Belfast. His delay in publishing the letter on *The Anglican Theory of Union* was caused partly by the necessity of waiting

for the documents sent from Rome, which are printed at the end of his pamphlet, and partly that he might more thoroughly investigate the theory of the Church put forth in Dr. Pusey's *Eirenicon*.

“ Birmingham, March 10th, 1866.

“ I find Dr. Pusey's theory of the Church so *detestable* that I must draw it all out, and expose it thoroughly. Hitherto it has been trifled with by those who have written. One point in the history of the African Church has cost me a great deal of investigation. Though deeply interested in it I shall be glad to have done. I think this will be the most important piece of writing I have yet taken in hand.”

By the death of Bishop Willson, which took place on June 30th, Bishop Ullathorne lost a friend whom he had always regarded with singular esteem.

“ July 7th, 1866.

“ We buried Bishop Willson on Thursday. Archbishop Polding sang the Mass, and four other bishops assisted. I gave the history of his life from the pulpit, which touched everybody very deeply. I could tell you many most touching and remarkable things about him. You did not, of course, know that he was a farmer up to twenty-one; that a passage in the *Following of Christ* touched and converted his whole soul to God; that he resolved to become a lay brother; and that he moved the lady to whom he was engaged with his own sentiments. She entered religion and died Superioress of a Community in this diocese; whilst, by command of Bishop Milner, he gave up the plan of being a lay brother, and prepared himself for the Priesthood.”

During the course of this summer, Bishop Ullathorne

gave the annual retreat to the Religious Community at Stone. In the retreats which from time to time he gave to the Religious houses in his diocese, he poured out those abundant stores of spiritual wisdom which he possessed in so uncommon a degree. Notes of these retreats would give but a very imperfect idea of their value ; but it may be well here to gather a few quotations from his instructions given at various times on points of the spiritual life, which would not find a place in any collection of his printed works. Questions were sometimes put to him on these subjects, to which he would reply in the form of letters. The examples here given are all taken from letters of instruction for those engaged in the direction of novices and young Religious.

Signs of a Good Vocation.

“If souls come to religion with a real desire to be formed, and to have their tempers and affections changed, good hopes may be entertained of them, provided they have some spirit of generosity. They should be earnestly and repeatedly exhorted when they first come, to leave the world behind them, in mind and heart as well as in body, when they enter the convent, and to have no more communication with it than is absolutely indispensable as a matter of duty and charity. This world, it should be explained to them, means their own particular world; that circle, and those intimates, even good people, with whom they have been in the habit of sharing their affections. They are to think of them in God, and before God as a subject of prayer. But they should be made to understand that if their heart is in the world, and they go back to it with the movement of their affections, they have only brought their bodies into the convent ; and that unless they also bring their heart and soul, and keep them there, they cannot be formed to religion. They should also un-

derstand that the spirit of the Order can only be sought in the convent. Consequently, direction or advice is not to be sought from those who formerly guided them in the world. For however excellent these may be as guides until they reach the convent door, they cannot pass that door with their direction, not being guides for the spirit of the Order. If a subject can enter into the spirit of these instructions it is a good sign. But let us suppose that she shows a real disposition to shut the world out of her heart, but yet has strong passions. If she be irritable or proud, even though she often fall into faults, and that in a marked way, yet if she be truthful, open with Superiors, generous in repairing her faults by humbling herself with a good heart ; if she has a disposition to pray, and desires to be meek and humble of heart, her amendment may be hoped for patiently.

“Excessive vanity is the sign of a weak character, and of a shallow, surface mind. If vanity and shallow-mindedness be found together, such a person should be sent away ; for she will neither be interior nor solid.”

On Mortification in Eating.

“A patient and complete mastication of food is an important point, both for health and the prevention of many temptations which really spring from the flesh ; such as ill-temper, gloominess, and an indisposition to activity. There are two kinds of temperance of the appetite, one which restrains voracity in the manner of eating, and the other which regards quantity. There is not a more salutary mortification than the patient and deliberate mastication of food. It partakes both of temperance, justice, prudence, and fortitude. It is the good government of appetite and health. There is a deep meaning in that Trappist rule which directs a bell to be rung now and then during dinner, as a sign for all to suspend the eagerness of appetite for a moment—a sort of aspiration of temperance.”

Acting on Principle.

“A Novice-mistress should never lose sight of the importance of *principles*. She must teach her subjects to act on principle, and not to be the victims of sentiment; to follow the light that is in the mind, not the feelings of the animal creature. She will much help this by reducing her teaching to bringing back the minds of her children to those principles expressed in short and pithy sentences of the rule or other text-books. For example: The first degree of humility is obedience without delay. You cannot be humble to God if you are not humble to your neighbour. Obey from the *heart*. Look to God in prayer; when you look to yourself without God, you cease to pray. There is no advancing except in the path of penance. Don't go into your trouble, it is sticking in the mire; get out of your trouble by getting out of yourself. When you are patient with yourself you will be patient with everybody. Perfection is to love God and do His will. You don't leave the world to get rid of the cross, only religion makes it sweet. Prayer brings grace, and grace makes all things sweet.

“The use of maxims of this kind will plant the light of principles in the soul and furnish a magazine of arms for all occasions. But specially should the spiritual maxims of the rule be inculcated till they become the property of the soul always ready for use.”

Prayer.

“It is no doubt a great advantage for Religious women to know sufficient Latin to understand the main sense of the Psalmody; it helps them to relish the Psalm, and feed their hearts on its Divine inspirations. The Psalmody was Our Lord's vocal prayer, and He sanctified it; so that it expresses His sense as well as our own. Religious should remember that prayer is something between their own soul

and God, the simpler the better and more pleasing to Him ; that they don't go to prayer to please themselves, but to please God. And therefore that it is very good that at times they should not find their own pleasure in prayer, and their not being pleased with themselves at such times is no proof that they do not please God. For to please God is to wish and try to please Him, and we commonly do this best when we least please ourselves.

"We should not care about making our prayer an artistic study, as if we were studying a composition for human ears to listen to. What God values is the intention He sees in it, nor should we be seduced by self-love to make fine pictures in our imagination, clever bits of reasoning, and fine speeches. . . . 'The Lord looks upon and has respect to the poor and the little one who trembles at His word.' No creature can be clever before God, and no creature can presume in His sight, or be anything but humble and reverential, and conscious of utter unworthiness.

"The use of the mind in meditation consists in drawing out the reason of what is meditated on. The memory prepares the subject for the understanding to look upon, always in the presence of God. Then the understanding enters into it, and the light that is thus brought out of it illuminates the will and warms the affections, and then the affections are drawn to God in the truth so meditated. This passing from self to God and from God to self, searches and moves, and humbles and stirs us, and draws us nearer to God. So comes knowledge of self in God, repentance, resolution, aspiration, love, and gratitude.

"If difficulties arise in prayer it is not well to make too much of them. Too much sympathy begets a desire for sympathy, which keeps the soul from wrestling with its own difficulties. Still, judicious help should be given when really needed. 'Hasten not in the day of storms' is a

fundamental maxim. Then is the time for exercising interior patience, that most precious discipline of the soul to ensure which God permits trials. To endure oneself ; to stand on principle ; not to mourn our lost feelings ; to be a dead, dry log when God wants a dead dry log, and not a green, flourishing plant, putting out its leaves and flowers of thoughts and affections, when God does not want them of us—to know this, and to be contented is, indeed, the beginning of wisdom.

“ When a soul can do nothing else, let her take to aspirations ; let her repeat her aspiration if requisite, and, if God so will, like a dull, unfeeling fool ; this is the beginning of a very true wisdom and of all real self-knowledge. Aspiration is almost always an easy refuge, and it is the essence of prayer. After a time this patient perseverance reaps its reward. Let the dried up, darkened soul know that amidst the restlessness and discomfort that she suffers a few acts of resignation and patience will do more for her than much pleasant flowing of gratified devotion, and that it is God’s will.”

The Powers of the Soul.

“ The mind or intellect is the seat of light ; and principle is fundamental law or truth exhibited to the intellect. The mind is the soul’s eye. To find the principle of our conduct we must look with this spiritual eye into the pure light of truth. And so ‘ Let the light of Thy countenance shine on us, O God, and in Thy light we shall see light.’

“ The will is the centre and source of action ; but of itself it is a blind power, it requires the light of truth, and of law ; that is to say, it requires a true motive and a right rule ; a sound *principle*, in short, to guide it into action. All our force and moral strength comes out of the vigorous putting forth of our good will. The Apostle tells us it is God who enables us ‘ to will and to perfect that which is good.’

But though it is God who by His grace gives us this higher strength beyond all our natural power to will that which He wills, yet it is for us to put that will to work with all the strength that He gives us ; and to put all the good will we can into the work before us ; whether that will be to pray, or to conquer ourselves, or to do what is given us to do. It is this energy of the will acting purely from principle which is the secret of good intention.

“ But that the will may be both pure and vigorous it needs to be purified from sensuality and from inordinate imagination. It is purified from sensuality by mortification of the flesh, and from inordinate imagination by mortification of the interior sense. The senses act on the will chiefly through the imagination, and this very subtle power, its nature, and influence should be thoroughly comprehended for the arming of the soul. The inward extremities of all the nerves of sense gathered in the brain are like so many telegraphic wires coming from the outward senses and acting on the mind ; whilst the mind itself, using its own intellectual light by which it gives these suggestions of sense and imagination incomparably greater power reacts on them ; and thus acting and reacting, the mind absorbs sensualism into its light till the pure intelligence becomes clouded, darkened, and led away from pure light, pure truth, pure law : in short, from pure principle. And the will misled by the imagination, and confounding what it presents with the light of truth, follows its false guidance, and so defiles its purity of conduct by what St. Paul calls ‘the spirit of the flesh,’ words which fitly describe the imagination.”

Right Use of the Imagination.

“ The right use of the imagination is to assist us in representing the truth, so as to paint it through a transparent curtain of colours drawn from the visible world, and so to

make it attractive to us. But the purest and most contemplative minds who are nearest to the pure truth, care least for this imaginative colouring, for it is the pure truth in itself that they love and seek. We must conclude, then, that the imagination is like fire, a useful servant, but a dangerous and destructive master. It is because women, generally speaking, are curious, imaginative, and therefore vain, that they require so much interior mortification to enable them to act habitually with constant and steady will and principle. It is this mortification also which gains for them a solid interior principle of recollection in their prayer, not so much in the desire, in which they excel, but in guarding its recollection from being weak and fanciful.

“Young Religious, as a rule, have much imagination to manage, and when their imagination darkens and the first tender feelings of devotion become changed into something more dry and sturdy, they are troubled and lose courage, unless trained to think and act as purely as possible from principle, and not from sentiment and imagination, depending on the intention of the will, rather than on the movement of their feelings. They should be made to see that principle is fixed and unchanging, and has its source in God; whereas the feelings depend in great measure on the changeableness of this mortal body, and imagination on the condition of the nerves.

“The only reliable sense is that most interior sense of the supreme good of our souls, which is only to be found in God, and which God Himself inspires; and that sense of Christ, of which St. Paul speaks, which is the fruit of grace, and which is given to us, that through every obstacle we may feel our way in His Will towards Him.”

Interior Mortification.

“How important, then, it is for a young Religious to purify her *mind* and her *will* by external mortification, and to

purify them by internal recollection that she may act on principle, both in her interior action and in her external work, and so live on principle and not on sentiment. But this can only be accomplished with time, and through the patient bearing with herself, going on with courage, and hoping against hope despite all her failings. Nay, so long as she keeps up her courage and goodwill, the very sight of her failings is a good sign, for it is a proof that God is enlightening her ; only it is the condition of success in this combat that she never lose patience with herself. But if she flags and wavers let her be reminded that many others have fainted in the way, but that turning from themselves to to God in earnest prayer they have plucked up new courage, and by their perseverance in difficulties have reached the solid ground where all is quiet and peaceful. A little more will to go on will do all that is wanted. God holds her by the hand though she sees nothing of Him. The way to light is through the dark and troubled hour. The only way to get at the peaceful light is to go patiently on through the dark, and not to be frightened at its shadows. She should be reminded that she must have the conceit taken out of her nature, and that God is very good to be thus frightening it away. These motives, being put, will help the poor little soul struggling through its first purgation of sense, which is also the first purgation of the will as well as of the understanding."

The Divine Office.

"With respect to the Divine Office, I will here briefly repeat the instruction I gave you in Chapter on that subject. The Psalms are the inspired cry of man's heart to God, in all the circumstances of life : they incorporate his past, and prophetically, his future history : they celebrate his creation, his fall, his redemption, his return to God. All the providence of God is there chanted, all the justice of

God is there feared, all the mercies of God are there mused upon, all the wants of man are there laid open, all his afflictions cry to Heaven there. The goodness of God and His graces and His blessings call unceasingly upon our gratitude and love. There the penitent finds the motives for his tears, and the just man the motive for his joy. Humility finds in the Psalms its deepest tones, and charity its most ardent expressions, whilst hope ascends triumphant over every human sorrow and affliction. In the Psalms, the Holy Spirit teaches the heart to ascend to God in every strain and tone of feeling with which, whether in joy or sorrow, it is agitated or moved.

“The Psalmody was the prayer of the people of God, in the Temple, in the synagogue, in captivity, in their houses, on the ways, and in the fields. It was the prayer of our Blessed Lord during His human life, and in the Psalmody He offered His prayer for all mankind. The Psalms have been the prayer of all God’s Saints, and the cry to God of the Universal Church in her cathedrals, in her religious choirs, and her domestic homes. Hence the Psalms have received a wonderful sanctification, first, from the inspirations of the Holy Ghost, their veritable author, secondly, from our Blessed Lord, Who prayed their prayers, and in His heart chanted their song from the cottage of Nazareth to the Cœnaculum, and from the Cœnaculum to the Cross, on which He repeated their words prophetic of His abandonment. And when we begin the Office, we pray and promise that we will say it in union with that Divine intention with which He perfected praise upon earth.

“The eight tones of the chant, as Father Martini in his *Dissertation on the Chants* has shown, were the tones to which the Psalms were sung in the Temple, and which St. Peter and St. Mark brought to Rome, and so to Alexandria. They were the chants of the synagogues from

which the first Christians came. Hence they were the very chants in which Our Lord and His Apostles, in which Mary and her companions, must have sung them."

On the 14th of October Bishop Ullathorne visited Belfast, to assist at the solemn dedication of St. Peter's Church, on which occasion he preached the sermon afterwards published under the title of "The Rock of the Church."

"October 19th, 1866."

"I returned from Belfast yesterday. Sunday was an extraordinary day. Cardinal Cullen and twelve bishops were at the opening. Three thousand tickets were taken for the morning service, £1,000 were paid, and £1,400 were collected after the sermon. The whole income of the day from tickets and collections was £2,569. There were 20,000 persons outside in the morning and 50,000 in the evening. I have been much pleased with what I have seen, but I have now some heavy work before me."

The "heavy work" above alluded to was connected with the proceedings of the infamous Murphy and his confederates, which began at this time to cause serious disturbances, not only in the Diocese of Birmingham, but in many parts of the country. One of the convents subject to the Bishop was seriously threatened, and its inmates made the subject of gross and mischievous slander. The Bishop wrote to counsel and support the Religious under this trial.

"Thank God the affair is over now ; and as the trial has been for your perfection and the exercise of your patience, so I do believe it will turn out to be a source of good, and will only finally augment respect towards your religious

character. So let it die out in thought and word, except to make you pray in great charity for its originators. May God bless and keep you, as He keeps His stars in Heaven, serene and tranquil, bright and patient, as well as pure. The trial will do you all a great deal of good, and teach you to have a great compassion both for those who sin, and those who suffer."

About this time there fell into his hands the *Life of Père Lacordaire*,* written by the Rev. Père Chocarne. He read it with extraordinary interest.

"September 18th, 1866.

"I am reading Père Chocarne's *Life of Lacordaire*, his interior or spiritual life, and it surprises and astonishes me. I had not the slightest idea that he was a man passionately devoted to the Cross, who undertook the most extraordinary ways of humbling and punishing himself. The fourteenth chapter both amazes and awes me. I took him for a good and regular Religious, but not for a completely crucified one. It only shows how little one can judge a person by his public works and reputation. His public life had in it so much that was showy, whilst his convent life was one as ingenious and desperate in its severity of seeking humiliations and sufferings inflicted by others as one can read of in any of the Saints."

A little later another example of singular and unsuspected holiness came before him in the person of one connected by family ties with his own diocese. The Hon. Henry Dormer, the youngest son of Lord Dormer, of Grove Park, died at the early age of twenty-one, whilst still serving with his regiment in Canada. His letters, and the accounts received of his life—full of prayer and

* *Le R. P. H. D. Lacordaire, O.P., Sa vie intime et religieuse*, par le R. P. B. Chocarne, O.P. (Paris, Poussielgue, 1866.)

mortification, closed by a most happy death—touched the heart of the Bishop very sensibly. “I grieve for the grief of his family,” he wrote, “though such a death after such a life is rather matter for rejoicing.” The following is the letter he addressed to the sorrowing mother :

“ Birmingham, October 24th, 1866.

“ Dear Lady Dormer,

“ It was with a very mixed sensation that I heard of the sudden bereavement that has fallen on you and Lord Dormer.

“ I felt acutely for your loss in proportion with that deep respect which I entertain for you.

“ After so recently reading your son’s letters, so very striking for the depth of their piety and their force of spirit, the departure of him who wrote them seems so sudden, and yet it was so admirably prepared for.

“ He had already died to this world ; he had given up his soul to God, and to God alone. Could he ever be so well prepared as now to complete his sacrifice and receive his reward?

“ We may wonder and surmise why so much promise was not left to bear fruit after it had flowered ; but God’s ways are not our ways, and so many are hurried off in their youthful fervour, as the Holy Ghost says, ‘ Lest wickedness should alter their understanding or deceit beguile their soul.’ What a thought, what a truth it is for you, that your child should have turned his whole heart from the world in his very entering upon it, and should have given his whole heart to God, and to perfect that surrender of himself by self-denial, and by works of charity ; and that then God should have taken him into His everlasting safety !

“ However holy his unconscious preparation, and however holy his departure, I shall not forget to pray for him should he still need a final purification. Though I can only think of him as wholly God’s possession.

" May God be also your consolation ; and believe me, ever with the greatest respect, dear Lady Dormer,

" Your faithful servant in Christ,

" ✠ W. B. ULLATHORNE."

As Christmas drew near, referring to this and other private sorrows, the Bishop writes :

" But at this time one thinks more of the Pope than of anyone else. His life must be a long agony. And it is wonderful how everyone is watching him and weighing his words. It looks as if everything were preparing a great future for the Church through a troublesome present. You know that he has issued his invitation to the bishops of the world for next June (the eighteenth Centenary of St. Peter), conditionally that the threatened storm is not then raging. The invitation is of a more positive character than the previous ones, so that it is evidently the Pope's wish to have all the bishops assembled who can come."

He entered on the New Year with his mind full of plans for beginning his Seminary.

" Birmingham, January 1st, 1867.

" The Seminary is the question which just now occupies my thoughts more than anything. But I find that most of those about me take a different view from mine. They think I ought to begin with a *petite*, not with a *grande seminaire* ; with boys of twelve years, not with young men of eighteen, ready for their philosophy and theology. But if I begin with the very young I should never live to ordain any of them, and I should require a large establishment with many teachers. What I really want is to begin with the tonsure and the *soutane*, and to make them sound and right during their real ecclesiastical formation.

I would begin with half-a-dozen such, and with two priests as Superiors and professors, adding a few more a year after, and so on."

Whilst still engaged with these thoughts, the death of a holy priest in his diocese, himself deeply interested in the proposed work of the Seminary, brought before him a picture of ecclesiastical sanctity such as he ever loved to contemplate, and to speak of in his letters.

" Birmingham, March 3rd, 1867.

" Canon Richmond was buried at the Mount on Friday, all the Chapter and nearly all the Conference assisting. He was innocent and blameless from his childhood. From his very infancy no one ever knew a fault in him, not even a fault of temper, though of so weak and frail a constitution. From his school days he was never known to fail in a single duty, or to be unpunctual in anything. He was gently firm as well as meek, but he never brought himself into anyone's notice. When he was confirmed at Caverswall, under the care of his venerable uncle, Robert Richmond, Bishop Milner, as soon as he looked on him, turned to the priest and said aloud, ' Let the name be Aloysius.' When he was in his first mission, helping his uncle, Father Roe, he would call at every house in the widespread mission, extending ten miles on one side, and remind all that the time was due for going to their duties ; and the people used to call him ' the little Saint.'

" He feared death, as he told those around him ; but what he really feared was lest he should lose his patience in his agony—in other words, he feared not death, but himself. God saved him from all agony. After receiving the Viaticum, Bishop Collier said the Litany of the Holy Name ; he answered the first part, then his voice got low, and he quietly breathed out his soul like a child falling asleep. He has

left most of what he had to the Seminary to be begun ; but he asked me to have it known that it was nothing saved from the income of his ministry—in fact, his ministry had always cost him more than he had received. We shall have the sum he has left and his books, with the blessing of its coming from such a man.”

We cannot here omit to notice a passage which occurs in Bishop Ullathorne’s Lenten Pastoral for this year, which is conceived in his happiest style, and draws a picture of Catholic faith and practice as they were to be found in the generation fast passing away.

“Our fathers in the faith, in the generations gone before us, lived in their own quiet circles. Where their duty, business, or work did not call them, they held but a limited communication with the world at large. A small and scattered remnant, thrown back upon themselves through the prejudices of their neighbours, and clinging to their persecuted faith, their religion was all in all to them. They knew the Cross of Christ, and felt the Cross, and were comforted by the Cross. They held with a firm and patient grasp to the faith of their fathers. They kept, with rare exceptions, to the traditional habits of their fathers—to prayers in the family, to spiritual reading, to the two days of abstinence in the week throughout the year, to the abstinence of the whole Lent (Sundays excepted) to the strict laws of fasting upon one meal—and they went with their three days of preparation to confession and Communion on at least seven festivals of the year, following up each Communion with their three days of thanksgiving. Our fathers had not those copious aids at their choice, nor those varied attractions presented through the outward administrations of the Church with which we have been blessed. They had neither churches in their canonical form

and amplitude, nor the richer ceremonial of the Church, nor religious music—or at least but seldom—to stimulate their piety ; nor Benedictions of the Blessed Sacrament, nor change of preachers, nor missionary retreats, nor charitable Sisterhoods or Brotherhoods, nor Confraternities (except one or two, here and there) nor any other outward means for stimulating them to repentance and devotion ; except their quiet low Mass, their quiet sermon, and their catechism at home and in the chapel. At many places, as within our own recollection, a priest appeared but occasionally ; the Mass came only at intervals with several vacant Sundays between. And then the congregation assembled in their little chapel for prayers, said either by themselves in silence, or, if aloud, by one of the congregation appointed for the purpose, and a sermon or spiritual book was read in each family circle. Such were the simple ways of those who carried the light of faith before us. They cherished the memories of their martyrs, now so much forgotten, and they kept before their eyes the examples of the Saints. Indeed, the names of those martyrs and those Saints were household words, and like the memories of dear friends. Both rich and poor knew their catechism, and enough for their own protection of the controversial questions of their times. They fed their piety and imbibed their spiritual wisdom from plain, clear, and solid books, few and select, such as the *Garden of the Soul*, the *Spiritual Combat*, the *Following of Christ*, the *Think Well On't*, the *Lives of the Saints*, and some solid book of Meditations. Not having the outward luxuries of religion in the way that the Church now displays them to us, they were not fanciful and fastidious about a choice of confessors, a change of preachers, a variety of spiritual exercises and devotions, or about the style and execution of Church music. The good souls among them had a gift of persevering in their methods of prayer, when once

adopted, in fasting and abstaining to the full rigour of the law, and in keeping themselves from a more than moderate contact with the world and its worldly ways. We may, if we choose, boast the superiority of our advantages over theirs ; nor can we deny that the Church is able to do much more for us in this country now than in the generations that preceded us. But how much more do we do for ourselves ? Except in special cases, where do we find the same quality of strong, deep, tenacious faith, holding us to God and the Church with a firmness like that which held the souls of our fathers ? If we compare the whole spirit of their lives with ours, they often had a stability of soul, a moral strength, and an individual force of character, together with power of self-abnegation, to build up the Christian man, such as we rarely find in this age, when the outward and complex influences at work in the world are so multiplied, drawing us away from our conscience and drowning the sense of God within our souls. It was because men were more with themselves that they were more with God in those days ; and it was because the Church was able to do less for them that our fathers looked more to the help of God, and that they more deeply prized such help as the Church would give them. One refuge they had always open, one fountain they knew was never dry, nor closed to them, and their trials had made it very dear to them. The sufferings of Christ prepared them for tribulation, and sustained them in affliction when it came, and made patience a principle of conduct ; whilst the thinking on those sacred sufferings was a balm to their hearts, and a source of strength and comfort in all the turns and tides to which life is subject.

“ Who is there who can still recall the fathers, mothers, and grandfathers of that good old stamp ? Who that can speak of this type of character to those who possess not these blessed memories ? Who are there that still carry on

these solid and blessed traditions? Who that can find profit from the copious helps that religion now extends to them, without letting go the solid self-discipline and patient perseverance in their own private exercises of prayer and self-denial that marked the elect souls of times gone by? Alas ! that the time of God's greater bounty, and of man's greater opportunity, should ever be the time of our greater poverty and weakness of spirit. But there were more souls that clung to God during the time of captivity, and who wept over the sins of Israel, and their own, by the dark waters of Babylon, than there were of those that served God and cast the vanities of life away, when they lived beneath the glorious shadow of God's Temple in Jerusalem. St. Cyprian tells us that the long peace from persecution and the impunity that had left the Christians free to mingle with the world, had relaxed the religious spirit and weakened the moral discipline of many of the Catholics of his time, so that when persecution arose anew under the Emperor Decius, many of them had not spiritual vigour left to give them courage in the confession of their faith."

Drawn at this time, as it would seem, in a special way to the thought of spiritual things, and the desire of labouring at the work of sacerdotal perfection, it was a sensible pain to him to be compelled, under the pressure of duty, to engage in matters of conflict and controversy greatly out of harmony with these attractions. After writing on the subject of some of these troubles, he says :

"How glad I should be if they would let me give it all up ! Then I could set to work on things in my privacy, such as you hint at, and could look after my own soul, instead of having to engage in endless conflicts. . . . The *Chronicle* is now started—the *Home and Foreign* in another

shape. The first number has an article on Paul Sarpi, which cuts at the Holy See in the most reckless way. To keep myself from fresh fights I am determined not to take the paper in."

The scandal of the Murphy lectures, and the riots to which they gave rise, compelled him, however, to enter the lists, in defence of the cause of religion. In the month of April he issued a pamphlet on the subject, to which he refers at the conclusion of the following letter to Mr. de Lisle:

" Birmingham, April 5th, 1867.

" I have just completed reading Montalembert's third volume, which is learnedly and admirably done. The life of St. Columba is a masterpiece. It was wise to put forth both the weaknesses as well as the strength, the errors as well as the excellences, of those great men, so as to leave nothing to controversy. Also, because this mode of handling God's Saints, after the Scripture model, makes their whole example more instructive and encouraging ; bringing them also anew within the compass of humanity. I think, however, that his own deductions on the conduct of St. Gregory's monks in flying instead of standing to their work amongst the people, when the royalties turned against them, are too logical ; a common mistake in writing histories of far back periods. We have not all the premisses, and it would seem that they could do nothing with that rude Saxon people without their kings, and were too marked to stand their ground or to hold any people together in face of the idolatrous priests, without some countenance and protection from authority. They fled, but on the first opening they returned again, and the Church has canonised them. I send you a little pamphlet which has been drawn from me through a most scandalous

course of lectures, etc., that has filled Staffordshire with an intense excitement, and spread a wide mischief of demoralisation.

“At Walsall, however, the plague has been stayed. The magistrates and leading inhabitants, to the number of 300, signed a declaration that they would not go near these lectures, the Catholics have filled their own churches during them, and the military and police were sent back to their places as not required. The reporters quitted the place in disgust.

“Many towns are still threatened with this nuisance, but the right policy to be pursued is now understood, both by the Catholics and the authorities. I trust we shall not again have the spectacle of cavalry, volunteers, and police arrayed to the number of 1,000 men, protecting these wretched men against the fury of 10,000 Catholics, as recently at Wolverhampton.”

Meanwhile, he was preparing for his visit to Rome, in response to that invitation from the Pope to the bishops of Christendom, which has been spoken of above. He reached the Holy City about Pentecost, and took up his residence, as usual, at the English College.

“Rome, Pentecost Monday.

“Things are very pleasant in the College. I have got a good French servant who knows Rome well. The change has done me good, and I am quite contented. I have always a good circle of the young men after dinner and supper, anxious to discuss questions in art, literature, or theology; and we get on very well.”

“I was at the Consistory on Monday. The Pope looks aged, yet retaining his massive and expressive features. A greater number of Eastern bishops are here than usual,

chiefly Armenians, and one Syrian, with the Patriarch of Jerusalem."

No letters descriptive of the functions on this occasion have been preserved ; but the following letter, addressed to the Rev. E. Estcourt, announcing the probable assembly of a General Council, will be read with interest :

" Rome, June 18th, 1867.

" Dear Estcourt,

" I have great news, so keep this as a memorandum of history. The Bishop of Orleans has just been here, and tells us that all is prepared for the General Council. The Pope will announce it in his Allocution on the 26th. The bishops of all nations are strong in its favour. The Orientals, of whom there are thirty here, say that even the schismatics will come. It is contemplated at present to open on the Immaculate Conception of 1868. The bishops will carry back programmes with them. It is calculated to last six months ; and a great Congregation will prepare the way for it six months beforehand. The Pope will summon theologians to this preparatory Congregation by name from all nations. The great work will be the reform of the Canon law, much of which is now in an impracticable shape ; but discipline and doctrine will both be taken in hand. For example, the Encyclical will be expanded into doctrinal form, and the modern infidelity taken hold of. I pointed out the vast importance of raising up the whole doctrine of the sanctity of the state of the secular clergy. The Bishop grew warm on this subject, and alluded to his publication of Holzhauser's book * with that very view of showing that they are the primal and fundamental Order in the Church.

" The Bishops of Southwark, Clifton, and Plymouth

* See post p. 190.

were present at this most interesting interview. I suggested that if we could get rid of Ambassadors and the interference of States, all might be done in six months, and better than ever was done before. The Bishop said that the Pope had observed that we were no longer tied to States as formerly, and that we must do without them. Monsignor Barochi said it would settle the question of the temporal power; for when the bishops of all nations had committed themselves to a Synod at Rome, that sovereign would be a fool indeed who attempted to put obstacles in their way, and so raise the Catholic nations against him. The Archbishop of Bourges has spoken to the Emperor, who said there would be no difficulty; Spain would be for it, and Austria also. Prussia could not afford just now to meddle with the bishops; Great Britain and America would be free. Such is the present aspect of this great project."

Bishop Ullathorne's return to England, which took place on the 11th of July, was made the occasion on the part of his clergy of presenting him with an address, expressive of their loyal affection and appreciation of his labours during the nineteen years of his administration of the diocese; and this address was accompanied by the offering of a sum of money, amounting to £2,700, to be devoted to the foundation of a Diocesan Seminary.

No testimonial could be more acceptable to the Bishop than this co-operation of his clergy with a design so dear to his heart; and in his reply he dwelt on the fact that on the day of his consecration, three great desires had taken hold of his mind: the restoration of the Hierarchy, the establishment of Cathedral Chapters, and the foundation of Ecclesiastical Seminaries. After referring to the history of these institutions, and the work effected by them in the Church, the Bishop continued:

“You will now more clearly understand why this testimonial is so precious to me ; for you have brought me a double gift. You have given me, and that spontaneously, the first resources towards this important work ; and by expressing your unanimous opinion of its desirableness you have brought me a moral strength on which to found it. I have waited till the sense of the diocese chimed in with my own, in order that the work might have its proper foundation in our joint judgment and feeling. And that hour has dawned upon us even more happily than I could have anticipated . . .

“Let me add a word, in conclusion, as to the spirit in which I conceive the Seminary should commence. I have long held to the maxim that an institution destined to become solid and permanent should have a humble and unpretentious beginning. Such has been the origin of all Divine institutions planted amongst men ; such even has been the origin of all mere human institutions that have gathered force and have endured. So began the Church ; so the great Religious Orders, and educational institutions. So have thought the Saints ; such has been my own experience. Like the grain of mustard seed in the parable must be the growth of any institution that is to endure. Withdrawn from the sight of men, in secrecy and in silence the living root is formed. And when it has acquired the vitality and force that makes it vigorous to grow and to resist what is alien to its nature, it comes forth, a spectacle to men and angels. . . .

“I thank you for the honour you have rendered to my Episcopate, and for the grace you have added to my life. And let me return my gratitude for that affection which has so happily divined the inmost wish of my heart. My hope is, that what for so many years has been little better than an aspiration may become the crowning work of my Episcopate, and the consolation of my declining years.”

Soon after his arrival home the Bishop was summoned to give evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons, on the subject of the Ecclesiastical Titles, the Bill prohibiting which it was now proposed to repeal.

“ July 26th, 1867.

“ My examination lasted two hours and a-half. I am quite satisfied, though much that I wanted to bring out I had no opportunity of saying. The fact was I was taken up from the first by adverse members, who tried to get me into admissions that would tell against the removal of the law. But being alive to their object I was able to stand my ground. Everything was conducted in a very courteous and gentlemanly manner ; only the Attorney-General for Ireland was dogged and tenacious. The members sit round a table in the form of a horseshoe. You sit in the centre, and they round three sides of you, facing. The Parliamentary reporter sits at your table just before you. You have to keep turning in your chair on this side and that, or to the front, according to the position of the member who pokes his question at you. But it is not like a trial ; everything is courteous, and when the adversaries of the case try to draw the evidence on their side, and to destroy the force of your evidence, it is all done with the velvet glove on. And the contest is in the sense of what is said, not in the manner (always excepting the Orange Attorney-General). It is no joke, however, to have first one and then another of these practised men poking at you with all sorts of difficulties on canon and civil law, as well as on the doctrine and the Constitution of the Church. But to say the truth, having been pretty well prepared, I rather enjoyed the conflict of wits. . . . And you have the advantage of fixed principles which they have not.”

“August 18th, 1867.

“Of course, the Seminary is now a matter of much thought, though it cannot be begun till next year. As to its spirit and rules, I have an admirable book approved and commended in many letters by Pope Innocent XI.—*The Rules of Seminaries, and of Secular Priests living in Community without Vows*, by the Venerable Bartholomew Holzhauser. It once flourished in Germany. The book was printed for the bishops of France and in Rome; and the Bishop of Orleans has recently had these rules printed anew, together with a copious life of the author. Its object is to give those who conduct a seminary not only the spirit of the Priesthood, but also that of common life, and to inspire the priests of the mission with the love of preparing youths for the Seminary. They are considered the most solid and spiritual embodiment of the sanctity of the secular clergy that have ever been drawn up. Now what I feel is this, that if I can get one or two good priests to imbibe the maxims and rules of this admirable institute, the Seminary might have common life in a certain way, and so we should pave the way for the same thing where two or three priests live together. At all events, we should be training priests to be spiritual and self-sacrificing.”

Towards the close of the year 1867 Mother Margaret Hallahan began to fail in health, and that suffering malady set in which terminated the following May in her lamented death. Although at first no fatal issue was apprehended, yet her continued state of suffering caused the Bishop great concern, and from time to time he wrote to encourage her in her trial, and her Community in their deep distress.

“December 7th, 1867.

“My dear Sister in Christ,

“Though chained by God’s will to your couch, I

may yet wish you a happy feast. For happiness does not depend on the condition of the body, but on that of the soul. Having also firm faith that all your bodily infirmities are ordained for the liberation of the soul, for the trial of patience, and the humbling of nature, I have yet greater reason for wishing you a happy feast. Nor in this wish do I forget the large family of your spiritual children. May the Immaculate Mother of Our Lord shield you and them from the spirits of evil with her robe of sanctity, and present your prayer to her Son, who accepts whatever is offered by her most pure hands."

"December 24th, 1867.

"I am coming to see you on Thursday, yet to-day I must say a few words, for my mind is constantly with you as you lie suffering on your cross. It is Our Lord's will and Our Lord's wisdom—and hours of this suffering will do more than years of work. It is the depth of the trial of patience that the soul suffering in the helpless body does not always see this in her own case. If she did, suffering would almost cease to be suffering. Faith, my dear Sister, now, is more than ever your light, and patience your strength; and God, who sees in secret, will sustain your heart in secret. May He Who came to crucify the old nature, and who is crucifying that nature in you, give you His own new life, and His own virtue to bear all things in His love; and to love Him in all things, even in those sufferings in which He loved both the Father and us. Great is this mystery of suffering, in which God taught us how much He loves us, and in which He teaches us to make every nerve in our body a sacrifice of praise and obedience to His will. May He, the God of Bethlehem, be your strength."

CHAPTER IX.—1868, 1869.

ILLNESS AND DEATH OF MOTHER MARGARET HALLAHAN, OF STONE, AND MOTHER TERESA SALES CLIFFORD, OF ATHERSTONE.—LETTERS ON THE SUBJECT.—BISHOP ULLATHORNE BEGINS HIS "AUTOBIOGRAPHY."—THE PRIVILEGES OF SUPERIORITY.—TROUBLES WITH THE FENIANS.—FATHER FABER'S LIFE AND LETTERS.—LETTER ON THE USE OF A CONVENTUAL COUNCIL.—DEPARTURE FOR ROME.

IN a letter written on New Year's Day, 1868, Bishop Ullathorne remarks on the general feeling expressed in the public Press of the decadence of the English nation.

"All the newspapers in their closing articles of the year take a very gloomy view of England, and comment strongly on the great lowering of the moral character of the nation, commercially, politically, and religiously. It is remarkable how all speak with one accord on this sad subject. It looks as if England were occupied in that examination of conscience which Mr. Gladstone said it was the providential object of the Clerkenwell Explosion to bring about. But confession is of little use without amendment."

The only literary works published by the Bishop this year were his *Lectures on the Conventual Life*, which were mainly elicited by the attacks directed against Religious

houses by the infamous agitator, Murphy, who had made himself particularly conspicuous and offensive in the Diocese of Birmingham. These *Lectures* seem to have been in preparation very early in the year, and were delivered at Birmingham in the month of February. "I send you the copy of my last lecture," he writes (February 24th); "I am greatly disgusted with its composition, though there is good material in it: but everything of mine ought to be re-written after it is printed."

Meanwhile, the increased sufferings of Mother Margaret Hallahan continued to cause the Bishop the gravest anxiety. He recommended her to the prayers of all his Communities, and among others to those of Baddesley and Stanbrook.

"The Abbess of Stanbrook (he writes) makes this remark in her letter: 'Mother Prioress has taught her children how to work and how to pray; she is now teaching them how to suffer.' Still I do not give up all hopes of recovery; yet I am prepared for the will of God, however it may be; for in this case we must leave God to His own way, and make ourselves ready for all His will. I would not, nor would you, detain her for one moment for our own selfish purposes, however great the sacrifice, if Our Lord has decided that her work is ended, and her reward at hand."

At the same time that Mother Margaret was gradually approaching her end another distinguished Religious Superioress of the diocese departed to God, whose loss was felt far beyond the limits of her own Community.

"The death of dear Mother Prioress of Atherstone* (writes the Bishop) was very noble. She offered her life for the conversion of a near relative, and the offering was

* Mother Teresa Sales Clifford.

accepted. She was united to Our Lord in recollection to the last moment. Her death was much like that of St. Gertrude. Passages from the Psalms nourished her to the last, especially *In pace in idipsum dormiam et requiescam ; quoniam tu, Domine, singulariter constituisti me in spe.* On these last words she dwelt with deep emphasis. She could not understand fearing death. When the Sisters came and read prayers, she accepted it very affectionately, though it tended to interrupt her own interior way of recollection. Her agony begun at three on Wednesday, and ended at five on Thursday morning. For the last twenty minutes she poured out the Sacred Name without intermission, then raised herself, bowed her head, and expired. She had a great deal of dear Mother Margaret's largeness of heart, and lovingness, which filled the whole house, and found its way to all around her. The principal families round about were unremitting in their calls and kindness, showing how much she had taken hold on them."

From the discourse which was preached by Bishop Ullathorne, at the funeral of Mother Teresa Sales (March 7th, 1868), a few extracts may here be quoted.

Speaking to the Community, after alluding to the greatness of their loss, which, indeed, was overwhelming, he continued :

"It was a sad spectacle to witness that long agony in which life and death contended for the mastery, and death prevailed . . . terrible to contemplate the end of her mortal life ; to see the living organisation disappear, to read in that lifeless frame . . . the dread sentence of God over the primeval Father as fulfilled in his expiring daughter. . . . But when we follow the soul borne upward on the wings of faith and hope ; when with upturned gaze we pursue her flight of love to the centre of all love ; when we

recall how that spirit, fluttering on the edge of time, rejoiced to quit the darkness and weary prison of her mortal body, looking speedily to beholding the majestic, all-holy countenance of God—then death presents to us a spectacle sublime in its grandeur, yet sweet and tender in its consolation. There is nothing so noble in all this world as a soul in the peace of Christ, at the moment when she nobly consigns her life to God with confidence in His infinite generosity. This, my children, your spiritual mother has done, with a freedom and generosity of faith which was God's gift, but His gift made singularly her own. She had given all she was and had—body, soul, and desire—to God at her religious profession; but before her mortal illness came upon her, she renewed the offering of her life, with whatever she might still have left, to give or to suffer, praying that her death might be accepted, her life disposed of by its Sovereign Master, as an offering for the conversion of souls that had become estranged from Him.

“And we all saw the joy, the beam of happiness which shone through and above all the death signs on her features, when her mortal illness came. We heard her words of childlike, cheerful congratulation with herself when the last Sacraments for the dying were administered. In her agony she welcomed its resemblance to the agony of her Lord, and during those fourteen long hours of struggling between life and death her habitual union with God came out into revelation and asserted its power to the end.

“There are certain souls which, by long habit of recollection, inwardly gain a central spot of peace deep within them, into which nothing is suffered to come but God and His inspirations: and whatever their occupation, it comes not so far inward, except to seek guidance from the Holy Spirit. Yet so secret is this habit, that till God and the last agony break down the guard . . . the force and beauty of this interior habit is never completely known. Frag-

ments of the inspired psalmody gathered from the holy office arose on her lips during that long wrestle between the soul and its expiring organs, and she never wearied of expressing the Divine ground on which her confidence rested : 'For Thou, O Lord, hast wonderfully established me in hope.' She told her director she could not understand how she should have any dread of death. Her Lord was all love and mercy, and could not be an object of fear. She took the colour of no sentiments that did not lead her to love, and to more love, and to adhere to God with the faith that 'He who had begun a good work in her would perfect it unto the end.' . . . God had disposed her very nature for a more than usual facile reception of the gift of charity. Her heart was broad, her voice was soft and low ; there was in its vibrations, from its highest to its lowest chord, a wave of melody and a depth of tenderness which revealed the fulness of a heart so near to us in its quiet sympathy as though it were trembling close behind the lips with charity. . . . Her charity was as a fire, sweet and pure, and was sensibly felt by all who came within her influence. She was one of those rare souls who suffer no detachment between the intellect and the heart ; her love imparted a sort of genius to her simple mind, and turned its pure thoughts to wisdom. Her intelligence was the '*intellectus cordis*.' Like Mary, she revolved her thoughts within her heart, and hence her counsel was prompt and free; not only a light, but a breath of love, and the soul that received it took it with unhesitating confidence. It came from love to love, and bore love's blessing with it. . . . She had that power which a holy genuine love in God alone can give, of infusing her own spirit into those around her, and in shaping it out anew in other and different characters. This faculty of moulding characters by the force and in the flame of love is the grandest and most precious gift a Superiress can possess ; and it was eminently the gift

of her whom God has taken from you. Nor was that quality so absorbed with you, my children, but that it flowed out as a sweet and attractive influence on all who came within the precincts of the Convent. No mere benevolence of a beautiful nature, beautiful though that nature was, but the gift of the Holy Ghost: the love which the heart diffuses when it adheres by its innermost centre to God.

“And from that charity sprang a beautiful simplicity, not so much a virtue by itself, to be analysed and examined into, but the result of the harmony of the virtues beneath the sway of charity . . . the unity resulting from the one pure motive of pleasing God which, from the root of the soul, went through all her spirit, her acts, her words, and her influence; of the harmonising beauty of which she alone was unconscious.”

Meanwhile the long crucifixion endured by Mother Margaret was drawing to its close.

“The time (writes the Bishop, May 8th) seems drawing near, the time of deliverance; and God has disposed all things so gradually that we must almost look forward to this great separation as a time of thanksgiving.”

Writing to Dr. Newman, who took a deep and sympathetic interest in the sufferings of one who had always held him in special esteem, and constantly offered Mass for her, he says:

“This great soul is still lingering in a body tortured by most excruciating and incessant pain. Her arms are extended like a cross; her eyes with incessant action lifted to Heaven; her body like a flame of fire; intense thirst, great pressure on the head, and prayer continuous. Neither

she nor her children can express their gratitude to you for all your prayers for her. Your letters to this Community, at least, will always be treasured as a monument of the interest you take in them.

“The distress of Mother Margaret’s children is calm and devout. What is working in their hearts is their Mother’s last legacy of detachment. On Friday morning she had them into her room and spoke to them, though with great difficulty; blessing them, bidding them farewell, and exhorting them to look to God alone; to consider what an awful thing it is to come into God’s presence, and commending fidelity to rule and conscience.”

Mother Margaret’s death took place on the 11th of May. Bishop Ullathorne presided at her obsequies and preached the funeral discourse,* in which he touched on the chief incidents of her life, and drew a sketch of her remarkable character. Writing a few days later to one of her distant convents, he says :

“That your little Community was not represented at the close was felt by all; and yet, indeed, you were well represented, for the five Communities are all as one, and every Sister there was your representative. How many hearts are glowing and melting at this moment with the sense of unusual spiritual emotion which they can only ascribe to one cause! Her passage seems to have opened the way to floods of graces upon many hearts. Every post brings me letters as well from those outside as from her own children, all overflowing with one and the same sense; all indicating a visitation of unusual spiritual influence. That great and noble soul seems only now to

* It had been the Bishop’s earnest desire that Dr. Newman should have preached the funeral sermon; but he earnestly begged to be excused from a duty to which he felt unequal.

be beginning her real work, and the days of her mortality, and suffering, and labour seem but as the preparation. In the outer Catholic world there is but one feeling, that a great Saint has gone to God.

“For my part, as she asked me on her bed of suffering never to cease praying for her, living or dead, I do so ; but I believe I say more thanksgivings for what God did for her than prayers for her repose, and even then I am induced to run into the antiphon, *‘Cum Sanctis tuis in æternum, quia pius es.’*”

“My dear children, it is a great thing for you that your Mother has gone before you. She has taught you how to suffer, and how to die ; and she is drawing your hearts more effectually towards Heaven than if she were still among you. Depend upon it all your hearts are richer through her long and unspeakable sufferings, and the incessant prayers which went forth from the midst of them. And as every one is now pouring forth their private experiences of her power and influence over them in life, you will each of you have greater knowledge of her than you had before.

“I have told the General what tears the spectacle of the unity and charity of the Congregation has drawn from my eyes. May God bless you all, and may the spirit of that great servant of God grow in you more and more !”

From other letters written about the same time, and to various correspondents, we gather the following passages, in which he condenses his judgment of the character of her who had passed away.

“All the convents of the Congregation speak in gratitude of the graces and blessings which have continued to flow upon them since their holy foundress was released from her sufferings. It reminds me in a human way of the

Divine Pentecost after the Crucifixion. For my part it was the privilege of my life to have such a friend—it is the privilege of my life still to have such a friend. The more I reflect on her soul and what was in it, the more it fills me with wonder. There was, notwithstanding all that was open to everyone in her character, a hidden life shut out from all but God ; a habit of constant interior prayer, of recollection in God, of union with God, of abstraction from self, of love and of suffering, arising purely from the operations of grace in nature, independent of all external causes, which made up a life within to which no mortal had any access.

“ Everyone who was near Mother Margaret thought that they knew her so well, and that she was always pouring herself out ; and yet there was a whole sphere of her life—that nearest to God—that was completely sealed from observation. Even to her confessors it only came out, as it were, through one or two little chinks in the armour of her reserve. Beyond a certain line she was a most hidden soul. Outside that line she was all communicative charity ; within it she was a mystical lover and sufferer known only to God.”

How deeply the loss of such a friend was felt by Bishop Ullathorne may be readily inferred. And precisely at this time the suggestion was made to him, by one who enjoyed his intimate confidence, that he should draw up some sort of memoir of his many-coloured life. He yielded a somewhat reluctant consent, reminding the petitioner of the words addressed to Dido by Eneas : *Infandum, Regina, jubes renovare dolorem* ; and the result was the *Autobiography*, which has recently been given to the public, and the compilation of which was carried on at odd times during this and the following year. He bargained, however, that the memoirs should be purely of his exterior life, and in

the notes with which he accompanies the chapters as they were finished and sent off there are some amusing illustrations of his characteristic dislike of sentimentalism.

“Pentecost, 1868.

“I send you the missing sheets down to my entrance at Downside, omitting much that came into my head, as early feelings revived, awakened by early scenes, lest I should get prolix and too much in the vein of Chateaubriand. Unless I go on with it straight ahead it will never be done, and I wish to please you, though at my own cost. But how *exigeant* some mortals are! Here is A—— expressing regret that I give no history of my interior combats when I entered the Novitiate. Why, I have hinted that my combat there was to go to La Trappe. But nothing will satisfy some people but sentimentality, as if one could manufacture that feeble article at command. You will not find the next records quite so romantic, and perhaps you may think my fate has been hard in having been first sent to sea, then to Botany Bay, then to Coventry, and next—climax of all—to Prior Park. No wonder I should turn out Brummagem at last.”

Among the letters of direction bearing the date of this year there occurs one which is worth quoting, as it refers to a subject not often touched on by spiritual writers, the advantages, namely, which a Religious Superior may derive from the position of superiority, which in a great degree counterbalance its dangers.

“September 4th, 1868.

“A Superior who holds the first responsibility has helps in various ways which in many respects compensate for the admonition and guidance of a Superior, and the direct obedience to another’s voice. Her constant enforcing of

law keeps the law before her own mind ; her dealings with other souls awakens her own, just as the exercise of the confessional rebukes the confessor ; her insight into innocent, pure, and humble souls, when they are laid open to her, awakens her to like zeal and humility ; whilst the indirect (perhaps at times the direct) retorts which she gets become both her humiliation and her penance. Thus if the Superior disciplines the Community, the Community also disciplines her, though in another way, yet quite as much.

“ Without the spirit of prayer all this will not profit her much, but with prayer it will profit her even more perhaps than if she were subject as a private member to a Superior. For prayer, as a habit, will give her the spirit of turning all that humiliates other souls to her own humiliation and profit.

“ So long as a Superior feels another’s humiliation as her own she goes on safely, and makes real progress, and is not in danger of elation. If a Sister offends through a more limited view, it is that she has a more limited gift ; and this is humbling to one who has larger gifts and the responsibility of supplying for the less gifted. Both the strong and the weak humble a Superior who is exercised in prayer. She has to make up her own deficiencies from the strong, and to supply those of the weak.

“ With prayer, then, to keep her soul in a humble posture and her conscience tender, a Superior has many helps which a subject has not, and which compensate for her loss of direct subjection. Let her consider herself to be, in very truth, but the servant of all, and she will be their servant, and this will humble her soul.”

To another Religious Superior he writes as follows :

“ Your account of your interior during the last year is clear and complete, and shows that you have been blessed

with light during your days of retreat. You had unusual influences fresh upon you during your first year of office, and the first keen sense of your responsibility warmed and animated you. . . . What you tell me of your second year comes in due order, and as I should have been prepared to expect. It is a token of Divine protection and love. Had you been still carried on without feeling the load of your nature, and the intrusiveness of the weak and busy imagination, it would have been dangerous for you. You have simply felt the incessantly pressing burden of responsibility and of unremitting labour, which is an affliction and wearing to the flesh, and is intended to be so. *Corpus quod corrumpitur aggravat animum.* It takes the conceit out of us, and there is no medicine more effectual for the purpose. Just think how conceited we should get in being always carried! We should begin to think we were carrying ourselves. So our good God permits this pain of heaviness which is humbling and laborious to go on. And He also permits the restless play of the imagination. This shaking of the wings and feathers of the wise bird, thinking itself for the time in such a keen pursuit of wisdom, till the feathers are sore and the plumage disarranged and quite uncomfortable, makes us discover that wisdom is something else, and that we have let the bird in the cage of our brain play the fool with us. All very good for disenchanting us, and bringing us back through the low gateway of humility to our pure intention and our meritorious plodding on the rough road of duty. . . .

“But there are other causes of your trial of sadness. There is a sadness according to God which is not sad, but only a mourning for the better things. It comes of the thirst for justice. And there is a sadness according to the flesh, when we weary from the tediousness and drag of duty. We get entangled in the net of pusillanimity, and all strength seems to go out of us. And we are caught and

held like a poor fly in a spider's web. Then tempting fancy whispers to us that we are in the wrong place when we are only really in the wrong spirit. We are in our right place because God put us there ; but we are getting out of His spirit, and must get back again. Our Lord has not promised that we shall be without the yoke or the burden, but only that if we come to Him they will be lightened.

"Keep close, then, to the Heart of Jesus, and though you may feel heavy and oppressed, even as He did under His mortal burden, bearing the care of all the world, yet keep near Him, and your burden will be safely carried into lighter times and places. Singleness of heart, singleness of purpose, singleness of aim—one thing at a time, your heart on God—there is the way of wisdom and of peace. This trial has taught you ; thank God for the teaching : it has humbled you ; thank Him for the humiliation, and ask Him to turn it into true humility. The only sad day is when we do not feel our weakness ; but when we are weak God is strong in us. I do not say that you will *feel* His strength, for then perhaps you will deem it not God's, but yours. But believe that the reason why God has so plainly chosen a weak thing like you to follow in the steps of the strong is that He would show that He wants no one's strength to do His work. So the weakness is all right and as it should be. Love of God and of souls are the strong things for you. May you be all made of this strength, and may self only be weakened in you !"

When the Feast of St. Bernard came round, the Religious Communities of the diocese, desiring to offer some mark of their regard to a Superior who so constantly devoted himself to their service, united in refurnishing his private chapel, and offered him a letter of congratulation, in which the names of the Communities were signed in a circle. The

Bishop conveyed his thanks to all in a letter addressed to the Superioress of the Sisters of Mercy at Handsworth.

“ August 20th, 1868.

“ Dear Rev. Mother,

“ I received on this day of my Feast a round robin signed round a cross, in red, just like the round robins the buccaneers used to sign in their piratical expeditions in the South Seas, when they were discontented with their captain.

“ At the first glance it really looked ominous of a rebellion ; but first sight is often deceptive in this world. I find it explains a mass of confusion that has been going on in this house for some weeks. No one could exactly say why, or by what authority. This morning the chapel was quite bright and in its wonted order, and I thought of all those, who had brought light into it, and made it reflective of their filial devotion and affection ; and prayed for them, that God would unite them all in the light and beauty of His eternal kingdom.

“ I have ascertained that St. Mary's is the ringleader in this getting up of the offering of ' the Religious Communities of the diocese,' and so to St. Mary's I write, as to the ear, as well as to the mouthpiece, of all.

“ It is a great pleasure to me to see ' all the Communities ' united in a joint act of affection and homage to the Superior whom God has placed over them.

“ I am the servant of Christ's spouses, and it is a service which brings small pain and much content. I thank God Who has given me so much veneration for His true daughters, and has blessed me in the service of so large a number of them. If I am able to do them some service, it is much owing to their belief that I have that veneration for them, and that I account the serving of them to be a singular privilege that God has given to me.

“ Let me, through you, dear Rev. Mother, thank the Com-

munities for your common act in brightening the altar at which I pray for you, and for the prayers you so often say for me, and let me express my gratitude to you all for all your goodness towards me."

Towards the end of the year 1868 Bishop Ullathorne found himself attacked from an unexpected quarter. In his Advent Pastoral he had adverted to the disturbed condition of society throughout Europe, and had laid down the principle on which all civil government must rest, namely, on the eternal law of God, upheld by His grace in the obedient conscience. Upholding the duty of obedience to constituted authority, he denounced the spirit of rebellion, and the increasing power of secret and unlawful societies, among which he named that of the Fenians. His words were taken hold of as directed to a political party which had active supporters in Birmingham.

"January 16th, 1869.

"I am in hot water. For two years past there has been a Fenian conspiracy in this place to alienate the Irish people from me. Various schemes have been tried, and now they have taken advantage of my last Pastoral, distorting a sentence in it to keep up an attack on me ever since in a Fenian paper which is read by the poor people; and have tried to induce the people not to go to the Reunion at the Town Hall next Tuesday because I am to preside. They even proposed to ask me there and then if I retracted my Pastoral, and if not to leave in a body. It is doing great mischief in alienating the poor flock from its shepherd; for they hear so many falsehoods told them, and all on the plea of their country's cause. However, the time has come for action. I must put out a Pastoral both strong and striking, warning the poor people against these wolves; and that, of course, will bring more heat. But I have long

forborne; and if I keep silence after yesterday's issue of the paper in question, I should be guilty of a very grave laxity of duty."

The Pastoral here spoken of appeared on the 27th of January. In it, whilst firmly reasserting the unlawfulness of all secret societies, in which that of the Fenians was undoubtedly to be included, and exposing in very plain terms the artifices to which its leaders had had recourse, he concluded with a touching appeal to the Irish members of his flock, who could best bear witness to the falsehood of those calumniators who strove to represent him as an enemy to their race and nation.

"Does it really at this day require to be stated that for nearly forty years I have been the devoted servant of the Irish people? Can it be unknown that from the twenty-fourth to this present sixty-third year of my life, from my vigorous youth to my grey hairs, I have given my energies to the welfare of that people? No sooner did I receive the sacred Priesthood than, leaving country and friends, sacrificing a life in the Religious Order to which I was attached, and that love of letters which was the one human pleasure left me, I became an exile, from free choice, in those remote penal colonies which at that time few free men knew anything about, or thought of, or cared for. And why did I thus freely become an exile, but for the sake of the most neglected and most suffering portion of the Irish race? I may know something of Ireland from books; I may know something of her people by living a good part of three years upon her very soil, and moving much with her bishops and clergy amongst her people; but I have had another way of access to the Irish people opened to me. From 1832 to 1840 I lived amongst the men transported for the affairs of '98, amongst the men who, under all sorts of pretexts, were

transported for O'Connell's famous Clare Election, and amongst men transported from all parts of Ireland almost as often for political as for criminal causes. I conversed with these men, knew their inmost hearts as well as their histories, and they altogether represented some three-quarters of a century of the history of the Irish people. Those men were wont to say that if I looked like an Englishman I felt like an Irishman. It is not for me to say what I did to mitigate their material sufferings as well as to provide for their spiritual wants; what help I brought them from their own country in priests, Sisters of Charity, and teachers; what I wrote in their defence; what share I had, and at what cost of suffering to myself, in bringing the horrible system of transportation itself to an end. Let it be enough to say that my strong constitution was broken down in the service of this Irish people, and that I spent the best years of my life in labouring to mitigate the evils, redress the wrongs, and soften the sorrows of 20,000 Irishmen, most of which had been brought about through the misgovernment of their country.

"But if it was amongst the most suffering of Irishmen that I learned to fathom the mismanagement of Ireland, it was amongst them also that I learnt to understand the evil results of secret societies, and the harm the Irish people have ever done themselves when, turning a deaf ear to their bishops and clergy, and closing their eyes to the Church's condemnation, they have followed the ever-ready tempter, and broken themselves in scattered groups against a united and irresistible strength. With the weight which experience amongst the victims of secret societies gives, let me ask if they have ever brought other results than failure, distress, and misery to those who engage in them?

"When Ireland had a great leader, one of those colossal men who appear but rarely, it was neither by breaking the law of the Church nor that of the State that he accom-

plished his great objects. He was as vigorous in opposing all secret societies as he was in his efforts to redress his country's wrongs. O'Connell never wearied in repeating that he who breaks the law strengthens the enemy ; and that nothing is worth having, nothing is blessed, that is gained by bloodshed."

The attacks on the Bishop continued for some months longer, and the leaders of the party even contemplated bringing legal action against him. By the month of May, however, they saw the prudence of abandoning this scheme, on the alleged motive that the English Courts were sure to give the verdict against them ; to which decision they were assisted by the fact that the funds necessary for carrying on the war had failed them.

The publication of Father Faber's life and letters drew from him some remarks in a letter addressed to Lady Dormer, in which he draws a kind of comparison between the characters of Mother Margaret and the brilliant Oratorian.

"I have been reading Father Faber's life, or rather his letters with connecting links. Although there are points of contact between him and Mother Margaret, and these are pointed out in the book, yet two characters, both earnest in the same direction, could not well be more different.

"Mother Margaret's denial of her imagination and stern repression of herself are the complete counterpart to the brilliant and playful imagination of Faber, and his incessant, though simple, pouring out of what passed within him. Both noble souls ; the one exhausted himself in spreading himself abroad in God's service, the other concentrated herself inwardly on God ; the one almost feminine is his fancy and affection, the other

almost masculine in the concentration of her thought and the energy of her action ; yet both untiring lovers of God and of His Church."

In another letter he says :

"Have you read Father Faber's life? It is more his letters than his life, except in so far as his letters *are* his life. Brilliant as they are, especially those written on his travels, one feels a certain want of that solidity and control of the imagination conspicuous in another biography, *Omnis spiritus laudet Dominum*. His Oratory and his hymns were his two great works. He is another instance of one who was worn out from excess of brain work and want of rest."

On the 7th of June the Congregation of St. Catherine kept the half-jubilee of its foundation. It was a day hardly more memorable in their history than it was in that of him who had been their founder and their nursing-Father for five-and-twenty years. Two only of the four Sisters who then received the holy habit survived. It recalled to the Bishop's mind those early days of his missionary life at Coventry, of which he often spoke as "the happiest of his life" ; and addressing the surviving members of that little band, he poured out his affectionate greetings in a letter of congratulation.

"Rejoice, my dear children, and with pure hearts thank God that He has given you to see His power and His love. Rejoice with sober minds and grateful hearts, in the goodness of God and in all His mercies. Rejoice and give thanks that now this day of looking back and looking forward has come. He has distributed the little group that knelt in their poverty and their joy ; that lifted up their hearts in faith and trust to their Heavenly Father in the

little old chapel, amidst the tears of His people ; and He has so distributed them that one-half should look up from earth and the other look down from Heaven. May God love you, and when your work is done may He set you by the side of those who are gone before, that in the kingdom of God you may yet help your Order with your love, and with your prayers !”

On no subject did Bishop Ullathorne more frequently dwell in his instructions to Religious Superiors than on the wisdom of using the light received in Council.

“ It is so rare for me (he writes) to find Superiors who are wise in using their Councils that your letter gave me great content. Council makes a Superior both wise in her acts and strong in her position, and nourishes both courage and confidence, as well as humility. It is also a great provision for the future, when certain prudent members of a Community are acquainted with affairs, and accustomed to reflect upon them ; and it makes the Community independent of the contingency of individual lives, while it cannot fail to inspire the members with increasing confidence in authority. I remember when I was a young Religious, what an impression it made on us whenever we knew that the Fathers of the Monastery were assembled in Council. If it was on business of which we had no experience, we felt all the smaller for it ; if the Principal had to communicate the result to us in some regulation, we felt that he came clothed with more than his usual authority, as if he had gained some new and mysterious light and strength. I fear, however, that in these Liberal days, the mystery of authority is not quite so much felt.”

By the end of the year the Bishop was preparing to start for Rome, where the prelates of Christendom were as-

sembling to take part in the Vatican Council. He left England on the 16th of November, after bringing to a close his fourth Synod, and presiding on the day before his departure at a public meeting held at Birmingham in support of the denominational system of education, against which a society, called the "National Education League," presided over by one of the members for Birmingham, was just then directing its efforts.

"October 22nd, 1869.

"I send you the Synod. We cannot have our Town Hall meeting till the 15th, so I cannot leave for Rome until the 16th, which is the day I have fixed on. *The Pope and the Council*, by "Janus," has been sent me, supposed to be by Döllinger and Oxenham. It is the gravest and severest attack on the Holy See and the Jesuits; and specially on the policy of Rome for 1,000 years, and will be a great storehouse for the adversaries of the Church. . . . Things are daily growing hotter, thanks, in great measure, to the constant straining after extremes on the orthodox side. . . . A great deal of controversy is raging round the question of proposing the infallibility, and there will be warm work at Rome. Prayer will have to carry the Council through."

CHAPTER X.—1870.

THE VATICAN COUNCIL.—OPENING SESSION.—THE CRIB AND THE CROSS.—THE “SANCTA SANCTORUM.”—SKETCHES OF THE COUNCIL.—ALBANO.—FEAST OF ST. BENEDICT.—HOLY WEEK AND EASTER.—ANECDOTES.—A COLUMBARIUM.—THE FOUNTAIN OF EGERIA.—DEATH OF BISHOP GRANT.—POPE HONORIUS.—THE LAST SESSION.

LEAVING England on the 16th of November, 1869, Bishop Ullathorne remained in Rome until the end of July, 1870; a period altogether of rather more than eight months. His correspondence during this time with various friends in England was, of course, very extensive, and would form a volume by itself; we shall only select from it a few specimens which will recall to many readers that Rome of the Popes which in the last twenty years has undergone so woeful a change.

From letters which treat of the discussions which occupied so many minds and tongues during the sitting of the Council, no extensive extracts need be given. In a passage of his *Autobiography** the Bishop has himself explained the views he entertained, and the line to which he steadily adhered; and his explanation, it may here be observed, is entirely confirmed by the language of his letters written at the time. More acceptable to the reader than any chronicle of controversy will be a few glimpses into the interior mind

* *Autobiography*, p. 46.

of one who had the gift of drawing from every scene, whether of art or nature, some thought that raised his heart to God.

The Opening Session.

“Rome, December 9th, 1869.

“The opening Session was held yesterday. Such an assemblage of prelates, whether you consider numbers, or the character of their training and breadth of experience, was never witnessed in this world before. About seven a.m. began the move towards the Vatican. By nine all were assembled in the great hall above the portico of St. Peter's, formed into a chapel. Four rows of prelates on each side, from one end to the other, waited for the Pope's coming. The rain poured all day, but we were unconscious of what was passing in the outer world. At nine the procession moved into the porch of St. Peter's up the nave, the Blessed Sacrament being exposed on the high altar; and so it turned into the Aula Conciliana, the screen separating this from the body of the church being drawn back during the whole function.

“When all the prelates were seated the scene was truly marvellous. You will have it all in the newspapers, but you cannot easily realise the effect of those two long ranges of prelates rising in eight tiers on each sides, in silver copes and pure linen mitres. There were some 600 bishops besides the Cardinals, ranged from the two side of the apse, ten Patriarchs in advance of them, and the Abbots and Generals of Orders down in front of the bishops, the officials occupying the mid space between.

“The Royal personages (including the King of Naples, the ex-Dukes of Tuscany and Parma, and the Empress of Austria), with the Ambassadors, had tribunes on the sides, above the Fathers of the Council. Above them were other tribunes for the theologians of the Council. Outside was the dense mass of the faithful, and the sound of their voices

and feet was as the sound of many murmuring waters on a seashore.

"The *Veni Creator* was the processional hymn. The Pope chanted the prayer before the Blessed Sacrament on the high altar, before entering the *aula*. The Mass of the Feast was sung at an altar at the entrance end of the Council, the Pope being in the opposite apse. Before the last Gospel a sermon was preached by a Capuchin bishop. The Pope then vested in pontificals, and the prayers were recited by him with short intervals of silent meditation. The Litanies of the Saints were chanted and responded to by all the bishops. Then the Gospels were enthroned on the altar of the Synod, and the Gospel of the Synod was chanted, the one in St. Matthew* where Our Lord instructs the seventy-two before sending them forth. The *Veni Creator* was again intoned by the Pope, and sung in alternate verses by the choir and the bishops, the people outside joining like a distant echo. And after the Pope had sung the prayer the *aula* ought to have been closed for the voting the decrees, and all but the Council commanded to withdraw. But as these decrees were matters of course, and as there would have been a delicacy in ordering the Royal personages to withdraw, they were proposed in public. So the decree for the opening of the Synod was put to the *placet*, and then the decree which fixed the Session to be next held for the Feast of the Epiphany. They were read by one bishop from the pulpit in the centre of the floor; and in response to each the bishops rang out in a loud volume of sound their *placet*, and the decrees were registered. Then the Pope read an Allocution, the *Te Deum* was grandly chanted, and by three o'clock

* The Gospel in question is to be found both in the tenth chapter of St. Matthew and the tenth chapter of St. Luke. In the former it is given as delivered to the *twelve Apostles*, before sending them forth; and the latter, to the *seventy-two*.

the Pope had retired, and the bishops were wending their slow way out to the unvesting chapels.

"As you may like to know where I sit in the Synod, know that I am in the third row from the top, having the Primates and Archbishops at my back, and that my number on the seat is 275, the numbers going from one to about 900, including Primates, Archbishops, bishops, and abbots."

The Crib and the Cross.

"Rome, Christmas, 1869.

". . . The High Mass at St. Peter's surpassed its usual grandeur owing to the presence of the Council in their silver copes and mitres of fine linen. Amid all the magnificent splendour one could only reflect that it symbolised the glories which are destined to be the final issue of the Crib and the Cross. It was the Crib of Our Lord that was being glorified; and one went back to that bundle of old wood that is kept at St. Mary Major's, for the interpretation. There are two bundles of old wood kept in Rome more priceless than all her splendours; one is at St. Mary Major's, and the other at Santa Croce. And close by the old Manger is the Pillar of Scourging, kept in the house of St. Peter's spiritual daughter, herself a martyr of the Cross. And, that the Mother and Mistress of all Churches might not want its glory, close to St. John Lateran are the Holy Stairs which Jesus and His persecutors alike ascended, on which St. John followed Him, down which St. Peter came from the saddest of divine and human spectacles. The trumpets may entrance the kneeling multitude, when, under the marvellous dome, the Vicar of Christ lifts up the God of Heaven and earth in his mortal hands; but the Crib, the Stairs, the Pillar, and the Cross explain it all. . . . I went with Bishop Vaughan to see the great relics at Santa Croce, which always does me

a great deal of good. They bring us so near Our Lord and His terrible humiliations, and pierce one through with a sense of the need of sacrifice to break down the old Adam with his pride and sensuality, and to break us open for the possession of the new man and the Holy Spirit. Then the Holy Crib looks so very like the Holy Cross, as if it were part and parcel of the same instrument of sacrifice and the same life of abnegation and suffering. . . . These are the great things of Rome—greater than the Coliseum, greater than St. Peter's even, for they will shine in Heaven at the last day when the great works of men have perished.

"Keep, then, to the rude Crib, keep to the rude Cross, that sweetens the water of salvation, that you may be known to belong to Him Who had one for the pillow of His Divine Infancy, and the other for the pillow of His dying hours. You will find it all in your rosaries. Fasten your hearts to Him there, and let nothing induce you to take them off again. This is faith, this is love, to fasten our heart firmly—come sorrow, come joy, come pain, come ease—ever fast and constant on our dear Divine Lord, be He in the Crib, or on the Cross, in the mystery of His Sacramental presence in the church, or in your own heart, which is equally consecrated to be His temple."

A General Congregation.

"January 22nd, 1870.

"I have just returned from the General Congregation. All had hoped that the discussion on the two *schemata* would have ended to-day; but we had some weak speakers who kept us to weariness. Only one speaker to-day awakened a deep interest, narrating the troubles and difficulties of his distant church in illustration of some of the points in question. I stood by the *ambo*, and watched the slow effect by which he gradually subdued the impatient and restless until he fairly conquered them almost

to tears, as at the close he himself wept from his heart. A Council is like all great assemblies in this, that many speakers fail to catch hold of the tone that suits their hearers. In this respect the prelates from Constitutional countries show their great superiority. After all this, Council ought to be a very good thing for the souls of the bishops. Severed from the ordinary distractions of governing a diocese one, is entirely occupied with truth, with law, with the policy of the Holy Ghost, and with prayer. If anyone occupies himself too much with things outside the Council it is his own fault. I think it is a grand school for the younger bishops, who are getting familiarised without much effort with the great principles of Church law and government, and are gathering up the experience of the older men and the great thinkers of the Church. In some respects I look upon this Council as a prolonged retreat devoted to the Divine Head of the Church and to the Holy Spirit."

The Sancta Sanctorum.

"Rome, February 1st, 1870.

"I had a great treat after leaving St. Clement's. Father Vincent, the Passionist, is now Superior of the House attached to the *Scala Santa*, and on asking him if it were possible to get into the *Sancta Sanctorum* above it, he took us in. We first entered the chapel on the side where the Blessed Sacrament is kept. There he unlocked the enormous iron doors, which came, we are told, from Pilate's house. The lock is very curious. You lift an iron flap, and as it rises on its hinge it reveals the keyhole, not on the door, but on the inside of the flap; then, before you can get the flap up this or that bolt has to be undone, and when the flap is unlocked it frees the bolt that twists like a serpent; pull it the right way, then another right way, and the door is set free. We enter. The floor is *Opus Alex-*

andrinum. The room or chapel square and lofty. The groined ceiling has the four mystic animals painted in its compartments. The upper walls have ancient subjects painted in mystic style. Below them, but still high up, comes a beautiful arcading in twisted columns of Alexandrine work, having in each niche the erect figure of a Saint with golden glory. The altar is Papal. Only the Pope can say Mass here, and Pius IX has only said Mass here once. The frontal was removed, and there was revealed an iron grating with three exceedingly curious locks, but the keys are lost. Behind this grating is the old, old altar; it is of marble, carved in foliage. In the centre of it is an iron door with another curious lock, of which the key is lost. Inside, however, there is known to be the head of St. Agnes, the head of St. Denys, the Areopagite, and others. Recessed between two pillars behind the altar are rich golden doors. Behind these doors, only opened twice a year, is the portrait of Our Lord set in jewels. Its history is obscure; some say it was painted without hands; some, that St. Luke painted it; others, that the Patriarch, St. Germanus of Constantinople, committed it to the sea to save it from the Iconoclasts, and that it came to Rome by water and was there taken up. Anastasius, the librarian in the ninth century, testifies to the veneration of it in Rome in the eighth.

“The chapel itself figures in history from a very early period, and this picture has always been held in the greatest reverence. Above the altar two considerable gratings are visible which reveal the relic chamber, rich with innumerable great relics. The wall on the side by which we enter is at least fifteen feet thick, as is that of the relic chamber itself. It is supposed to conceal a staircase leading to the chamber, but that is all that is known. Of the relics, and all else concerning this *Sancta Sanctorum*, than which the inscription tells you there is no holier

place on earth, you will find an ample description in Morone, under the head, *Scala Santa*.

“Is it not remarkable that such great stores of holy relics should still remain untouched and almost unknown? For even the present Pope has never been able to see them. There are relics of St. Matthew, St. Bartholomew, St. John the Evangelist, and many well-known martyrs, including the head of St. Barbara. But the Holy Effigy of Our Lord, the True Effigy, as it is called, is the most remarkable relic in this holy place. One tradition says that St. Peter brought it from Jerusalem. The keys are kept by the Canons of St. Peter, and, of course, we could not see it; all we got was a photograph. It has those large, clear, out-looking eyes that one expects in Him Whose humanity was ever contemplating the Divinity, and is never concentrated on its own human nature to be absorbed in it, or to feel its mortality as anything but a load and a sorrow, that is to be torn to pieces as a sacrifice. What a wonder was that immortal God suffering in a mortal body! What a vision He had ever before Him in the eternal light, of this mortal flesh to be crucified, that He might win the immortal life for which it was first destined, and for which He destined it again! How the rents in the flesh and in this earthly reputation let in the light of God, and the inbeaming of the eternal mysteries! How fit that this holy image should be surrounded by the relics of all these Apostles, Popes, and martyrs, Christ’s holy company. And they show, as He showed, that penance and martyrdom keep open the windows of the body through which the soul gets its glimpses into Heaven. Penance keeps those windows open, and through them His spirit enters in, and our spirit goes out and finds its point of rest where all beside is restless. Penance came first in the preaching of the Gospel, and prayer followed as its inseparable companion. First John, then Jesus. For penance introduces God into the soul, and keeps Him there.

“ Into that *Sancta Sanctorum*, after the laborious ascent of the Holy Stairs, one always looks with peculiar emotion of reverence. It is seldom good in this life to break into mysteries. There is so much, so incomparably more in them than mortal vision can see. Entering with awe into that Holy of Holies to-day, one only felt penetrated through with the sense of the holy place and its sealed up mysteries. There was the holy image which so many ages have honoured, going back, one has every reason to believe, to Apostolic times. Yet it was a sealed mystery, poorly reflected in the photograph, the large calm eyes of which look at me at this moment, and at the walls and the altar full of Saints sleeping in the body until the resurrection. Then think of those stairs from Pilate’s house, on which so many penitential tears have fallen since those of Jesus fell on them. For they are never without kneeling penitents ; and all who ascend them look grave and awe-struck. And at the top is the image of Jesus, venerated for, perhaps, 1,800 years ! perhaps by Apostles, certainly by many martyrs, Popes, and Saints. It is still John first, and Jesus afterwards—penance leading to God.”

Sketches of the Council.

“ Rome, February 4th, 1870.

“ It is quite true that a Council presents a large field for observation, not of individuals only, but of national idiosyncracies. Nations come out here, all men of one tongue and one climate, with a distinctness from each other that perfectly individualises them. For example ; the Orientals have sweet and clear voices, with a certain richness, especially the young and middle-aged, the older voices growing thinner. Their movements and gestures are quiet and gentle, full of dignity and self-possession. For instance, there is an Armenian Archbishop, with grave but youthful features, very regular and

sweet, with his coal-black hair parted *à la Nazarène*, and peaked beard, who has been twice in the *ambo*; and his entire presence, front face, profile, gentle gesture, and sweet full voice, earnest without effort—his whole man, in short, so irresistibly strikes me as exactly like our ideal of Our Lord, just as He is painted in a certain old picture at Oscott, even to the very costume, that I have been wonderfully captivated with this type from the plains from which the Hebrews sprang. Then there was a Pomeranian, who gave such an interesting and pathetic account of the difficulties of religion in his country as the basis and reason of his argument; and he spoke so bravely, so much like a martyr in spirit and in fact that, as he ended, there burst out an unusual applause, even to clapping and bravos, which were ruled not to occur again, as unsuited to a Council and a Church.

“Strossmayer* now sits just under me: he is a warm-hearted, affectionate Croat, as eloquent as he is warm, but apt to get over-vehement. We have taken quite an affection for each other. On one side of me sits the Bishop of Pegu, in Burmah, learned in Buddhism; and beyond him the Bishop of Hobart’s Town, Van Diemen’s Land. On the other side sits the Bishop of Vancouver’s Island, and next him the Bishop of the Sandwich Islands, all speaking English. Behind me is the Bishop of Torea, in North Italy, who says that his predecessor ordained St. Patrick, and that he has the body of an Irish Saint in his Cathedral. Behind them sit the Archbishops of Baltimore and New York; behind them Archbishop Errington; and, at the top seat, the new Primate of Ireland, who has just got the pallium. If I go out at one end of the bench I come in

* Monsignor Joseph Strossmayer, a Croat by birth, Bishop of Bosnia and Syrmio, or more correctly, of Diakovar, under which title the Sees of Bosnia and Syrmio were united in 1773, took a prominent part in the discussions of the Council, especially on those regarding the Infallibility, to the definition of which he was opposed.

contact with Bishop Terra, a Spaniard, and Long, an Australian bishop. If I go out at the other end nearer the Cardinals, I come upon a bunch of Americans. But one gets to know half the bishops of the Council, to be on talking terms.

"Monsignor Freppel spoke a second time this morning. I missed him; but he is the most precise, clear, sharp lined French speaker I ever heard. Only recently made Bishop of Angers, he still has the bearing of a Professor of the Sorbonne. He handles principles with force because he is acute at distinctions, as well as precise and trenchant.

"If you want the glittering glare of enthusiasm on an idea, divested of all consideration for the world and the humanity in which it is to work, you must pick out certain men of Spanish extraction. One might think from them that fixed and hard ideas, pushed to the furthest extreme, were the cure for all human ills. They very much need a dose from Dr. Newman's *Grammar of Assent*. They seem to fancy that men and women are spirits living on fixed ideas, and devoid of all disturbing elements. Those who have seen much of mankind in many ways know that men cannot be sharply divided between luminous believers and deliberately malignant heretics."

Albano.

"Rome, March 12th, 1870.

"Bishop Roskell invited all the English Bishops, their theologians and secretaries, to spend a day as his guests at Albano last Thursday. Some started in sundry carriages at nine o'clock. Passing that wonderful array of ancient pagan tombs which stand in their ruins like sentries on either side of the Appian Way for fourteen miles from Rome to Albano; noting, too, those wondrous aqueducts that bridge across the broad and green Campagna; listening

alternately to the skylarks in the heavens above, and to the tuneful little bells on the horses' necks ; sometimes also to each other's nonsense, we reached the base of the hills and slowly made that three miles of ascent. And so, watching the workmen in the vineyards, speculating on the age of the olive trees, with Castel Gandolfo above our heads, we slowly ascend. On one side a regiment of men, women, and children are weeding the green wheat ; on another the canes are being crossed in regular rows on which the vine shoots may clasp their tendrils. The boys run alongside the carriage in prolonged hope of a coin or two, till we reach the little town, the hotel of which was once a palace occupied by a King of Spain.

" The Right Reverend company crowd into a long omnibus with four of the leanest horses you ever saw, like that one on which Death rides in the Apocalypse. Through the town again, and up the long steep avenue which is called the *gallery*, being over-arched by the most venerable ilex trees that ever made a green arcade over a road. Each tree is a patriarch of trees, and a monument of centuries. Their gnarled roots have grown and spread in a compact mass above the ground, while pillars of stone support their bent branches, and their hollow stems are built up with masonry. On we go through the gate arch, between the two rows of houses swarming with women and children, to the square before the Papal palace, where we all descend amid the admiring crowd.

" We went over the Holy Father's country seat, which, though of some size, is as plain and simple in its appointments as it well can be. The Pope's private apartments, his bedroom, dining-room, and cabinet, all floored with brick. The real point of interest is a balcony that looks down into the mountain lake at a great depth below ; and upon the hills, with which this basin of a mile and a-half broad is surrounded, all the slopes being covered with olives and vines.

“Into the omnibus again, and up the second gallery to l’Ariccia, which you know so well. . . . Up the hill down which some Roman Church students come riding on sorry beasts, all out on a holiday, and smiling content with their rural excursion. Look at that long row of witch elms, and right into the forest. How singular a sight! The long spreading arms and branches covered with moss bear on the side towards Heaven a complete garden of fresh green ferns. You see these broad trees, still naked of leaves, but absolutely alive on their upper side with these beautiful ferns. Still up and up, into the square before the palace at Genzano, and out of the omnibus where a begging friar and a few of the most wizened wrinkled old ladies that ever put forth hands to beg, receive the descending company. Round the side of the old palace, standing on a narrow platform, we look down over the brink; and deep, very deep below, in its profound basin, lies the lake of Nemi. Its waters are a black blue, except the surface that is nearest, and that is a bright green. Steep down the hills descend towards the water, steep and dark; for clouds hang over the scene, and only a gleam of sunshine lights up the little village of Nemi on the opposite hills. Beyond, other hills rise and recede, and over them all is the lofty Monte Cavo, once crowned with a temple of Jupiter Latialis though now it is a Passionist convent that joins the towering summit with the clouds. I could not look at this scene without thinking of you, and realising how often you had gazed at it in the company of others, all of whom have witnessed wondrous changes, and gone through wondrous transformations. And there was the lake, and there were the hills—all as it then was; as God Himself is always the same, while He leads us on through so many changes.”

Feast of St. Benedict.

“ Rome, March 20th, 1870.

“ . . . On St. Benedict's Day I dined at St. Paul's. I reached by a quarter to one, but they were still chanting the Vespers after the High Mass (it being Lent). I went down to the far end of that grand and brilliant Cathedral, where, all alone, I enjoyed the solemn plain chant as it filled the enormous space from out of the grand apse, above which Our Lord sits in such majesty in the great mosaic, surrounded by Saints and angels, and where the little diminutive figure at Our Lord's foot, just about to imprint a kiss upon it—so little a figure in the presence of all those giant forms, so little, to express his sense of his own littleness and lowliness—is that very Pope Honorius who had this great work of art made, and who at this time is so much accused and abused by all the adversaries of Papal Infallibility, as well as by the ignorant world at large. I leaned against a huge and stately pillar of Egyptian bird's-eye alabaster, polished as bright as glass, and looked along through those ninety pillars, each one block of brightly polished granite some forty feet high, and gazed upon that august figure of our Divine Lord, seated on His throne, and heard the chant that rolled from under His feet like the voice of many waters. But at that prolonged distance poor little Pope Honorius had vanished out of sight.

“ From church to dinner in the great refectory, where are met bishops and abbots from all countries where Benedictines are to be found: not forgetting the Benedictine Cardinal and the Generals of the Order. There were black Benedictines and white Benedictines, in the shape of three Cistercian abbots; and blue Benedictines, the Olivetans; and Oriental Benedictines, the Mechitarists with their Archimandrite in purple robe and white beard. There was also the Arch-Abbot of Hungary, and the Abbot of the great Abbey

of Einsiedeln, who entertained me so hospitably fourteen years ago ; and the Abbot of Catanea, turned into its Archbishop and so holding possession of his monastery. Then there was the General of the Jesuits, who always dines here on St. Benedict's, as the Benedictine General does at the Gesù on St. Ignatius' Day, in memory that a Benedictine Pope, Pius VI., who was a monk of this house, restored the Jesuits after their suppression. Then there was the President-General of the English Benedictines, and the General Superior of the American Benedictines, and all the monks, and all the boys of the school, who always wear little Benedictine habits ; and a score of lay gentlemen from Rome. Let us suppose the dinner finished (after all that chanting in the church, from nine to half-past one p.m., some must have been glad of it on a fasting day) ; and so everybody pours out into the cloisters, forty feet broad, and so into the library and the museum, where coffee is served. . . . Soon come pouring in a number of bishops and nobles, who have driven there, three miles out of Rome, to congratulate the Abbot and Community on their Feast-day. Such is the gathering you find at one single monastery, during a General Council in Rome, on the festival of its founder."

Greek Art.

"Rome, April 1st, 1870.

"Last Saturday I went, under the guidance of Monsieur Bammerville, to examine the collection of Greek sculpture at the Villa Borghese ; and he pointed out how the Faun, as sculptured by the Greeks, represents a complete earthly content, without the slightest hint of supernatural life or anticipation. It is a very true remark ; but then it presupposes perfect health, balance of powers, and absence of care ; a state of things that can rarely exist and never continue. It is an ideal, without an ideal beyond the passing moment. It is human nature at its highest sensual

life, without God. This is a type to which the people of this world aspire, without reaching aught but disappointment. There was a wonderful Alcæus, singing his poems in exile, poetic enthusiasm in his eyes and pain on his lips, and both mingled in his form and gesture. Nature again, at a high pitch, without God. But all this grand pagan art is so utterly inhuman, so cold in its cleverness, because so utterly godless. Hence the finest Greek art gives one a chill, proportioned to its ability and perfection. But there is on the floor a something which, though hideous, is warming. It consists of a series of old Roman mosaic floors, representing the combats of Christians with wild beasts in the arena. There you see, or can at least imagine, for it is rude enough, the Spirit of God invigorating His Saints to suffer. The tigers, lions, and bears are too much for their strength, but not too much for their fortitude. Put the Faun into such a combat and he would die screaming, like the poor hare amongst the dogs, knowing that his gay life was all ending."

"Rome, April 12th, 1870.

"A happy Easter to you all. Palm Sunday was a great day in St. Peter's. The glorious Basilica was very full, and the solemn rites were performed with all that amplitude and magnificence which you can never imagine at a distance. The forest of tall palms, fresh and delicate in colour as they are only when planted and prepared in Rome, rose above the heads of the bishops and prelates in long perspective; and the Passion was sung, especially Our Lord's part, in tones so solemn and so Oriental in their intonations, that one had only to close the eyes and imagine that the notes were the grave, sweet, plaintive notes of our Blessed Lord's majestic sorrow, and His complaints over the fallen creatures whom He was saving whilst they were destroying Him. The procession would not have been managed with

all the bishops in it ; so only twenty were selected to represent the others, who remained in their places, the usual procession going with the Pope to the entrance doors. We were at St. Peter's at nine, and the function lasted until one p.m."

"April 13th.

"In General Congregation to-day we voted the first chapters by *placet*. It took exactly two hours. Each bishop's name was given in turn from the *ambo*, and he arose as his name was uttered and said *Placet* or *Placet ad modum*, in the latter case putting in a paper containing his objection and its reason.

"The crowd in the nave must have been puzzled with hearing in the distance the incessant call of *placet* like guns going off in file firings. 598 votes were given, and nearly 100 members were absent: The stentorian voice of an official repeated each *placet*, and the milder voices of the prelates sounded like the reverberation between each shot of sound ; and so it went on for two hours."

"April 14th.

"Just returned from the Tenebræ. St. Peter's very crowded ; and on leaving I found the vast steps one black mass of people in front, whilst all the avenues were blocked up for some time. The main part of the Tenebræ was poorly sung. But the first Lamentation I suppose many would think very fine. To me it was like the wailing of refined souls in purgatory, whose every fibre of life is penetrated with the habit of excruciating suffering and hope : the suffering now sinking the hope to an abyss, as if almost lost in the sense of privation ; the hope now rising into strength above the suffering—but God, ever God, the one object of that rising and sinking hope, which contends in meek strains with the all-searching pain of privation."

“Maundy Thursday, April 15th.

“To St. John Lateran for Tenebræ, where all was much quieter, and the office and chanting more solid and devout. The *Benedictus* just as we have it in Birmingham. The *Miserere*, the gravest and most soul-searching expression of the words I ever heard. It was a real meditation in music, going into all the depths of the soul’s miseries and of God’s mercies. I held the book before my eyes, and let the sense of the words pour through my ears, and they stirred me to the very centre. It was like some awful revelation. Everyone went out subdued, as if they had had a great sermon on the *Miserere* from the Cross. Those who went to the Pontifical Seminary for the functions, say that the gravity and quiet of the whole office of the day, and the accuracy of the functions, were perfect in their edification.

“In St. Peter’s the singing was thin, poor, and merely artistic, though there was the Papal choir; and there was a crush of people, and a multitudinous sound of tread and of countless voices, and a sensation of being smothered with restless and curious humanity that was anything but really devout, and most like being in the midst of the shows of a busy fair. In St. Peter’s everybody talks; and though in a low voice, yet the marble surfaces and the paved vaults reverberate the sounds and makes one understand what the Apocalypse means in describing the presence of the multitude as being like the sound of many waters. For those vast vaults make it all like an inexplicable intricacy of music which has got no definite melody to guide its meaning. It is like the multitudinous resoundings of the gale in a pine forest.”

“Good Friday, April 16th.

“Returned from St. Peter’s. There was that wonderful singing of Our Lord’s words in the Passion again—so

sweet, so profound, so full of a sorrow that has no weakness in it ; so like God lamenting over his creature, so unlike any tones one hears elsewhere. One would think it came from Palestine with the Apostles. The *Reproaches* were tender, solemn, and pathetic, so as to still every other sound ; low and plaintive. When the Blessed Sacrament was brought from the Canons' chapel to the high altar by the Pope, the *Vexilla Regis* filled the vast Cathedral with a solid volume of grave harmony. The Pope, Cardinals, and assistant bishops kissed the cross, also two Royal personages, and two Generals of Orders, and afterwards the chief officials ; not the bishops of the Council, which would have made the ceremony very long. This was the gravest function and the most touching I have yet seen in St. Peter's."

Papal Blessing at Easter.

"Rome, April 18th, 1870.

"Thank you for your letter and your Paschal greeting. Yesterday St. Peter's witnessed such a spectacle as was never witnessed before—all agree in saying that neither the canonisation nor the Pope's Jubilee was at all equal to it. The 800 mitres, the huge temple closely packed, and at the Pope's blessing from the *loggia* in front, the whole colonnade, the square beyond, and streets down to St. Angelo, one pavement of human heads. The vineyards rising on the right of St. Peter's, and the house tops were covered with people. My position, on the top of the colonnade in front of the Vatican, enabled me to see all this wondrous spectacle from one point. The Pope's voice, with his eighty years, was clear and strong ; one heard every word of the Absolutions, and when he lifted his arms and voice for the Benediction, the voices of that sea of people, which had been as the sound of many waters, were hushed ; all went down, and no sooner had the last words expired than the roar of voices ascended, the

cannon roared in concert, the bells of all the churches clanged, and almost drowned the martial music of the regimental bands which were gathered in a cluster between the two great fountains that throw up their waters into the air, day and night. I stood beside an English Minister of State, the First Lord of the Admiralty, who was quite overpowered with the scene, and went down bareheaded for the blessing.

“At night came the illumination of St. Peter's, as if the stars had come down to adorn the great temple with their light, and to mark out its architectural features. The sudden change after an hour, beginning from the top of the cross, made the huge pile a mountain of quivering fire.

“To-night there will be the fireworks from Mount Pincio, and on Wednesday the illumination of the city. All the squares and open places have had structures erected in them for a month past, for the occasion.

“We hope on Low Sunday to have a session for the final voting of the fresh decrees of the Synod. To-morrow we meet for giving the *placet* a second time on amendments put in at the last voting by *placet*. We have already had to deal with 386 proposed amendments on four chapters, and have now 130 more to deal with on the same; so you may conjecture it is not all idleness. It takes upwards of two hours for every bishop to give his *placet* or *non placet* as the name of his see is read out from the pulpit. But the preliminary votings on amendments by rising and sitting are more animating a good deal. A bishop from the pulpit gives an exposition of what has been done in the special Congregation, and what they recommend; then each proposed correction is read. All who are for it rise, whilst those against it remain seated. When their numbers have been noted they sit, and the opposites rise up, and so on for some three hours and a-half together. We have re-

cently had a fortnight of this work, but after Easter we shall begin discussions once more (the second course of discussion, on the second part of the first scheme), and probably have to write on other points at home to be sent in.

"It is bright weather at last, but the air is cold, and snow is still on the mountains. It is commonly supposed we shall have a suspension of the Council at the end of June for three or four months. I shall hope then to get home for that period. We shall have close and hard work in the interval."

The Council.

". . . The more I see of this Council, the more sure I feel that great things will come out of it. It will give much light, both to Catholics and to those seeking the Church. And there is due consideration shown to those who are in a state of blindness. As to discipline also, very valuable principles will be cleared up and sound regulations based upon them. Thus the discussions are enlightening all parties, and each portion of the Church is teaching the rest. Even the intense curiosity pervading the exterior world touching the Council, and the agitation and exaggeration of the world's journals, are preparing the world itself for receiving the work of the Council, when it shall at last appear, in such a way as to make the deepest impression on human minds. No Council will have ever shown such clear expositions of Catholic principles, or have dispelled so many erroneous impressions as to the real spirit of the Catholic Church."

The Catacombs.

". . . We stood in the damp and desolate vaults amid broken inscriptions, breathing simple faith and tender love of God's Saints; amidst the men and women who had

lived with Peter and Paul, or had heard all about them from those who had lived with them. What pathetic sermons, what tales of suffering and triumph must have been heard under these rude vaults, in these fresh little underground churches! One of these early paintings is supposed to represent St. Pudenciana receiving the veil from St. Peter. It may be so; or it may be some other early dedication of woman's heart to Our Lord. What did not religion cost in those days! when no cloister, no religious mother, no choir received the spouse of Christ; but in her own house, in some room apart, she lived alone, and looked to reach God alone through the bloody door, by the axe, or the iron claws, or the rough-edged sword of some pagan slave. And here lies all that remains of those brave and generous-hearted victims of eternal love, who founded the life of consecrated virginity in their burning charity, and bathed it at its roots in their life-blood."

A Stroll outside the Walls.

"April 27th, 1870.

". . . We took a stroll this beautiful evening from the Ponte Nomentana along the banks of the rapid Anio. . . . The sun was declining upon the distant Mediterranean, the light clouds were horizontally reposing in peace in the clear grey sky. . . . So near to Rome, yet so shut out from the great city that even the lantern of St. Peter's was invisible. It was impossible not to enjoy the peaceful scene, and the absence of the strain of solicitude which always compresses one like a straight waistcoat when in a great capital one is involved with numbers of others in one common care. Flocks of white goats with black goats among them were pasturing on the other side of the hill. As we came upon the goat-herd (a fine ruddy-faced peasant, with the radiancy of an honest heart upon his face), we stopped and talked to him, and

found that sterling politeness which always belongs to the real Italian peasant. After describing for us the localities in sight we got on the beautiful evening. 'It was beautiful,' he said, standing uncovered, but with all the ease of a gentleman; 'but the long want of rain, the backward trees, the scanty grass, the hard ground, through which vegetation could not come except with slow effort, was *malo per la gente umana*'; and he said it with a tone of sympathy for the human race. Those curious and shaggy black goat-hair garments, which the shepherds wear from the waist to the knees, must have come from the old classic times, and must have suggested the idea of the fauns and satyrs which were the genial spirits of the fields and woods. . . . Nor is the spirit of poetry extinct. Bishop Baggs, when Rector of the English College, once heard two ploughmen abreast of each other responding to one another in spontaneous verses. . . .

"There are three Cardinals walking together in black and red, with a small regiment of laced hats for their background. They say in Rome, when you meet three Cardinals walking together, you had better kneel, as you have a good chance of saluting the future Pope. Why does that great fat red umbrella always lie upon all their carriages? It is because they may meet the Blessed Sacrament going to the sick, in which case they descend and kneel until it has passed; or join in the procession to the sick person's house, and then the red umbrella is held over them."

A Roman Romance.

"I heard a story the other day; it was of a Dutch Zouave who was in the habit of going to confession once a week to one of the friars at St. Pietro in Montorio. There was a young girl who went there also for the same purpose, and to the same friar; and so they met weekly at the

church, but never spoke to one another. At last the Zouave told his confessor that he wished to give up soldiering and to marry and to settle in Rome ; and that he thought he should like to marry this young girl who seemed so good and modest. The friar told him he would speak to her about it. So the next time she came to confession he told her what the Zouave had proposed, adding that she would do well to think of it as he was a good lad. The young girl thought she could not do better than follow her confessor's advice, so they married, and set up a little shop for the sale of rosaries and other pious objects. All the Zouaves patronise them, and they are a happy and prosperous couple, and I doubt not say their rosaries as well as sell them."

The Pope's Old Man.

"April 29th, 1870.

"You ask me who is 'the Pope's old man' whom I spoke of in my last letter. He is a poor *contadino* who spends his life saying his prayers, chiefly in St. Peter's. One day the Pope went down into the church for a visit of devotion, and he as was praying before the statue of St. Peter he observed this old man kneeling near, who fixed on him a look of supplication. So the Pope went up to him, and asked him if there were anything he could do for him. 'Holy Father,' he replied, pointing to his wretched habiliments, 'you see I have nothing but these rags.' When the Pope returned to his apartments he called one of his chamberlains and desired him to look out one of his old soutanes and give it to the old man. The chamberlain ventured to suggest that a soutane would be a very unsuitable costume for such a character. 'Well, then,' said the Pope, 'give him my grey dressing-gown.' This was a long wrapper of grey woollen stuff. You can imagine with what delight the old fellow received it. He cut a strip off the

bottom, out of which he manufactured for himself a belt, with which he girt the garment about him. But he keeps it to wear only on high festivals, when he appears in St. Peter's in this costume ; and all the world calls him 'the Pope's old man.' "

St. Catherine of Siena.

" April 30th, 1870.

" I have got the new edition of *St. Catherine's Letters*, by Niccolo Tomasseo. . . . One thing that strikes me in this wonderful soul is the very few simple principles that constituted what may be called her spiritual system, and which she repeats at all times to all classes of persons. Self-knowledge is the simple, but real, apprehension that God is a true Being ; that you are but an existence dependent on God, that all you can receive is from Him, that you are nothing without Him ; and all things—that is, God and yourself—are to be looked at in, and through, the Blood of Christ, which teaches that God is love through sacrifice, and that your love can only be real love through sacrifice. This love, which is transformed out of the sacrifice of sensuous and sensitive self-love, killing pride on its way, worked out as it is through incessant union with the Blood and Sacrifice of Our Lord, brings us to the love of Christ in souls, and supplies the impulse to work in them the love of Christ. This, not so much thought, as living action, worked in us by charity, and by us in Christ, of which His light, sought in prayer and work for Him, is the first principle, however complicated in expression from the different relations involved in it, is most simple in itself. And its fruit is that, when truly and absorbingly working in us, it works also by diffusion into all souls that hear us, in all creatures that have the light of reason, by reason of this light which comes from the Word, as its first fountain, have in this light the primal ground and preparation for

receiving Christ Himself, the crucified truth and charity. And because crucified charity is, wherever it is found, dyed in the Blood of Christ, of its very nature communicative from soul to soul, as fire is communicative from one combustible to another; and because it is of the wonderful providence of God that souls should be crucified, and augmented in love, and enriched with the Blood of Christ through the birth labours of saving other souls through communication of laborious self-crucifying charity. This is the sublime wisdom inspired by Our Lord, through His Holy Spirit, into the heart of Catherine, which she never tires of inculcating and enforcing in almost the selfsame words to all, from Popes, kings, and queens, from Priors, priests, and Religious Superiors, to simple monks and nuns, and even to worldly persons and to criminals.

“She has a faith in the capacity of human hearts to receive the sublime light of this truth, and repeats it with constant energy, and with a conviction that, high as it sounds to ordinary teachers, it is the simple root of the matter, coming from God’s Spirit, not her own, and most fit for men and women of all times.”

A Columbarium.

“Rome, May 5th, 1870.

“Have you ever seen a *Columbarium*? I don’t mean a dovecote, but a place of pagan Roman burial, so called from its resemblance to a dovecote. There is a very perfect one in the gardens of the Villa Pamphili. It is a square structure sunk in the ground. All round the four walls in regular rows are pigeon-holes, like piscinas with arched tops; and each of these has at the bottom of the pigeon-hole a red earthenware jar lid. Lift up the lid, and it opens a jar of red pottery sunk into the wall about ten inches deep. Each of these jars once contained the ashes

of some noble Roman, after his body had been burnt on the funeral pile. . . . Readers of Homer or Virgil will know how much importance was attached to this burning of the body, and to the funereal rites as a pious act to appease the shades of the departed. What a strange association between the abodes of doves, the Scriptural symbol of pure and holy souls, and the ashes of pagans who knew nothing of the resurrection. . . . We opened sundry lids, and one present quoted Horace, musing over the like scene in the very time of Our Lord : *Expende Hannibalem ; quot libras in duce summo invenies ?**

“ Leaving this resting-place of the ashes of the dead we returned to the bright sky and brilliant vegetation of the upper world. For this curious dovecote is in the midst of a beautiful garden, where the most beautiful masses of flowers of all hues are breathing their sweetness on the air.

“ Below the villa itself, and beyond the terraced gardens blushing with flowery and fantastic devices, there stands in a green valley another reminiscence of departed life. On a green bank on the other side of the valley is a considerable plantation fenced with green hedges containing some flourishing trees which take the shape of the name of Mary. It was the name of the late Princess Doria, whom I remember in her gentle piety in her noble palace, and who was the daughter of John, Earl of Shrewsbury. The ashes of the old pagans are dust, and their names unknown. But the name of Mary Talbot is still written in green trees, as her virtues are written on the hearts of the Roman people. And if your names, dear children, are written in Heaven; if, fresh and green as the leaves of summer, they are written in Mary’s Paradise ; if your wings—for labour and prayer, say the Fathers, are the wings of the soul—if these wings of yours take you to the heavenly dovecote, you may gladly leave your ashes to the care of God and mother earth.”

* The quotation is really from Juvenal, Sat. x. l. 147.

The Fountain of Egeria.

“Rome, May 9th, 1870.

“All populous cities are oppressive, specially in summer, so it is pleasant to get outside these old city walls, and away from them in the evening, and have the repose of the country air and freshness. This evening we went to the Grotto of Egeria. Since the year 1837 I have had an inclination to visit it, but never did so till to-day. Turning off the Appian Way, just by the tomb of Cecilia Metella, and passing through some thick herbage abounding in fox-glove and wild rape, we come to a rising ground on which stands the old temple of Bacchus, of the time of the later republic. You approach its front through a garden of roses in full bloom. The portico still retains its four columns of Pentelican marble, fluted and capped with acanthus. Here it is said Pope Urban was concealed when St. Cecilia sent St. Valerian in search of him. It is not far from the Cemetery of St. Calixtus, where all that group of Saints and martyrs was buried. Pope Paschal first dedicated this old temple to St. Urban; and round the interior, on its upper walls, are old paintings of the thirteenth century, representing the Crucifixion, and scenes from the lives of St. Urban and St. Cecilia. It looks on the beautiful valley of La Caffarella, the green plains of which are closed in opposite by rocky sides, backed by the darkly shadowed Appenines. A path from this old pagan and Christian sanctuary takes one obliquely to a rising mound, on which is the sacred grove of ilex. Turning from the deep shade of the grey old trees you strike into a beaten path, with a clear and rapid brook on the right hand, a range of hills with rock cropping out on the left, and St. Peter's dome and lantern towering up some five miles off in front. Mark how thick is the herbage, how various the plants, how numerous and prolific the wild flowers, that cover the steep banks of the little

babbling stream. But where is the grotto? Ah, there it is, just round that corner, one knows it in a minute, deep and cool, under its wide arch deeply recessed in the side of the hill. Those bushes that crown its vault, and those tresses of green creepers hanging from its brow, are just as one knows them from pictures. And there is the nymph lying mutilated in stone, headless and armless, like the old paganism itself. The old walls of reticulated brick tell us that they belong to Roman times, and niches on either side show that other pagan divinities of mountain, plain, and flood once had their statues here. The whole place is dark with black mould, except the water below and the gay green sprays above.

“Livy tells us how the peaceful King Numa met the nymph Egeria in the woods; and by the waters of the fountain where she abode learnt from her lips the wisdom of law and government. And tradition says that this was the sacred grove and this the fountain, and that here was obtained the wisdom that made Rome famous for its equity. But the wicked race called antiquarians come in and laugh at it all, and say that this is not the place, and with their criticism put out the eyes of poetry. Yet they cannot make it other than a pretty spot and a pleasant refuge on a hot summer’s day. Nor can they, with all their grumblings at the innocent disposition of humanity to localise the meetings between the wise old law-giver and the lady Wisdom, prevent this being just the secluded sort of scene, where a wise man would retire from the tumult of the world to meditate in solitude. Egeria, *the unearthly one*, must have been the personification of his own solitary musings on the fixed and eternal principles of right and wrong.

“How comes it that in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin wisdom is always *feminine*? And that in the allegories and fables of all ancient nations it is the same? I am sure you will agree with me, that it never could have come,

even by suggestion, from the devout and troublesome sex of this earth. Egeria, Minerva, Sophia, Sapientia, all these designations, particularly Minerva, were associated with a half-truth, that she sprang from the head of the King of Gods and was his daughter. You, at any rate, possess the *whole* truth, and you are the daughters of the Eternal Wisdom, and are numbered among the wise virgins ; so look well to your lamps.

“ In the grand old mosaics on the exterior front of Santa Maria in Trastevere, the ten virgins have all of them rich bridal costumes covered with jewels. On the left hand of Our Lord some have their lamps going out, some quite extinguished. And some still hold their lamps as if all were right though the oil has failed : for they have been sleeping, and have slept in the wrong way ; and firmly as they seem to grasp their lamps to mortal sight, all is not right with them. The lamp is the heart, it is there the light must shine, its oil distilled from no grey-leaved silvery branched olive ; for it is the very wisdom, flowing from the Spirit of God, and lighting up that little vessel concealed within the heart with a heavenward flame. ‘ This oil,’ says St. Bernard, ‘ gives light, and feeds, and strengthens, and heals.’ It is the flame of love kindled from the flame of Eternal Love. It burst open the breast of St. Philip to make room for its greater sway. It kindled the great fire in David’s heart that broke forth in the rapture of the psalmody. It raged in the heart of the great Apostle against every sin that offended God. It glowed in St. Augustine, it rent its wounds in the heart of St. Catherine. It broke the mortal walls of the great heart of St. Teresa. Imprisoned as a glorious gift within the human spirit, it must find its way back, breaking through all mortal bars to that infinite and everlasting fire of love from which it came. Love, God’s love, the true, the eternal wisdom which compasses God, and compasses the creature that the

creature may compass God, this is the only wisdom. It is the life of all law, and the end of all law ; so much so that where there is complete love there is no other law, for love is the fulfilling of the law. Therefore it has been said, "Love, and do what you will."

"Ah ! those little lamps of yours, made by the Divine hands, filled with vitality—that little red, living lamp of the heart, which is lit by God Himself, with the finger of His Spirit, into which little lowly vessel, through the wounds of Christ, its Lord and Spouse, from the great fountain of His Sacred Heart comes the oil of His Holy Spirit, searching, purging, healing, invigorating, and inflaming with the Divine flame of love—that, indeed, draws hearts out of bodies as if they cared for them no more, and plants them in the God of Wisdom and of Love. There they grow gentle in patience, beautiful in simplicity, faithful in humility, and holy in purity. These pure souls, with their lamps within their breasts, are the real Egerias, unearthly spirits in human form on this earth, whose lives are an inspiration of law to mankind."

Death of Bishop Grant.

"Rome, June 1st, 1870.

"Bishop Grant died this morning. A great light is put out in our little church in England. A Saint has departed from this world. The singleness of his heart and purpose was the same from innocent childhood to his innocent departure. His conscience was tremulously delicate. He was a child of prayer, and a slave of duty and of charity. A great sufferer, physically and spiritually, and that for many years, he never relaxed, even to the last moments of his life, from incessant work. He was always praying, reading, writing, thinking of everybody but himself. So many consulted him on all kinds of subjects, from theology and Canon law and civil law, from cases of conscience and

the business and trials of life, down to the records of past events, points of literature, and the characters of public and private men with whom one has to deal. His memory was prodigious, almost miraculous in its capacity and tenacity, as well as in its accuracy. His conversation was a stream of anecdote on all imaginable persons and things, yet was there no repetition. His correspondence was more extensive than that of all the other English bishops put together, and he continued it to his last day. If he thought that a hint, or a suggestion, or a bit of information would be useful and acceptable to anyone, no matter whom, it was on paper in a moment, and in the post that day. If you wanted some document of long years past, whether from book, newspaper, or reminiscence, you had it by return of post. With a point of law, history, or theology, it was the same. He moved incessantly through his diocese, did everything himself, and yet he took care that his clergy should know where each day the post would find him. His last act yesterday was to write to Abbot Guéranger, and point out an error of date in the work of his adversary Gratry. At table, ill as he was and unable to eat, his eye was everywhere to provide for the little wants of others ; and he never ceased to entertain us all, whilst we ate, with his information. Nothing escaped his minute observation that would be useful to his neighbour.

“ He has been dying for the last two years, yet never has languor, pain, or exhaustion from sleeplessness and incapacity of taking food, interfered with his spirit of labour, his forgetfulness of self, and his thoughtfulness for everybody. Death has been repeatedly close to him, and he saw its nearness ; yet it neither changed the tone of his mind nor the unwavering gentle humour of his character. He made no scenes, he took no attitudes, he drew no attention to himself, his conversation went on in the same

agreeable flow ; if he must be in bed, has he to sit up for its being made, he is writing his letters just as usual. His memory was clear, his mind vivid, his spirits equable to the last. He had been so long in the habit of suppressing the intimations of the pain and torture he suffered, that no one could do more than guess whether he was in that agony of pain which devoured his vital strength or not.

“An old grey-headed Cistercian lay brother told me years ago of the innocence and simplicity of his early years.

“When a little boy he was taken in charge by Bishop Briggs, then living as a missionary at Chester. A winning little fellow, and everybody’s favourite ; like most children of vivid imagination, his only fear was to be left in the dark. Bishop Briggs placed him at Ushaw, where he made his way by his quickness of mind and strength of memory. He obtained the privilege of being sent to Rome for his ecclesiastical education. Almost immediately after his ordination he became the secretary of Cardinal Acton, then filling an important judicial position, and a member of several Roman Congregations, Propaganda, etc.: and Dr. Grant thus became initiated in all the methods of Roman ecclesiastical and secular business.

“I see him now as first I saw him in Cardinal Acton’s Palazzo in 1841, looking so young a priest, so springy in his movements, with such a wealth of innocent expression on his face, yet the palpitating of his eyes indicated that tremulous state of scrupulous and delicate conscience which constituted his first great source of suffering. But the image of that vibrating soul was fixed on my mind like a photograph in the first moments of his advancing to receive me, and my interest in Dr. Grant dates from that day. From the period of my Episcopate, in 1846, I was repeatedly at Rome, residing in the English College, where Dr. Grant was Rector and agent for the English bishops.

These visits brought me much and intimately in contact with him. He initiated me in the elements of Canon law, and in the construction and working of the Roman Congregations. He aided me in various negotiations, revised my papers, translated them and gave them the requisite shape, and having much influence at Propaganda, he used that influence in my service as in the service of all the bishops. Nothing escaped his vigilance at Rome or in England which demanded the attention of the English Vicars-Apostolic, whether as individuals or as a body. A word from him always contained the pith of the matter, whilst his action had already not unfrequently obviated the difficulty. We have never had anyone in my time who comprehended the functions of an agent as he did. He never, either by silence or by too much action, got you into a difficulty ; but he got you out of many. Above all, he never left you in the dark.

“When the Hierarchy was being negotiated in Rome, he was the animating spirit, as far as English action was concerned, of that great transaction, and supplied the steady, persevering will. Now that he is departed, I shall be able to say how much he had to do with the whole plan ; and this was the more remarkable because he had been formed under the influence of Cardinal Acton, who was the opponent in his time of this concession. But though Dr. Grant was singularly scrupulous in those days, as far as he himself was concerned, he was free and even bold in drawing out a line of policy for others, as he was free in the direction of souls.

“When Propaganda proposed transferring me to Birmingham I opposed the measure, and wrote a letter in which I proposed that Dr. Grant should be placed there. When he heard of this he took alarm, and wrote me a letter, in which, with simple humility, he alleged reasons why he ought not to be placed in the episcopal office. And when

it was decided that he should form part of the new Hierarchy, Cardinal Barnabo, then Secretary of the Congregation, said : 'You would gain more by leaving him in Rome ; you will never have such an agent again : he has never misled us in a single case. When the Pope or Propaganda sees Grant's handwriting, they know that all is right and safe.'

"Look at the Diocese of Southwark as it was when he took it, and as it is now. Considering its own resources, it is wonderful what has been created, and what a spirit has been infused into that creation. All our really successful negotiations with Government for military chaplains, for mitigation of oppressive laws, for the navy, for work-houses, etc., etc., have been, directly or indirectly, by his action or his wisdom, accomplished through him. He was not only the light of our episcopal meetings, but the laborious drudge. He furnished knowledge and Roman as well as English experience, wrote our documents or directed their composition, and at times did both at once, never for a moment, all the time, losing the thread of the discussion ; and putting in a light now and then whilst still engaged on his papers, and on the papers of his next neighbour whom he was helping. Yet often this was done in a state of great and distressing suffering, which only those realised who were accustomed to watch him closely.

"I have seen him when inwardly writhing in corporal and mental sufferings, subjected, in the presence of his brother bishops, to sharp and harsh reproaches and rebukes, and when he had at that very moment in his pocket a letter from Rome justifying his proceeding and encouraging it. Yet all he did was to put his face in his hands and pray. When he was rebuked he suffered it, and opened not his mouth.

"I have heard him blamed for the excess of his charities, leaving himself nothing, and especially where the needs of

his priests were concerned. I believe that side of his character is not so widely known as it will become known, and that because he was secret in many good works. I recollect also that when employed by the bishops in drawing up this or that document, he quietly contrived (and he was ingenious in such things) to have his name effaced from the act. It will never be known in this world to how many persons, of all ranks and of many countries, he has been a light in darkness, a friend in need, or a guide in doubt.

“In the General Council all the English bishops were daily besieged with inquiries about him, and perhaps there was no other single bishop who was so widely and generally known by bishops of all nations, or of whom both as to sanctity, learning, and excellent practical sense, there was a higher opinion.

“Inquiries were so constant for him at the College, and his door so liable to be besieged by visitors longing once more to see him, that regulations had to be made even to keep the bishops away from his room. Yet even in his sick-chamber the knowledge of all that was going on reached him; for all were inclined to give him their confidence. He heard all, knew all, and said but little. But if he did speak, you were always surprised how much he did know.

“His method of doing everything without delay, and his power of summoning his whole will into his work, and of doing just the right thing as if by instinct, gave him a complete command of himself and of the minutes as they passed of every day and hour.

“His intellect was acute rather than broad, and his moral force (beyond his purity of heart) was not so much the outflow of a naturally large, genial, susceptible heart as it was the result of his unceasing habit of fidelity to prayer and to labour for God's sake. I remember once, when being

Rector of the Roman College, he was some time in getting a translation done for me. I pressed him to finish it ; he smiled, and said in his kindly way : " I will do it. You know, one can always get a thing done if one has courage to bring up the will to its work." The remark made on me a lasting impression, both for its value and for its revelation of his character. He brought up his will to the work until he became all will ; and that will overmastered a body that was for so many years both weak, and languid, and inexpressibly suffering.

"Some weeks ago he had a serious crisis, and discharged a considerable quantity of blood from the mouth. The cancerous formation had bled, and it even led to hopes that homœopathic medicines were working efficaciously. Some time afterwards he fainted in Cardinal di Luca's carriage whilst talking with his old friend. Yesterday he fell, cut his eye against some object, and again discharged blood. The night before he had given the Benediction in the church. He was at our table yesterday, entertaining us as usual, eating only in name, and looking like death.

"Last night, after the Benediction, he received Extreme Unction, and at one o'clock this morning he died ; being sensible and clear in mind almost to the last. A great example has gone from us when we most needed it—but God knows best."

Pope Honorius.

"Rome, July 15th, 1870. .

"What a controversy is still raging outside the Council about Pope Honorius ! It is, however, bringing the case out in a way much more satisfactory than it has ever stood before in modern times. My own study of the original documents satisfied me that he never taught heresy ; and an admirable article just come out in the *Civiltà Cattolica* plainly proves that he taught the sound doctrine on the

two wills, and clearly proves from his own words in full length, that what he repelled was the notion of contrary human wills in one in whom there was no sin. Thus he taught the divine and human operation in express words, but denied two human wills. Then he was vindicated by his immediate successor, John XIV., and by St. Maximus, his contemporary ; and by a Council in the Lateran composed of African as well as Italian bishops, and by the Pope who confirmed the Council of Constantinople that is said to have condemned him. Then there is the suspicion, dating from Baronius, that the documents are interpolated by Sergius, and the admission by Pyrrhus, the Monothelite successor of Sergius, that he had been misled by Sergius as to the heterodoxy of Honorius ; and we have the testimony of the secretary of Honorius (who drew out the documents in question, when after the death of Honorius, he was appealed to) that he had not denied the two operations or wills, in a heterodox sense, and sundry other testimonies of the time to his having maintained sound doctrine. Janus, Renouf, Gratry, and the Bishop of Orleans, are left nowhere by this recent article. Then Guéranger has published both a book and an article which are very able and convincing, though far behind the article in the *Civiltà*."

The Last Session.

"Rome, July 17th, 1870.

"The great Session is over. The Decree was voted by 533 *placets* to two *non placets*, amid a great storm. The lightning flashed into the Aula, the thunder rolled over the roof ; and glass was broken by the tempest in a window nearly over the Pontifical throne. After the votes were given the Pope confirmed it at once, and immediately there was great cheering and clapping from the bishops, and cheers from the body of St. Peter's. Then the *Te Deum* began, the thunder forming the diapason. . . .

"The war between the two greatest military powers in the world is stirring all Europe, and Heaven knows where or when it will end. In a few weeks there will be two millions of men under arms. We are to return here by St. Martin, the 11th of November, but by that time who knows what will be going on in Italy, or what may happen to suspend the Council. It is said that Prussia has offered to garrison Rome. But France is pledged to defend it. Of course, both belligerents are anxious to have a root in Italy."

Bishop Ullathorne returned to England towards the end of July, 1870, and on his arrival in London was seized with an attack of illness, the beginning of a malady which continued from that time to return at intervals, causing him severe physical suffering. It was not until the first week in September that he was able to report himself as convalescent. This caused some delay in the publication of a Letter addressed to his flock,* in which he announced "the Decree of the Vatican Council defining as of faith the doctrine of the infallible teaching of the Vicar of Christ." In this Letter, of which two editions were printed within a few months, whilst giving the whole history of the Council, he took occasion to dwell on "the order and dignity, the charity and spirit of brotherhood," which distinguished its members.

"Admiration (he says) was often expressed at the spectacle with which even the strongest diversity of opinion never interfered. 'And how could it be otherwise,' said a bishop in my hearing, 'seeing that every one here offers the Holy Sacrifice each morning, and assists at another Mass with his brethren in this place.'"

* It was published October 19th.

At the close of this Letter he printed a translation of the Decree, giving a clear explanation of its bearings, and showing "that if the formal definition of the Papal Infallibility is new, the doctrine is not new; that it is as old as the Christian religion, and has ever lived in the practical sense of the Church. To deny it *before* it was defined was considered as being near to heresy; to deny it *after* its definition is to fall into actual heresy."

He was still detained as an invalid at Broadstairs, whither he was sent by his physicians as soon as he was able to move, when the news reached him of the crisis which had so rapidly declared itself in the Franco-German War.

"September 5th, 1870.

"How wonderful is this collapse of the French army! MacMahon, after three days' fighting, could do nothing but surrender an army 80,000 strong! The Emperor, too, has surrendered. Paris is in revolution, and a Constituent Assembly will follow. Such a humiliation never before befel a great nation. Oh that France would only see the hand of God in this visitation; but the cry is for a Republic, and that means the Government of the lowest set of unbelievers. Poor France!"

By the end of September he was able to return to Birmingham, and at once resumed his ordinary labours. These included several visitations, and a little note has been preserved which shows that if illness had left its stamp on his bodily frame, it had in no degree impaired the vigour of his mind.

"November 29th, 1870.

"I concluded a visitation yesterday at Z——, where things

required a good deal of looking into. I concluded on Sunday night, *flogging them all round*, priests, men and women. I don't know how it is, but things and persons require a stronger hand than they used to do ; there is no governing with rose water in these days. My second pamphlet* on the Infallibility is printing. It is more original than the first, which, the Rector of the English College tells me, is well received at Rome."

When Christmas approached it brought him letters from a distant Religious Community, who expressed a fear lest his precarious state of health would render it very uncertain when they should again see him. He replies :

" Birmingham, December 23rd, 1870.

" My dear Children,

" There is no distance between those souls whose hearts are fixed in God. They meet in Him Who knows neither time nor space. And having always their minds upon Him, they are always meeting in the supreme fountain of life and charity. The most excellent way, then, of speaking to souls that are dear to us is to speak *for* them to God; and, somehow, these souls speak back again through Him to us.

" I come to you, then, dear children in God, asking Him to bless you with His Divine and eternal love. I contemplate your souls in God, growing sweet in love of Our Lord Incarnate ; bending down in lowly simplicity to receive His affectionate graces ; emulating in their poor little way His abnegation of the world into which He has come ; denying their lower desires after His pattern, fixing the will of their hearts on the will of God, after his example, as the summit of all desire.

* " The Accord of the Infallible Church with the Infallible Pontiff." This forms No. 10 of the Doctrinal Papers issued by the Catholic Truth Society.

“ God’s will is the law of all things, and God’s love is the mover of all things. To live is to ascend to Him, moved by His love, in the line of His Divine will. But all the ways of Our God are contrary to the ways of this fallen world ; and so as God has come down to seek us, we must go down—right down out of our self-conceit, that we may find Him. The mystery of Divine Love is the mystery of humble-heartedness ; and after this there can be nothing said except that these two qualities are inseparable ; and that if you will be generous with your humility, God will be generous with His love.

“ For all that God desires is to give you His great love, so that it may dwell in you and be the principle of your life and service ; and all that withstands God’s desire and His gift is the want of room for it, and for its free movement, when that room is taken up with yourselves and your little personal interests. *Vacate et videte*; empty yourself and see that the Lord is your God and your good.

“ If you see any one among you who is always cheerful, always content, always humble, always kind, and to whom all things come alike, it is because her heart is in God and not in herself. If you see anyone who is not only equable under all circumstances, and peaceful under all trials, but who is generous in all she does, it is because she works bravely with her beautiful gift of love, and does not limit her meditation or prayer by the notice bell. The sweet sounding voice within her is the call to prayer ; and when the sound of the voice of her Beloved is dull or distant, her want of it only urges her the more to pray. For she is then like the belated traveller dropped behind in the gloom by the dear companion who kept her up in heart ; and she hastens on with steadier speed to regain sight of Him Who gave her courage, and to get back again into His company. And the sweet use of this adversity is, by feeling what a poor little shivering thing you are without His conscious presence, to make you love Him all the more.”

CHAPTER XI.—1871, 1872.

HISTORY OF THE RESTORATION OF THE HIERARCHY.—DEATH OF MRS. AMHERST.—HALF JUBILEE OF THE BISHOP'S CONSECRATION. — SPIRITUAL LETTERS.—DEATH OF FATHER DUNNE AND BISHOP MORRIS.—AN EASTER LETTER.—DEATH OF MOTHER AGNES PHILIP MOORE.—CONSECRATION OF THE BISHOPS OF SALFORD AND AMYCLA.—SUFFERINGS OF THE CHURCH.

BISHOP ULLATHORNE'S pen was not long suffered to remain idle. As soon as he had completed his second pamphlet on the Infallibility, he set about drawing up a *History of the Restoration of the Hierarchy*, which was finished and actually published in the March of 1871. "My history of the Hierarchy," he says (March 21st), "will be out on Saturday. I have had so much writing for the Press of late that I am heartily glad to be rid of it." Nevertheless, a month later, he writes :

"May 3rd, 1871.

"You will be glad to know that I have taken the mass of MSS. for *the book* with me to Oscott, and made a start to-day, intending to go there and work at it from time to time. I wrote the title to-day, trimmed up the old dedication, and began the preface. *Qui incipit, dimidium facti habet*. Also I am getting in earnest about the Seminary, and think of calling in the architect to work out a plan with me, after fixing general ideas."

The death of the venerable Mrs. Amherst, of Kenilworth, which took place on the 4th of June, at the age of eighty-four, recalled to Bishop Ullathorne's mind his early connection with that lady, in the days when he was in charge of the mission of Coventry.

“ June 10th, 1871.

“ We buried Mrs. Amherst yesterday. She had chosen the churchyard for her body to repose in, but I ordered her to be buried in the church she had built. She wished her husband's body to be brought from Coventry, that they might be in one grave. I did not forget, in speaking of her, the services she had rendered to Mother Margaret's Community in its beginning. Father Jenkins pithily described her life to me in this sentence : ‘ Her life was hidden with Christ in God.’ I would sum it up in two words : ‘ Duty and Charity.’ ”

The 21st of June being the twenty-fifth anniversary of Bishop Ullathorne's consecration, was kept throughout the diocese as a joyful festival.

“ June 21st, 1871.

“ Though the post is gone, I must write to you on this day. You will have heard, I doubt not, how well all has gone : how many clergy were here, how all were open-hearted and happy with me ; how my table is piled with letters and my room filled with offerings. . . . The day was a great solemnity ; nearly a hundred priests were in the Cathedral ; the Mass *Pro Anniversario Consecrationis Episcopi* was chanted with full choir. The address, from the pen of Dr. Newman, illuminated at Stone, was read, and a costly gold chain and cross presented from the clergy. The *Te Deum* was sung, and about eighty priests afterwards dined with me. . . . The sacrifices of the

priests and the prayers of the Communities have been very numerous, and have been to me, and I hope to the diocese, a great spiritual blessing."

" Birmingham, June 25th, 1871.

". . . Your affectionate letter has come in time to be answered among the great pile on my table.

"The 21st was a very solemn day. Nearly a hundred priests around me, Mass of the Anniversary of Episcopal Consecration sung, the address, the reply, the rich offering of the clergy, the *Te Deum*, the dinner—from which we sent a telegram to the Pope—the countless Masses and prayers from priests and nuns—will, I trust, prove a blessing to the diocese, as well as a great charity to myself. I have been overwhelmed with kindness beyond all deserts ; but it proves that there is the blessing of unity in the diocese."

In another letter he says :

"Truly this festival has done me much spiritual good, and I think it has done good to all who assisted at it. As to the solemn function in the Cathedral, it was beautifully managed and devoutly carried out.

"I think dear Mother Margaret just arranged such a festival as she would have liked to have had had she been on earth ; and I told her so in ending my act of thanksgiving.

"You will find my reply to Dr. Newman's beautiful address (in which, however, a great deal too much is said in my favour) in to-morrow's Birmingham papers. There is a passage in it, in reply to what is said about my special care for nuns, to which you will not object.

"As I look on the broad vase of many-coloured flowers, green fringed, and spreading across the table, I think I see them all clustered together in that symbol of many loving

hearts united: some smiling in lighter tints of flame; some deeper in tone, as if the beauty came from the deeper red of the Passion; some white as snow in their purity; some a violet tone, as if more deeply engaged in penance; some white and red and crimsoned into a deep marone, as if shadowed by the eclipse of some passing trial; and the crowning centre flower is the firm sweet honey flower, round which the others are so arranged as to enhance the beauty that arises less from each separately taken than from the harmony resulting from the unity of the whole. How sweet an odour rises from the several contributions of these divers flowers combined together!

"I had only just returned from Scotland, where the Holy See had sent me on a special commission. What a magnificent city Edinburgh is, in site, buildings, and monuments! The site of Rome is nothing to it."

The passage in his reply to the address to which the Bishop refers above, was elicited by a notice of the fostering care he had ever bestowed on the Communities of Religious women committed to his charge; and a special allusion was made to the death of Mother Margaret, "that great and holy soul so long guided by your personal direction, and supported by your episcopal countenance." In his reply the Bishop said: "You have touchingly alluded to the special care I have devoted to the Religious Communities of this diocese. Here I confess you have touched a sensitive chord in my heart. If priests need both a firm and fatherly support from their bishops, how much more do those of the tender sex, who have left all things in this world for the love of God and the service of the poor, need such. They have no one to look to for protection and guidance except their bishop. And it is not every one who can understand the requirements of a life so singular and so supernatural. The secret of comprehending it is only to

be derived from a profound veneration for the religious character and self-devotedness with which their sublime vocation has endowed them. Hence you will find that the Church has in all ages attached the greatest importance to this function of the episcopal charge ; and that the most saintly prelates of the Church (amongst whom I cannot be numbered) have been the most conspicuous in their solicitous care for the spouses of Christ."

" August 16th, 1871.

" Turning over some old papers the other day I came upon a sentence I had jotted down, and which is noteworthy for its shrewd appreciation of human nature, though not for spiritual purposes. The original is quoted by Locke, from his friend, that strange being, the first Earl of Shaftesbury. He was wont to say that there were in every one two men, the wise 'man and the fool, and that each of them must be allowed his turn. If you would have the wise, the grave, the serious, always to rule and have the sway, the fool would grow so peevish and troublesome that he would put the wise man out of order, and make him fit for nothing : he must have his time for being let loose to follow his fancies and play his gambols if you would have your business go on smoothly. Moreover, he would say that wisdom lay in the heart, not in the head ; and that it was not the want of knowledge, but the perversity of the will that filled men's actions with folly, and their lives with disorder.' This is truth from the lips of Balaam."

" October 27th, 1871.

" At intervals I am making studies to write, as a preliminary for *the book*, a first part, an analysis of the human soul, of its powers and relations with the senses and imagination. There must be chapters on the memory, the understanding and the will, the imagination, and the

passions, as necessary knowledge for those who really wish to understand themselves, to know God through themselves, and to facilitate self-management. Without something of this sort, to write on virtues and vices is like writing on a language without grammar or syntax. Still it must be simple, and tend to raise the mind to God. But constant interruptions won't let me get on, the materials are in the mind and out again. St. Austin, St. Thomas, St. Bonaventure, Bossuet, and Fénelon, have all done this admirably, each in his own way ; but the books are read and get shut up, and there is all to begin over again. Still I hope some day to succeed and make it simple for ordinary readers who choose to think ; and that it will be truly valuable for intelligent, religious souls."

"December 7th, 1871.

"It is extraordinary how men are talking out among one another even here in Birmingham, that there is nothing left but the world, or the Catholic religion. They are so completely giving up the Bible as a guide. And now the Education League are giving up their scheme of having the Bible read in the Board schools. Then these men hear that the Catholic religion is making head in America, which is the great political model now held up, and this perplexes them. We have a very grave future before us, that is certain, and conflicts such as the world has not yet seen.

"Happy those who cleave to God alone. The world is everywhere confessing its weariness, coming to the lees of a long fermentation. Novelty is on all sides exhausted, yet with intense thirst for change."

"January 31st, 1872.

"We buried Mr. Dunne* yesterday at Walsall. At

* The Rev. J. Dunne was the first priest at St. Patrick's, Walsall. He died in the prime of life, worn out, as it was thought, by his arduous labours, which won him the devoted affection of his people.

the first words spoken in the church the people burst out into such a wailing, and sobbing, and weeping aloud, that I was obliged to change the drift of what I had to say. The children, shut up in the school until the procession began to move to the cemetery, could not be quieted. Ten thousand people followed him to the grave, of all creeds, amidst the mud and rain, and cried all through the town. People of all classes talk of their loss, and say he was half the police of the town. To me his loss is irreparable."

On the 22nd of February he preached at the *Requiem* of Bishop Morris, of Troy.

"February 19th, 1872.

"Bishop Morris* is dead. He arrived at Liverpool to preach, with gout in his head and body; but his idea of keeping his engagement overruled all expostulation. When speaking at the dinner he wept at the idea he would never see us again. He was really in a lamentable condition, but would go all the way to London next day, was taken with paralysis before reaching Crewe, arrived in London insensible, was taken home, and received the last Sacraments. His one dominant thought through life was to do all he had promised, regardless of obstacles. I have to preach at the *Requiem*."

Bishop Ullathorne during his long career had become acquainted with many of the celebrities of the last generation, or their contemporaries, his recollections concerning

*The Right Rev. William Placid Morris, O.S.B., was born in 1794, consecrated Bishop of Troy and appointed Visitor to the Mauritius in 1832. From this office he retired in 1841, and returning to England filled the post of chaplain to the Convent of the Sacré Cœur, Southampton, up to the time of his death, which took place on the 11th of February, 1872. During the Archiepiscopacy of Cardinal Wiseman he acted, practically, as his Auxiliary.

whom occasionally find a place in his letters. The following letter addressed to the author of the *Life of Bishop Doyle*,* the well-known J. K. L., contain some anecdotes of that great man communicated to him at the period of his visit to Ireland in 1838, which he has so graphically described in his *Autobiography*.

To W. J. Fitzpatrick, Esq.

“ Dear Sir,

“ I did not recollect, when I received your first letter and answered it, that I was in correspondence with the author of the *Life of Lord Cloncurry*, a work so deservedly esteemed. Your last kind note has awakened recollection of a few anecdotes of Bishop Doyle. Everything about him interested me ; for his writings were my delight when a divinity student. I admired their aptness, fulness, solidity, and classic finish, and the scholarship they revealed. When in Australia, I sent for a complete collection of them, but they never reached me. In my visits to Ireland, I used to delight to hear Bishop Kinshella and Richard Coyne, the bookseller, both of them Bishop Doyle's intimate friends, speak of him. They are both gone, but their surviving friends must recollect a good deal of their talk about him. Much has faded from my memory.

“ When Dr. Doyle exhausted himself with labour and reading, and got quite prostrate, Dr. Kinshella would carry him off to his house, take all books and work from him, and leave him quiet to recover himself. And Dr. Doyle has exclaimed : ‘ Give me something to do. I don't ask for a Father of the Church ; but give me something for the love of God, if it were only the pagan Tacitus.’

* Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick, author of *The Life, Times, and Contemporaries of Lord Cloncurry*; *The Life, Times, and Correspondence of the Right Rev. Dr. Doyle, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin*; etc., etc.

"When Bishop Kinshella was consecrated, amongst other advice Dr. Doyle said: 'When you act as a bishop, be always in the right and stand to it.' 'But what if I be in the wrong?' 'No matter, be always in the right.'

"I forget who told me the next anecdotes, I have an impression it was O'Connell.

"When Horgan's statue of him was exhibited, Lord Anglesey and a party from the Castle were examining it. One of the party said: 'I never remember seeing Dr. Doyle in that remarkable position.' 'I remember it well,' replied Lord Anglesey.' 'When he was giving evidence before a Committee in the Lords, a peer put a question to him which touched on the Catholic doctrines; and he threw up his arm just in that commanding way, and said: "I did not think there was a British peer so ignorant as to ask such a question.'"

"Richard Coyne told me he was once dining at Maynooth, when the bishops were assembled, and he told this anecdote of Bishop Milner. Coyne had paid the Bishop his usual visit at Wolverhampton on his way to London, and in the morning the Bishop said: 'Now, Mr. Coyne, I am going to say Mass: you need not come down to the chapel.' And opening a door in the wall he said: 'Here is a little tribune opening on to the chapel where I say my prayers.' Coyne found on the Bishop's kneeling-place a *Following of Christ*, a *Think well on't*, and a *Garden of the Soul*, all worn and blackened with the Bishop's thumb-marks. When Dr. Doyle heard this, a tear burst into his eyes and he exclaimed: 'That gives me a greater idea of Dr. Milner than his *End of Controversy* and all he has ever written; that he should constantly nourish his soul with those simple, but solid, manuals of the people.'

"Dr. Doyle used to take up his quarters with Coyne when he came to Dublin. One day Dr. Magee, the Protestant Archbishop, called at his private door. Coyne

happened to go to it. Dr. Magee said : 'Give my card to Dr. Doyle ; you need not mention to anyone that I called.' Coyne knew his man, and throwing himself back with a look of indignation, he said : 'Who are *you*, Sir?' Magee made a confused half apology ; but when he next met Dr. Doyle, he said : 'Yours is the prince of booksellers,' and told the anecdote.

"Another trait of Dr. Doyle has stuck in my mind for many years. He was challenged to public disputation by one of the itinerant biblicals who in those days vexed the land. Dr. Doyle's answer was brief, and appeared in the papers. Its pith lay in a quotation from Scripture. After a remark on the disputatious spirit of his opponent, which I do not recollect, he simply advised him to indulge his taste elsewhere : 'We have no such custom, nor the Church of God.'

"I remember hearing the Commandant of Norfolk Island telling the anecdote at his table how he and a party went to hear Dr. Doyle address a multitude of poor people who had been causing a commotion in some political trouble ; I forget whether it was occasioned by Ribbonism or by what secret society. He spoke of the way they were struck by the extraordinary effect of his first words : 'Children, I am not well pleased with you.' All burst out weeping, and wept to the end of one of the most touching and remarkable discourses these gentlemen had ever heard.

"You, of course, know of the extraordinary impression he produced when examined before Parliament about tithes. How he gave his evidence straight on, without waiting to be questioned, and ended by declaring that he would allow his last chair to be seized before he would pay them.

"You know also the anecdote, rife at the time (I know not on what authority), when O'Connell and he and others were examined on the question of Emancipation ; and when,

as it was said, one distinguished peer said to another, after his examination, that Dr. Doyle as far surpassed O'Connell as O'Connell surpassed other men.

"These anecdotes may be of no great value, except as strokes of character, or clues for inquiry; but such as I recollect them, I send them.

"No man's signature was looked for so eagerly amongst English Catholics in my younger days as that of J. K. L. ; and the debates and journals of the period show their effect upon the Protestant world."

In an Easter-tide letter, dated March 28th, 1872, addressed to a Community whose saintly Prioress then lay dying amid great suffering, long and patiently borne, he writes as follows :

"The triumphal entry into Jerusalem on Palm Sunday was on the people's part the confession of the Son of David and the Son of God ; on the part of Our Lord it was the entrance through death to the resurrection.

"But the world which proclaimed him Son of David and King of Life soon after exclaimed, 'We will have no king but Cæsar' ; the world which strewed its garments before Him in token of subjection to His dominion, soon after stripped Him of His own garments ; the world that presented Him with the palm of victory, soon twisted the thorny crown about His head. They exalted Him to Heaven, and then they lifted Him on the Cross.

"But a more sincere reception awaited Him on His arrival at the Temple. There the children cried out, 'Hosanna to the Son of David.' And the chief priests, moved with indignation, said to Him, 'Hearest Thou what they say' ? And He replied, 'Yea, have ye never heard, out of the mouths of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise.' Who were these children whose praise God

had made perfect? Tradition tells us they were the virgins consecrated to God who did the needlework and embroidery for the Temple, and that when the Blessed Virgin was amongst them they embroidered a new curtain for the Holy of Holies. Youths likewise, who like Samuel, served the priests, having been brought up in the subterranean structures under the Temple—the reason for it going back to the time when the mothers of Israel brought up their children in caves to save them from Pharaoh. These served God and knew Him when He came, and gave Him perfect praise, and took no part in the immolation or the cries that lay the Lamb of God bleeding on the ignominious Cross. And this is your happy call, together with the youths and virgins of the Temple, to honour and praise the Lamb, and not to wound Him even in your thoughts.

“Rejoice, then, that Christ has risen; rejoice that you are risen too; see that the grave of selfishness hold you not buried in yourselves; that the veil of self-judgment be not wrapped about your head; that the winding-sheet of self-will be not tightened about your heart; that the chill of pride be cast forth out of your breast; that Christ arisen be risen there in your heart of hearts, to live and animate you with an ever-growing life. Our Lord has said, ‘He who would find his life shall lose it.’ You know this sum of wisdom. You have seen Him lose His life, and you have seen Him find it again; the labour is to lose it, the joy to find it afterwards. The glorious resurrection comes of great and patient labour through self-renunciation; then nature, purified and nourished with the vital blood of Christ, will arise and rejoice for ever.

“When your dear and faithful Sisters sicken towards death you see how conscious they are of approaching to life. They grow in peace and tranquillity amidst their sufferings; for Our Lord rewards their faithfulness to rule and discipline by giving them—some more, some less, yet to all

a share, in His Passion and Cross—of the virtues of the Cross, of humility, hope, and love, so that as they near death they feel themselves nearing to life. And so, losing their life, they find it. The glorious light of the resurrection gleams through the clouds, and mingles with the shadows of the receding world.

“ This is the privilege and beginning of reward of those who belong to Christ risen, both by promise and performance. Bearing the Cross, truly it is behind them, and the resurrection is before them : it is sweet and light for the very reason that the light of the resurrection shines upon the Cross since the time that Our Lord descended from it, and placed all his true children on it. For you are not merely the children of the Cross, but children of the grace and life that come by the Cross, and that descend from Heaven by the path on which Christ Our Lord ascended.”

To the Superioress of the Congregation whose members were then in deep affliction, as they waited day by day for the departure of one so much and deservedly loved, he wrote a few days later :

“ March 31st, 1872.

“ All the notes from all the Communities received to-day dwell on two things only : the loss of dear Mother Prioress, and the loss and trial to you. They are all thinking and with all their hearts on you both, but more on you, evidently thinking that for her is all the gain.

“ This is so much my own thought too that I feel a strong impulse to write to you what is in my heart. If it please God, as seems likely, to take this dear and precious soul from you, depend upon it the Congregation will be strengthened, and not weakened by it. How this is to come about one does not see ; the trial is part of the strengthening, but come it will. You will have help as

heretofore in unexpected ways. This is the mystery of the Cross always. Where would have been the Church if Our Lord had not died? And how would the power of the Holy Ghost have come? If your best go, it is to do a better work for you, and to get you more of the best.

“Meanwhile, the suffering that is sanctifying one is sanctifying all. And others will come out to be your help and support. You are getting rich in having these good and crucified souls with God.

“Your own faith and confidence in God’s holy will and in His care of you are so real that you will feel all this in the depth of your soul, even though you are tried in your sisterly love as well as your care and solicitude.”

The holy Religious of whom he here wrote, and who was passing away amid long and protracted sufferings, was Mother Agnes Philip Moore, Prioress of St. Dominic’s Convent, Stone, and sister to the Bishop’s dear and valued friend, Dr. John Moore, formerly President of Oscott. She expired on the 24th of April.

“April 25th, 1872.

“I have just received your telegram. *Requiescat in pace.* This dear soul must have had the protection of the Saints of the Order; and our Divine Lord has taken her to Himself after the purgation. It is a sign of special love to have had such a purgation. You have now one bright example more among the first Sisters of the Congregation whose memory will be in benediction, whose example will be a light, whose prayers will be a help to all future Superiors as well as subjects. Thus you get enriched and deepen your foundations. May Our Lord bless and console you and all the Sisters, who feel the loss and separation; and send you in her place the same spirit of wise counsel and solid example!”

Among the scanty works from the Bishop's pen which appeared this year was his *Report on the Ecclesiastical Law Respecting the Dowries of Religious Women*, which was drawn up at the request of his brother bishops, and presented to the Episcopal Meeting in May. It so happened that a very considerable portion of his attention was this year taken up with affairs connected with the Religious Communities of his diocese. The generosity with which he placed his experience at their disposal earned from them a well-deserved gratitude; but it made formidable demands on his time, to which fact he thus humorously alludes :

“ May 21st, 1872.

“ I have at this moment three Communities at a crisis, all of whose several Constitutions and observances have to be recast. Thus I have my hands full of the *devotus femineus serus*, about as teasing a thing as a mortal man can have to deal with. It pathetically brings to one's conviction how little of fable there was in the history of the man who tried to please everybody in the management of that animal which carried the prophet Balaam.”

Those, however, for whom he thus unselfishly laboured knew well that his devotion to their interests was never grudgingly bestowed. And in his intercourse with these Communities how many a wise maxim dropped from his lips or his pen, worthy to be laid up among the solid principles of government. Here is one of these maxims :

“ When you have settled to the satisfaction of your mind what seems the best course to take, *shut up thinking and feeling, and act*. A maxim of Sixtus Quintus in Baron Hügel's life of him is very valuable for Superiors : ‘ Until you cease thinking you never proceed to action.’ The whole of his body of instructions drawn up for his young

nephew, Cardinal Montalto, are wonderfully shrewd. But there is a pith of truth in this short sentence that is wonderfully apt. God blesses you in many ways, and you ought to live in an atmosphere of gratitude. What a contrast your life presents to the seething, troubled, discontented world around it! It is like a little rock in the midst of the restless, turbid sea; and on that rock I see a tranquil light to which one little bark steered after another, finds rest from the roaring tempest. Inside the rocks is a little haven with a narrow entrance; and within the haven tranquillity and peace."

In the following letter to a newly-elected Prioress there occur some more of his wise, practical maxims. After speaking of the value, specially in superiority, of the habit of patience, he continues:

"The enemy of that grand central habit of interior patience is *haste*: haste of thought, haste of judgment, haste of will, haste of manner, haste of speech. Nature moves fast; grace proceeds with tranquil deliberation. It runs not before light, but walks deliberately after it. It moves not on quick impulse, but waits on intention. This is what Father Faber meant when he said that perfection consisted in walking slowly. It is the exterior habit of serene, deliberateness. When we try for a few hours this internal discipline of patiently and more slowly walking after light we discover the hurry of our nature, and how that hurry is losing us our perfection. Hurry is impulse, not reason, and it baffles the work of grace. I have often been struck by the calm, slow, deliberate, immovable bearing of the picked men of the great Religious Orders in Rome. Nothing moves their serene, steady, and almost naturalised patience and serenity. The result of this is a very collected and equable bearing. It is the *forma facti gregis ex animo* of

St. Peter.* No doubt before that was gained a vigilant watch over exterior control was exerted, and worked towards the interior, as the interior worked out into the exterior. No doubt at all but that checks given to the exterior are truly interior acts, and checks of a vivid nature given by one interior faculty to another, grace being the moving power. And then do even natural powers of every kind become true strength when they work submissively and harmoniously under the direction of Divine light and the movement of Divine grace. . . . True self-discipline is uniform subjection throughout the soul and the nature, in patience, humility, and love to the Divine dominion, harmonising the whole exterior and interior to the accords of the Holy Spirit; subjecting our haste to His measure of time, our self-judgment to His judgment, our self-will to His inspirations, the notes of our voice to His sweetness, the movements of our frame to His attractions in the heart. Then religious life is a measure of Divine music, so sweet and melodious that small discords and defects in the measure of time become great and intolerable even to our own sense.

“What comes of this harmony with the movements of the Holy Ghost is freedom from nature, and with freedom a beautiful simplicity, which in our Blessed Lord and the Blessed Virgin, and the great Saints, made the forces of nature so calm, equable, and peaceful, and wins all hearts to the charity of God.”

On the 28th of October he preached a sermon at the consecration of the Bishops of Salford and Amycla.

“October 25th, 1872.

“I am working at a consecration sermon, and have to preach in Salford Cathedral the night before; and I confess myself fatigued.”

* 1 Peter v. 3.

The sermon is a compendium of a bishop's life and duties, and is printed in the volume of his *Ecclesiastical Discourses*. In this sermon, after pointing out the difference in the position of an English bishop of the nineteenth century to that occupied by the prelates of older time, he speaks of them as in some sort representing the prophetic character of Christ.

“Never were the bishops of the Church placed in a better position for the exercise of this office. . . . If ever a Catholic bishop was strong, he is strong in this hour of the Church's history. He is strong because he is free ; because he lives a simple, frugal life ; because he is a bishop, and nothing but a bishop, strong in the vivid consciousness of his high office. He is strong in the affections of his people, of a people who hold the faith with loss of advantage in this world, that makes the representation of that faith all the dearer to their souls. And he is vigorously strong because more closely united than ever with the Apostolic Chair. Such is the Catholic bishop of this nineteenth century.”

His Christmas letters bear evidence of the deep solicitude with which he followed the sufferings of the Church, and of her Head.

“December 24th, 1872.

“I always turn to you with consolation on these great festivals of the Church ; for I know that on them, through the Divine grace, you rise out of human frailty to honour God according to your best. And never was homage of souls more demanded than in this saddest hour of the Church. The Pope's Allocution of the 23rd inst. has portrayed the condition of things in brief, but searching words. The whole world is going mad against Christ and against

His Church. The evil one prevails ; every word of God is tortured into a lie. The kingdom of the devil is raging and fighting with every sort of weapon, crafty as well as open, against the Lord, and against His Anointed. All the powers of the world, of the sword, and of the pen fight against the Church, from Russia to Constantinople, from England to Japan. And beneath all these is working the human combination with the infernal conspiracy. All the States are labouring blindly or with open eyes to establish a gulf of separation between the world and God, to take possession of the souls of men and children, and to make the State their divinity, as in the old pagan times. Unbelief is looked to as the best condition of humanity, and the guarantee of its future well-being. As to religious life, it is everywhere being driven from its beautiful homes.

“ Happy they who have still a resting-place ; happy they who can still give their supreme homage to God, without incurring desolation as their punishment from man. Happy those few peaceful spots where the peace of God and society in Him still reigns. Happy they who know this happiness.

“ It is the Divine mystery of the Incarnation itself, the unfathomable wonderwork of the prime goodness and mercy that is assailed in all this human wickedness ; the mystery in itself, or the mystery in its fruits. Man will not have God to dwell within him. It is too deeply wounding to the success of his pride, too deeply condemnatory of his detestable egotism.

“ How God must love humility, simplicity, obedience, and charity ; not only because they are the work in souls of His Incarnate Son, but also because they are more rare and precious in the world than the rarest jewels.

“ To wish you a happy Christmas in God is to wish you a close union with Our Lord Incarnate ; to wish you a happy Christmas on the side of this world would be a

contradiction of the former wish, unless this night the world change by miracle. Lovers of God, you must of necessity be holy mourners over the world. Your happiness is that through God's great mercy you are no part of it."

CHAPTER XII.

LETTERS TO VARIOUS RELIGIOUS COMMUNITIES.

WE purpose in the present chapter to give a selection of Bishop Ullathorne's letters to various Religious Communities, without regard to their precise order or date. Some, indeed, have come into our hands without any date ; but the circumstance is of little consequence, as the value of these letters will be found to consist less in their connection with the life of the writer than in the principles of spiritual direction which they contain.*

To a Religious of the Visitation, on her half Jubilee.

" Birmingham, January 11th, 1848.

" Dear Rev. Mother,

" Much joy and grace to you in the midst of the way ; the half way must be the Feast of *Lætare*, at least half the path of hope gone over, if not the full possession reached. May you reach the full Advent and then see Christ openly. Twenty-five years of darkness and of light, of fears, hopes, and joys, with all their strivings, are now but this one day. For whatever this day possesses is the fruit, the rest is gone. The mortal sorrows are over. The good that has been won remains. The habits have gathered their forces for what is still to come ; a summit is reached, the straight road lies before you ; experience of God's ways, as they strive with

* If one or two of these letters would seem to have been better given at an earlier page, it may be explained that they were received too late to insert in their proper chronological order.

our own, is a growing light, St. Francis and St. Jane,* and other Saints innumerable of their company, show the way ; there are mountains yet to ascend by vigorous steps, there are valleys to go down by hearty demission ; on those hills are light, in those valleys lie shadows of obscurity ; now faith and constancy, now knowledge made certain by the inward sight and sense of God, now patience, brave perseverance, much invocation for help, holy confidence and much faith in the God with us, and another half Jubilee shall shine forth, a full and perfect day. What matters it by how many years the distance is measured ; time is but the measure of our acts, and Wisdom says that immaculate life is age of years, and that the sense of God is ripeness of life.† Some have won an eternal Jubilee in a few years, some in a few days, some even in a few hours. What a Jubilee is that of those who have carried the spirit of those few hours through fifty years ! It is ten thousand martyrdoms of charity in one soul. Now, my dear Sister in Christ, this is but a grotesque congratulation for this solemn day of joy, like our poor nature made grotesque by the devil until Christ took it all to Himself, to make it an occasion to remind you that mere time is nothing but a measure, but that our acts are our life, that our real life, that by which Jubilees are measured in Heaven, where they have no sense of time, consists of our acts in God. Half a degree more of ascent in God, from out of ourselves, is another half Jubilee. Whilst, therefore, I congratulate you both heartily and affectionately on your half Jubilee of time in religion, and in separation from this world, which as you have never of deliberate purpose interrupted or recalled it, cannot but have been pleasing to God, I give you a good hint how you may soon reach new half Jubilees, and even whole ones, without waiting till you can count the years on your fingers.

* St. Francis of Sales and St. Jane Frances de Chantal, founders of the Visitation.

† Wis. iv. 8-9.

But really the best Jubilee is to forget all about years which hang many conceits upon our nature, about *our* experience, *our* standing, etc., etc., and just to be as if there were no years at all, mere children in first and second childhood, always beginning and ending life, with only eternity to look at, just as when we first went out we looked at the endless blue sky and forgot the earth. We are such little simple children at any age when we only see God and His eternity. May you always have the wisdom of a child who looks upon God and forgets itself! There really is no other. So with childish heart of Jubilee, sing Jubilee to God our salvation. Sing Jubilee for mercies given; sing Jubilee for pardon shown; sing Jubilee to God, your protector; sing Jubilee to your Lord, Who for twenty-five years has dwelt with you in one house; sing Jubilee to the Spouse who for twenty-five years has dwelt with you in one heart. Oh angels who dwell with Him, sing Jubilee! Oh Spouses of Christ, sing Jubilee! Oh life of my soul, sing Jubilee! The song of love is the song of Jubilee; let thy child be the child of Jubilee! For ever Thy Saints, sing Jubilee. Let the sweetness of Thy love so fill my soul that I may nothing more wish than to sing Thy eternal Jubilee.

“My dear Sister in Christ, may you be a child of everlasting Jubilee, and may all your Sisters still sing with you in the choir of Heaven a like song of jubilant praise.”

To a Religious on her Profession.

“Birmingham, February 23rd, 1849.

“I was very much gratified to hear of your progress in religious life, and of the approach of your sacred profession, and only regret that, owing to circumstances, I shall not be able to show my respect for you and my interest in your welfare by being present on the occasion of your happiness. I thank you for the offering enclosed in your letter; it shall pay for a very beautiful *morse* I have just had

made to clasp the cope which I intend to use at Confirmations, and will thus take the shape of a memorial which will be frequently before my sight on the most solemn occasions, having enamelled upon it the Crucifixion, Mary and John, and four angels in gold upon a ground of green and purple.

“What can I say to you, my dear Sister in Christ, but that making the entire oblation of yourself to that God Who has given Himself all for you, and has resisted and destroyed your enemies with suffering, and bought your vocation with the Blood of His Body, that you should give Him your body for mortification, your soul for obedience, and your heart for love. That what you begin in vows you should realise in acts, and make your entire life one act of sacrifice of which your sacred profession is but the commencement and the promise, and your death the conclusion and finish, as Christ Himself did.

“Habitual, prompt, and constant obedience of heart with submission of judgment ; the first, the death of the flesh of the old Adam ; the last, the death of his spirit ; the whole, the life of the new Adam, Who is Christ. The means are constant recollection of heart in your works, humility and fervour of heart in your prayers ; the continual communion of the heart with Christ in habitual recollection of His living with you not broken off or dissipated by your outward occupations. This exercise is weariness to the flesh and peace to the Spirit. The Holy Spirit dwells plentifully in the midst of such constant exercise, and it is a sign of predestination, ‘the testimony that we are the children of God, and have a joint inheritance with Christ.’ When you approach profession you claim by right of Divine vocation the privilege of being made a Saint of that sanctity which is grounded on the Beatitudes, and have outward means and inward grace of all kinds given you for that purpose. You must pay the price, and in the short interval

of life this will be done. Now the price is your own spirit, which you must at once and for ever give away ; and your own flesh, which you must surrender up to be discomfited. In other words, the will of nature must die now once and for all time to come.

“ ‘ When thou wast young thou didst gird thyself, and went wherever thou wouldest, but now another shall bind thee, and thou shalt go where thy nature wouldest not ’ (St. John xxi. 18). What Our Lord said to Peter, he says to you.

“ Beware, my dear Sister, lest nature should cheat grace by taking these sublime truths up into the fancy in such a way, that having them in our minds we should by a common self-deception conclude that because we have the thoughts before us we have the act in our lives which these thoughts represent ; you who hear these things, blessed are you if you *do* them. Real prayer of the heart is the security for right action, for then the charity of Christ, brought into us by prayer, *urges* us and presses us on, as St. Paul says, to act. But the spirit of prayer is only nourished by habitual recollection ; and the main reason why many Religious become not Saints is because when at their daily occupations their hearts strive not to keep up recollection. They do not pay the price of their sanctification, the tired spirit falling back upon the cushion of tired and complaining flesh. And thus these two, which Our Lord came to set at enmity, become fast friends, and our sanctification is given up. Your views of things when you first entered seem now to you the views of a child. Proceed, then, my dear Sister, with your interior novitiate, that which God gives to those He calls to the higher interior life, after you have finished your exterior one ; and later on it will seem to you that even at your profession you still ‘ thought but as a child and felt as a child ’ ; for it is wonderful how a soul grows which strikes but a simple root deep downwards into humility.

"I will say Mass for you on the day of your professsion if you will kindly mention it, as I have not preserved the letter in which it is recorded. I have a bad memory for times and seasons."

On Spiritual darkness.

"I do not see that I can say anything better to you than that you *persevere* with courage in the way on which you are placed. God will make it more light as time goes on. You have a secret internal support in your soul, and to this you must firmly hold. The darkness which, like the black curtain of your choir, hangs before you, is in your sensible nature, which is so far crucified by it, just as the eyesight is arrested and denied by that curtain from penetrating with clearness into the sanctuary. But the sanctuary is there, and you have obscure glimpses of its presence. And so is God with you. Hold by faith and by the will, not by sense or sight. Long and faithful adherence to this state of crucified sensibilities is what Our Lord often exacts before He gives clearness to the spiritual sense and the tide of consolation. And blind adhesion to Him is a very safe state to persevere in. In it the spirit crucifies sense; in it is learnt the nothingness of nature, and the opposition to God of the poor fallen creature. In it the great price with which we are bought, and the great labours by which we are purified, is understood.

"The Holy Spirit has given you a form of prayer which surpasses all that the soul can ask or have in time of eternity. It is one desire and one petition in a threefold form, *Vivat Jesus in me*. It is St. Paul's, 'Let me live no more, but Christ live in me.' It will give you both light, guidance, and firmness. You can continue your method of prayer and follow your attraction; more solicitous to make your Lord the object of your mind than yourself, and considering yourself in God more than in yourself.

For the moment we look at ourselves as abstract from God, we vanish in our thoughts, and find no rest for the footing of our soul. When trial and weariness oppress we must not fall back upon ourselves, for this is to get entangled in the meshes of our nature, and to find all sorts of suggestions from it to discouragement. Then we must lift our eyes to the mountain of our help and hold fast to God."

"Bishop's House, July 2nd, 1855.

"My dear Child in Christ,

"I received your letter at a time when I could not well attend to it.

"Our Lord has given you relief, light, and repose. Receive it with gratitude, and follow it with fidelity.

"All may be summed up in one word. Follow your attraction ; for your attraction is of God.

"After the long labour of striving by patient adherence to your Heavenly Spouse in the dark region of faith, to hold by His purifying love, you will naturally be somewhat fearful of having your will dissipated in the light of consolation, and you will miss something of that sense of internal effort, and so will feel as if you were not striving so much after God. But when God pleases to act in you it is not for you to make endeavours so much as to leave God to work, and to receive His light with gratitude. Have no fears, but adhere with simplicity to the goodness of your Lord, and cleave with all your soul to His Divine attractions. He has been teaching you a long lesson of detachment. He is now teaching you that He is near at hand and present in your soul, and that when He so pleases He can take the labour of your soul upon Himself, and that nothing is easier to Him than to do so. You have rightly understood, then, what Our Lord wills ; that you are, in all simplicity and with entire singleness of heart, to resign yourself to follow His Divine attraction.

“It is quite true that sometimes a good deal is lost of what has been gained in the trials of patience, when the pressure of trial is removed, by a sort of interior dissipation, an over activity of Nature in her recovered freedom. But I think you understand this, and fear it, and that this is the real point of your letter. And so you may put away your fear, which is itself a distracting thing, and faithfully follow where Our Lord attracts you. Receive what He gives, and return Him yourself by oblation, and the interior and tranquil surrender of yourself up to His Divine calling. Fear not to use aspirations when you feel attracted to make them, and to be silent and to move only with the substance of grace when you have power so to do. And pray for the conversion of souls. For this is Our Lord's great work in which He would have His Spouses to co-operate.

“You see I have done little more than reflect your own impression of what Our Lord requires of you. For He is the true interior teacher. Put away, then, all fears. Follow faithfully and freely after His attractions, and all will be well.”

“Bishop's House, January 25th, 1856.

“My dear Child in Christ,

“I sympathise in all your interior pains and trials, in this your life of purgation. Yet what is it but the love of God which makes you fear? What is it but the love of God which draws your heart to Him in the Blessed Sacrament? What is it but the love of God which makes you dread your senses? What is it but the love of God which makes you comprehend that God is *all*, and the creature *nothing* without God? What is it but God Who impresses that sense of Himself upon you? What is it but the power of His Divine Majesty which makes every sense except the sense of God a torment?

“And if there is much sense in you which has not the

sense of God, that sense is tormented because there is a sense of God which, by the contrast, torments that sense which has not as yet received the full sense of God.

"That tormented sense is suffering because it is not sufficiently crucified and denuded as yet to receive the full and tranquil sense of God. The interior purgation must go on until God finds unopposed rest and gives you rest through all your soul.

"You must ask yourself, my dear child, whether when in that 'wretched, restless state,' you make faithful acts of love, of the love of goodwill, when you have no conscious and sensible love? Your own sense and feeling of the interior state of the relation of your will towards God is no guide as to the real disposition of your will, but only a guide to your native nothingness as a creature. But you must not so dwell in the sense of your nothingness as not to ascend by the action of your will and desire towards your God, in Whom is all things.

"When you have felt your own nothingness, and have humbled yourself in the sense of that nothingness in the beginning of prayer, you must not remain a prey, as it were, to your sense of your own misery; you must not remain to be passively and helplessly moved about by the fear and discouragement which a sight of your own weak nature alone will inspire. But you must rise by an effort of your will—however blind, heavy, and obscured it may seem—towards the ever present source and fountain of all good. You must turn your will, and if it requires that aid, by expressed aspirations of faith, of love, of confidence, towards your God. Towards your God as He is truly with you, as you know by faith He is with you, whatever the voice of your nature may seem to say. You must, by that blind interior effort of your will, 'seek God, seek His face evermore.' Seek Him in the darkness. Believe He is there, even when you do not see Him and do not feel His

presence. Rise above your fears, rise above your troubles, and that with the central force of your soul, and listen to no voice that would divert you from this exercise. God will help that tranquil and patient effort. You know the great maxim of St. Francis, that you are never to look too long on yourself without looking towards God. By a pure act of the will, then, disregarding everything that is passing within you, whatever it may be, however dry and blind the act may seem, tend and strive, act after act of your will, towards God. And whatever you may feel or fancy, that is the truest love, and will master much weakness and many fears, and will secretly refresh you with new grace.

"If I do not, as you request, point out particular chapters in *St. John of the Cross*, I would have you to mark yourself what best suits you. For in doing so you will have the Holy Spirit for your guide. But do not fear to make acts of faith, and of love, and of confidence from the centre of your will at any time and at all times, and despite of every fear, even when it seems like the act of some poor fool who acts without either sense or reason. This is to serve God with the pure will.

"And so may God bless and sanctify you.

"I remain, my dear Child in Christ,

"Yours faithfully in Christ,

"✠ W. B. ULLATHORNE."

"Bishop's House, October 9th, 1856.

"My dear Sister in Christ,

"Along with your letter I read the chapter in *St. John of the Cross*, as you thought that in part reflected your state.

"This desire to love God and to adhere to Him alone is the love of God, though without any clear sense that it is so. And these suggestions to distract yourself from holding to this desire is the work of wearied and discon-

tented nature, which likes not to be left unsatisfied. Those fears, doubts, and perplexities arise from this, that God is pleased to 'draw you by the will, and not by the understanding. And this solicitation of your will alone, to adhere to God patiently, submissively, and perseveringly, is the indication of what God requires of you. The will is the whole man, and draws after it every other power and faculty, however reluctant to follow. The labour you suffer in adhering to God is this reluctance of the blind inferior soul to follow the attraction by which your will is solicited to adhere patiently and unreasoningly to God. You know, by the interior sense which God gives you, that He is the Supreme Good and *your* Supreme Good, and that *it is good to adhere to God*; and this is enough, and more than enough for you. Care not to have it as a clear light in your understanding. For it is not now the will of God you should have this clear light in the understanding, lest you should grow vain in your thoughts, and your heart should be darkened.

"See that there be nothing immortified in your appetite, or in your exterior life, or in your thoughts about those around you, or in your inward thoughts, or in your interior feelings; because anything immortified will be a drag against your will as it seeks and desires to adhere to God and to follow His attraction. This is the best subject for your examen.

"You are to adhere to God like a fool, and to pray like a fool; but adhering to God is this prayer. St. Francis of Assisium understood this folly. So did St. Mary Magdalen de Pazzi. It is to adhere to God in spite of what sense may say, and what reason may say, and what imagination may say. To adhere to God satisfied with that simple interior sense which says—or rather satisfied with God alone who says to you, by that interior sense: *For me to adhere to God is good*. This adhering to God is itself the greatest

mortification of the natural man, but yet if you see any part of you not mortified, you must by particular acts mortify what is plainly immortified, or it will be an obstacle and a drawback.

“Remember also that your will is to co-operate with your attraction ; and hence be not afraid of making positive acts of Divine love in your interior soul, not in a way to distract but tranquilly. And do not imagine that to make such acts is distracting because they suspend the sense of passively receiving the impression of the Divine presence attracting you. God would have you not only to feel interiorly His Divine presence, but also to love Him actively, and with reciprocation of love. The desire to love you may in faith make the expression of actual love. For what else is *‘the tending of the soul direct to God.’* The *‘seeking His face always.’* The *‘desiring Him in the night,’* and *‘the watching until the morning towards Him.’*

To one in Interior Trial.

“Birmingham, February 3rd, 1858.

“My dear Child in Christ,

“I glanced at your letter before going into the chapel, and said Mass for your spiritual good.

“You must not make a general confession. On this subject your second light was the true one and came from God ; the first arose from your own fears. The past you tell me, *‘is like a cloud.’* It is a sign that God would not have you to pry into that cloud, but to leave it in its cloud. God is not in the past, but in the present ; and the present love blots out the past fault without your thinking of it. *‘The future hangs as a dead weight upon you.’* But what, my child, have you to do with the future until it becomes the present ? Our Lord tells you : *‘You know not what to-morrow will bring.’* *‘Sufficient for to-day is the evil of to-day.’* *‘To-morrow will provide for itself.’* God is not past

or future, but present ; and when the future comes, then God will be present, and His grace will be present, and that is sufficient for all things.

“ Dear child, in the anguish of fear which your nature suffers in the spiritual purgation which God would give your soul that it may love Him more purely, you at times escape into the past ; it is the effort of Nature for her own relief. And God stops you with a cloud ; then that poor nature oscillates towards the future, and God stops you with the sight of a heavy load ; for you see the burden, and not the grace which is destined to bear it up. You are seeking to understand God’s ways upon you for the comfort of your reason, and God would have you to confide in Him, and simply to love. Remember that God is not to be comprehended by the mind, but only by the will. God is present in a Divine cloud, which is the more dense in those hours of anguish and fear for a greater purgation of the will. In those hours of trial when the soul is without rest and moves here and there, into the past and on the future, your will must not be passive in its exercise, but more active. With a word of aspiration continually repeated you must beat against the Divine cloud in which God is concealed, courageously, faithfully, tranquilly. This will keep your soul in God, and by abstracting you from the past and the future, with all their idle fears, and from those internal pains which only spring from those fears, you will tread them beneath your feet into the cloud of forgetting.

“ Beat with your brief aspirations of love against the Divine cloud ; and, though you see not the way which these spiritual arrows from your heart will reach, yet they will pass through the cloud into the bosom of your God. And what will an hour of this exercise produce ? Time is the measure of the motions of the will ; give to each motion of the soul its instant, allow that instant even the full length of a second, and an hour will comprise 3,600 acts of Divine

love. How much of the clouded past will this cover, and how much of the heavy future will it lighten, and how much of God's love will it not win over!

"As your Institute* does not supply you with any sharp corporal mortification, Our Lord Himself has given you one for a blessed humiliation. He has given you one of His wounds, that you may suffer with Him as well in body as in spirit, and that through this one wound and humiliation you may read all His wounds and all His humiliations.

"You may rest perfectly tranquil on this point, that God will take away all your fears before you die. I never yet knew a soul who had the same kind of fears, who did not die in the peace and consolation of God.

"Pray for me; and also that I may be illuminated and guided in writing a book, which is much wanted, on the grace and virtue of humility. May God bless you and all your Sisters."

*To three Benedictine Nuns setting sail for Australia
in 1855.*

"I sincerely regret that I cannot see you before your departure; but I will say Mass for your welfare on Saturday morning next, and will keep you in mind and in my heart.

"How all this reminds me of my own departure, as a young and solitary priest many years ago, in the first fervour of the Priesthood, when there were but four priests throughout that vast Australia. Under what changed circumstances, and under what different auspices, you are going to that same region.

"God will be with you; and on the great broad deep on which you embark, your minds will be lifted up to the Eternal God Who presides over its unchangeable, yet most changeful, fluctuations. Nothing so strikingly impresses on us His all-pervading providence and care of us, like that

* The Order of the Visitation.

long-felt dependence on a little trembling needle of electric steel.

"I always recommended to those who crossed the great waters to be devout for those souls who have perished beneath them; and perhaps few think of them, though they are many. Then under that interminable girdle of sky and water one feels so little and so dependent. It is difficult not to increase devotion at sea. And then you will enter into a new world, on a new land, under whose brilliant sky you will have to begin life anew, cut off from all old associations; and it is almost like what so many people wish, to begin childhood again, with the advantage of an experience of life and of our nature matured. Alas! you may say, if it could be all renewed! Well, the sacrifice of ourselves for the love of God, and the very sundering of so many bonds, brings with it the grace of that renewal of life; you are all the more for God as you have made yourselves less for every endeared creature! It is a sort of spiritual martyrdom. And so, my dear Sisters, go forth in peace. God is with you, and may He bless you. May he enlighten your paths, and dwell in you, and give you a great sense of His presence. May He bless your coming to the new home He has called you to enter, and make your works fruitful. May he give many spiritual children to your prayers. From the two ends of the world the daughters of St. Mary's* will chant their love to their Heavenly Spouse; and may He fill up the interval between their choirs with the breath of His mercy, and reunite them there where they will always find each other, in His own almighty and most paternal heart. Then He will give you the great and final reunion, the sweeter for ever for your brief separation.

"When you tread that ground I have so often trodden, pray for me."

* St. Mary's Abbey, Princethorpe.

To the Community of St. Mary's, Handsworth.

“December 9th, 1858.

“My dear Sisters in Christ,

“I have the pleasure and agreeable duty to thank you for your very beautiful present. The Pax which you have presented me with is a most choice work, on a rare occasion, for it is a peace-offering where peace has never been broken. It is always a pleasure for me to reflect on the confidence which you place in me. For no good can be done where there is not mutual confidence and reliance.

“It gives me much gratification to observe the constantly growing sense of the value of sound and solid discipline which I observe in your several houses. And the union of the several houses which have sprung from St. Mary's is a most valuable aid towards its more perfect attainment, as well as for mutual comfort and support. The inscription on the Pax is a record of that union which, with your letter, will go down to my successors.

“I pray Almighty God to bless and prosper you, your establishments, and your works, and to keep you ever united in the spirit of charity and sisterly co-operation.”

To a newly-elected Prioress who felt excessive diffidence in her own powers, he addressed the following words of encouragement :

“My dear Mother Prioress,

“*Sursum Cor.* Lift up your heart and fear not. Right intention will bring right inspiration. You have a loyal Community, and a prudent, faithful, and experienced co-operator. Your Constitutions are so complete and clear on every point, and so well explained by good custom, that you have only to be firm and exact in continuing what already exists.

“The Scripture says that those who minister well will

obtain a good reward. I know that you will do your best, and from the best motives ; but what I ask of you is, not to be *anxious*. Be thoughtful, but not anxious. For anxiety has fear in it, and is a disturber of peace.

“ You are God’s servant, set to do His will ; and I know that you do not want to do your own. But that service makes you the servant of the Community. Have faith in your office, which is invested with grace for others. Sometimes, my dear Sister, you will have to do what nature would rather not ; then have faith in your office, and believe that others have faith in the power of your office. For it is no affair between Sister A—— and Sister B——, but between the office and authority of the Prioress and the conscience of this or that Sister. Believe an old Superior, believe your own experience ; there is much in having faith in your office. Having that faith, you will inspire that faith which strengthens the bonds of discipline.”

The following letter to a Religious Superior may be given as a specimen of Bishop Ullathorne’s spiritual direction, which always tended to encourage the use of the affections in prayer in preference to the use of the understanding, and of his close analysis of certain mental operations.

“ A considerable part of what you suffer results, I conceive, from fatigue of the brain, without the co-operation of which, in our mortal state, we have not the images that we use even in purest thought and recollection. In this you suffer human things, and this hand of suffering is a humiliation that tends to humility and forbids pride.

“ But when the brain is fatigued through concentration of the mind on spiritual truth, as soon as it is let go by turning to something more active, as the recital of the Office, it will relax itself into sensible imaginings, just as when one foot is tired you unconsciously stand on the

other, or, as when the eye is fatigued with gazing on light it finds repose in shadows. So when you turn from God in recollection to open your eyes on the choir, there comes as a change and diversion what is next in your thoughts, the *sollicitudo omnium*, from which St. Paul suffered so much.

"The secret of this fatigue is that your brain and nervous system are delicately formed ; and that the exercise of recollection, coming upon habitual solicitude, exhausts their powers. This is the natural side of the case ; let us now look at the supernatural side.

"It is a happy thing to exhaust nature in the thought, love, and service of God, and it is the best humiliation to exhaust it and wear it out in the worship of God and the service of our fellow-creatures. But here I come to the point of direction. Although your heart is *with* your mind in recollection, yet your heart follows your mind rather than your mind the heart ; and it is the mind that works most constantly. This explains the fatigue that follows. . . . You live more in the mental eye and are more sensitive there. In your recollection, therefore, encourage yourself to use the heart more and the mind less, not with effort, but by tendency. Prefer the *loving* as more perfect, and as being the *possession*, whilst *thought* is but the *seeking*—love is the end, whilst thought is but the means ; love is the immediate operation of the Holy Spirit, the holding of God rather than the pursuit of Him. God is not mere *veritas*, but *vita substantialis*, whose sovereign act is *charitas*—sovereign and unceasing love ; and it is the more perfect life to love with unceasing love ; and the more perfect light is from the flame of love. This love is 'spread abroad in our hearts by the Holy Spirit dwelling in us' ; so that we may ever seek this love in the centre of the soul as the point of contact with the Holy Spirit. Perfection, then, is the love of God, as perfect as we are capable of receiving and working with it.

"Here there can be no question. If there were the Saints have answered it. But love is life, love never fatigues, love suffers no weariness, love does not dream, which is the sleep of weary thought. Love has no occasion to follow any text, being its own text. Love is the near contact with God ; it makes all easy, and clears away all anxiety. Love communicates power to those who have it not. Love is God, become the true sovereign of the soul, making her humble, subtile, apprehensive, responsive. Nor need this love be unctuous with sensibility ; it is stronger and more vigorous when dry rather than when sweet. '*Be zealous of the better gifts,*' says St. Paul, '*and I will show you yet a more excellent way ;*' and then he proceeds to show how love exceeds all knowledge of mysteries.

"Not that you do not love, and love much ; but perhaps you like to love with a great admiration *at the point of the eye*. And this is a true and beautiful love ; but stronger and more simple is the love that is *at the centre of the spirit*, divested of created visions which are mere shadows of the light of the uncreated God. From the flame of love comes the clearer assurance and the clearer light of God with us."

To the same, on the same subject.

"Where there is affection there is no labour. The sense of God in the heart generates more love than the mere reasoning of the head. It is a stronger spiritual force than reasoning, which is in its own nature cold and curious. The seraphic is even more luminous than the cherubic order, although the thoughts of the intellect (with them) are fewer, simpler, greater, and less utterable. Of this order were St. John, St. Francis, St. Philip, and St. Catherine. It implies a greater operation of the Holy Spirit. It is the more perfect because it is greater love ; and perfection is all in love, as all theologians say.

"Your nature inclines you to see the reasons of things ;

it is my weakness much more than yours. But this comes partly of curiosity; it distracts and cools, and is not always available; it fatigues the head and exhausts the brain. It was therefore I said you liked to love *at the point of your mental eye*. It is accordant with your constitution to do so. Incline, however, to love without sight, yet not to do violence to yourself. 'Blessed are they who have not seen, and yet have believed.' And blessed also are they who love, and do not see all they want to see. When God gives you to see and to love, see and love. When He does not give you to see, love without seeing; but always love. Love never fatigues and always draws the soul to God, and gives so much force and so much light; not broken lights, breaking the brain with all their specific details, and the effort to put them together; not *lights*, but *light* in its simple breadth and unity.

"The snare is to fancy that in the operations of the soul multiplicity of thought is the great light: but the whole breadth of the broad up-lighted heaven is the great light, and the individual details within it are but shadowy and contracted parts of light, obstructing rather than increasing the universal light, and fastening the eye of the soul on shadowy details that stand between us and the heavens enlightened by the sunlight. In contemplation all these imaged reasons stand between us and the infinity of light, which is God. That great broad light comes more through the operation of love, cleaving to God from the centre of the soul in all atmospheres and in all states. And then from that general light the eye is filled to illuminate afterwards all details of duty.

"When the brain fatigues itself in too much detail of thought it shows that nature has been working too much. Loving more, with less of specific thinking, will not diminish, but increase the sense of God both in heart and mind. In this way sight grows out of love.

“You are a genuine Thomist, and like to be always getting at the reason of things ; but in cultivating love more and reason less, yet without effort or violence to yourself, you will be more tranquil, less weary, stronger in soul, more perfect even, though St. Thomas was so perfect in the cherubic order. I say this to encourage your cultivating tendencies in that direction ; and specially to guard against the notion that the absence of specific thought, whilst the heart dwells longingly and faithfully in the sense of God, is necessarily distraction, or unfaithfulness, or idleness.

“There are a series of passages and expressions in Holy Scripture that point to this: ‘*She pondered all these things in her heart.*’ ‘*The thoughts of the heart*’ ‘*The mind of the heart.*’ ‘*Whilst I mused the fire was enkindled.*’ ‘*Give me thy heart.*’ ‘*Turn to me with thy whole heart*’—and many more, that indicate a certain disposing in which the operation of God is more in the heart than in the head, and is more responded to in loving than in thinking ; just as a child does with a mother, or a mother with a child. The point of direction is to follow this way when inclined to it, as the better, purer, and simpler way, and not to be disquieted, or fancy it is idleness if the head is not at work thinking and seeing reasons, all which lie deeper in your soul than you can see—there where the Spirit of God operates.”

On Recollection.

“February 23rd, 1849.

“I am pleased with the spirit of your letter, which shows an earnest desire to go forward.

“To realise the presence of God, you must remark, does not require that we should form an image of that presence ; it is gained if we have the *idea* before our mind, however vague that idea, however much a mere *notion* it may seem

to be. I would recommend you not to take more than five minutes at any time for that exercise, nor will you require that time except when you find your soul has not fully recollected itself, and, in short, has got entangled with any other idea or distraction which is not of God ; then, after five minutes at the most, pass on to the meditation. Let your great object this Lent be to gain more perfect recollection during your daily occupations. The want of this is the main cause of our not attaining any high degree of sanctity. It is also the best means of obtaining facility in meditation. It is also an exercise very mortifying to the senses, and a real solid austerity, requiring much denial both of the senses and of the spirit, and makes more direct acts of mortification safe and free from danger to our spirit. You are quite correct in saying that ‘none have become Saints and true penitents without penance, and vigorous penance.’ That, however, must be of gradual growth ; and as the spirit is prepared for it by faithful prayer ; so be faithful to your present penances and to recollection.”

On the Feast of St. Bernard, 1854.

“ My dear Children in Christ,

“ I thank you much for your affectionate congratulations and good prayers on my Festival. That Divine fire and persuasive unction with which the Holy Ghost wrought the works of humility and Divine love in the heart of St. Bernard, attracted me when I first read the lives of Saints at school ; and that beautiful analysis of his writings which Butler has appended to his life used to be my delight. Hence I selected him for my patron in religion. Would that I had kept his spirit more completely before me !

“ If, my dear children in Christ, God has done anything for you through me, it was because you gave me that child-like confidence which gave me free entrance into your

souls. Confidence is, perhaps, of all others the gift which, when one has received, one can never repay by any return to those who gave it us. You know, my dear children in Christ, what a reverence I entertain habitually and actually for the spouses of Christ, and how much I love to see them grow in the perfection of their most beautiful, most holy state. If I feel I have any special mission, it is to them; and if in anything I am intolerant, it is to see anything narrow-hearted, selfish, or opposed to generosity in those souls whom Our Lord has so especially loved, and been so unboundedly generous and loving to. A holy person who died recently in Ghent, with great fame of sanctity, used to say, it was her peculiar habit and ejaculation to her neighbour: ‘Remember, God is not your step-father, but your father.’

“I rejoice to see you rejoice in God with a holy freedom as your true, most near and dear Father; and rejoice with confidence in His Eternal Son made man to be your spouse; and rejoice with return of love in their Holy Spirit Who dwells in your hearts to work the works of His love.

“I accept your offering to the altar at which I offer the adorable sacrifice of eternal mercy and love; to clothe the altar is to clothe Christ.

“Praying Almighty God to increase your light and grace and to perfect their fruits in your hearts,

“I remain, my dear children in Christ,

“Your faithful servant,

“✠ W. B. ULLATHORNE.”

To the Sisters sent to a new Foundation.

“The small troop of an army elected to break new ground in possession of the adversary is called *the forlorn hope*, and those who compose it are called *the lost children* (*enfants perdus*). They are the valiant ones, who have made up their minds to be a sacrifice for the common good,

and for the cause of justice which they follow. They are the harbingers of victory, and after their sacrifice is made the vantage ground is gained, and the body of the army follows to take possession.

“ Now you are set forth as the forlorn hope, the *enfants perdus* of your Congregation. You are the advance guard on the dreary ground, placed there by patience to fight your way upon Babylon the Great. Such things are not successfully done in a dance. It is slow, patient, dreary work : like St. Barnabas’ first steps into Antioch ; like St. Peter’s first steps into Rome ; like St. Dominic’s first steps into the South of France ; like St. Catherine’s first steps to win the souls of the people of Siena. She began, by the way, by shutting herself up in her chamber and praying. That was best of all, like Our Lord beginning to convert the world ; He was long left in loneliness and seemed to fail until He got to Heaven, and then the work came out in its grandeur ; but *it had been doing* all the time.

“ Remember the humble and unlikely beginnings of your own Congregation ; it was that which gave it root and strength. Remember what you have been so often taught, that nothing becomes great and enduring that has not a slow and difficult beginning. The grass springs quickly, and as quickly fades and perishes ; the acorn is long in the ground because it produces a tree that is to last for hundreds of years ; it is the dreary winter that prepares the bright summer.

“ The instruments of a work must be well tempered before they can be used ; when they have been solidly practised in patience they will be ready for a solid work, but not before. When in this patience they are self-contained with God, satisfied to wait His time for all that is outside of His presence with them ; when they have learnt to forego the old comforts from the old things and persons for their new work ; when they are satisfied to have God’s will and way

rather than a choice of their own—then all is well with them.

“My dear *enfants perdus*, so you find after all that to have *God alone* in reality is not so easy, although He is as much at W—— as He is at S——. That is a revelation, and one worth noting. This letter will reach you on the Epiphany, which tells us of Our Lord’s humble beginnings, and of the passing visit He got from the great world. The great world never did anything more for Him after this first visit, except to interfere with His work, and at last to condemn Him altogether. But after this first visit of the world, it was thirty years before He began His work in it. A grand lesson of patience! Only wait long enough and it will come at last.”

To a Community by the Seaside.

“January, 1865.

“I thank you for your Christmas letter, and wish you a New Year so happy that at its end you may have nothing to regret. There you are fixed in one spot, whilst the sea is ever changing its moods, and the ships go to and fro. Let your peace symbolise your hold on eternity, whilst the shifting scene before your eyes symbolises the world and its mutations. The Fathers compare the sea to the world, on which the Church is tossed and souls are imperilled, and the convent to that Heaven where all is unchanged by passion and the soul is content. ‘Join thyself to eternity and thou shalt find rest.’ Those words are as true to us as when St. Augustine spoke them, or as when Our Lord said: ‘My peace I leave you—not as the world giveth.’

“Let the hoarse murmurs of the sea remind you of the inward discontents of the world behind you, and its troubled moanings of the world’s discontent beneath the lashing of its visitations. Let even its calm speak of its

untrustworthiness, its depth of what it has devoured ; and its rocks and shoals of the destructiveness on its borders. It is the cemetery of the earth, and few pray for those who are buried beneath its waters. 'The great sea, which stretcheth wide its arms, wherein are creeping things without number,'* sings the Psalmist. It is the mirror of the world to all who think on it in God. 'Its floods mount up to Heaven, and sink down to the depths ; and our souls pined within us.†' There you have the tempest of human passion, and its defeat. But there is a little haven where the waters are peaceful, and a shelter from the storms of life which God has made, and where light is always shining. There, fears when they come are transient, and there, as the old poet says : 'It is sweet from a serene height to look on the sea when the winds plough up its floods ; and it is sweet to survey the awful conflict in the world whilst we have the sense of security.‡' That poet was a pagan, who felt only half of the truth and half his own pride. It *is* sweet to feel your safety, but bitter to see the world perishing in the restless floods below.

"Let, then, the sea admonish you to pray for the world, and to seek the salvation of souls tossed in its bosom. As I can't often talk to you I give you the sea as a deputy, that will talk to you always if you understand what its waves are saying."

To a newly-clothed Religious.

"All the beauty of the King's daughter is within, and from the rectification of the heart comes all the rectification

* Ps. ciii. 25.

† Ps. cvi. 26.

‡ Suave, mari magno turbantibus æquora venteis,
E terra magnum alterius spectare laborem ;
Non quia vexari quemquam est jocunda voluptas,
Sed, quibus ipse maleis careas, quia cernere suave est.

(*Lucretius, De rerum Natura, lib. 2.*)

of the exterior. It is in that centre you must do the work of your reformation. There the old is put away and the new received. You can only have the new in proportion as you get rid of the old creature. And you will never be rid of the foolish old creature unless you clearly understand and settle with yourself that you *must* get rid of it. You don't yet know how much you have to get rid of ; you must take it on faith, and believe firmly that your Superiors know and understand that old creature a great deal better than you do. You must believe all they say about it, and try to understand what they mean ; and charge it to your own blindness when you don't see it. Always mistrust your own perception of yourself, and pray for light to see better what you have that you ought not to have, and what you have not which you ought to have. A child of St. Catherine is quite a different person from the child of Mr. and Mrs. Anybody, however good they may be ; and only the representatives of St. Catherine can understand what goes to make up one of her children. As well might a child of earth understand the spirit of an angel as a child of the world understand the spirit of St. Catherine. It is wholly of another nature. It must be infused ; and the condition of such a grace being infused is that she go down lower and lower into that old creature of a heart of hers—right down into the depths of her own nothingness. She must mistrust herself on all sides—she must mistrust her own spirit, and have no spirit of her own, and ask for the spirit of St. Catherine. Our Lord took out St. Catherine's heart and put a new one in its place ; and that was the glowing heart that was so very humble and simple, and so full of the Blood of Jesus. Everything, good and evil, comes from the heart ; and every solid change is a change wrought in the heart. A new spirit there will spread a new life over your whole person. May Our Lord be with you as He was with St. Catherine, and may you be humble enough

and foolish enough, by avoidance of your old conceits, to deserve as rich a presence in your heart as she had."

On Silence.

"A love of talking is one of the truest signs of that intense pride that is in us. The humble soul loves silence, and without humility you cannot be a true Religious. How are you to attain humility? *By humiliations*; there is no other way. Directly a soul desires to advance in perfection humiliations come upon her either interior or exterior; but come they must if we are to be perfect. Humility is the stripping of the soul of pride. Cassian compares it to the bulb of the onion which has many skins: the first of which is very thick and most difficult to withdraw; the second is finer and consequently more easily taken off; and each successive one will be finer than the one above it. But if, instead of taking one off after another, we leave it, the inner skins will become dry and hard like the first.* In like manner the soul is, as it were, clothed with many coats of pride, which are only stripped off by repeated humiliations, accepted in a proper manner. Never be surprised when you fall, for as long as there is life in us we shall not be totally stripped of that last coat of self-love—that is only accomplished by death. But we can do a great deal by the humble acknowledgment of our faults with contrition. Contrition breaks the shell of pride, but it is only by the humble acknowledgment of our sins that the shell is stripped off. I do not tell you that you will feel no repugnance or difficulty in receiving humiliation. Nature will revolt, but that is only the exterior part of the soul; and if, in spite of these feelings, you accept it from the hands of God, the

* This notable comparison was a great favourite with Bishop Ullathorne. He used to say that he regarded it as a test of the spiritual instincts of those to whom he used it, and thought but poorly of those who did not relish the metaphor of the onion.

next trial will be easier, and another coat of pride will be taken off."

Poverty of Spirit.

"Be faithful *within* yourselves to your vows, and external fidelity is safe. Be poor *in spirit*. This is that grandeur of true poverty which God so loved in Mary ; the rectitude of always attributing all that is good in us to God, Who caused it and gave it. 'He hath looked on the humility of His handmaid.' Here is true, interior, radical poverty of spirit, that wills nothing but the dominion and glory of God, and gives Him unresisting possession of His own. Be His to the very centre of your soul ; be nothing to yourself. This is that glorious poverty to which is attached so great a promise. You are very rich in your Spouse, but very poor in yourself. Think what you were before He redeemed you, before He created you, that you may reach the absolute depth of His love and generosity. But the crown of all His love to you is in your religious profession, whereby you are so rich and noble in Christ, and so plainly nothing in yourself. Now the root of this glorious poverty is in the very centre of your soul, stripped of all possessions and of every encumbrance ; no fine trimmings of your own fancies, no provisions of your own choosing ; no putting on of your own likings, not even a looking-glass in which to take consideration of your own self. 'My' and 'My own,' 'I' and 'self,' are all done with ; and 'ours' means 'Our Lord's': you say 'ours' because you are one with Him. Inward obedience is the same stripped and denuded will in its new, resplendent clothing, which is called 'the will of Christ' ; and this is woven of Divine light and eternal love. It is that garment of gold, wrought about with variety, in which the Queen stood at the right hand of the King's throne, and offered virgins to Him. But hark ! she is speaking : 'Behold the handmaid

of the Lord; be it done unto me according to Thy word." It is her vow of obedience; henceforth she and her Lord are two in one image and one life. Henceforth into whatever inner chamber of her heart you penetrate, or into whatever region of her soul, you will find nothing but the image of Christ, the thought of Christ, the sense of Christ, and the active, most active love of Christ. This love so draws away our thoughts from self to Christ that it leaves little or nothing to go another way. . . . With this love, which is the very essence and substance of your espousals, you have accomplished your entire vows. They are all the *vows of love*, and love is the condition of your spiritual life. Call it *prayer* if you will, it is the action of love; call it *charity*, it is only another name for love. Your life, 'hidden with Christ in God,' is love. It is all between your heart and your Lord. Let this love be all your life, all your soul, all your will. How easy for the soul to be always in Christ, when Christ is everywhere around. For He is in all your house: in the tabernacle, in the choir, in the cloister, in the chapter-room, in the cells, *and in everyone's heart*. May He be very much in yours! Blessed and happy are you if this is your will to have Christ always there!"

Coming of age.

"August 21st, 1864.

"You tell me that you 'will never come of age again.' I am sorry to hear that, if it means that your soul has stopped growing, and has stopped for always. For, as Dr. Newman says in his *Apologia*, 'growth is the proof of life.' However, I suppose you mean that you have reached the age of womanhood. And so, having finished your corporal growth, you are just fairly beginning to attend to the growth of your soul. The body grows by food and air, and the soul grows by additions of truth and grace. But there is one

condition of this inward growth, and it is that the soul be free to work on the side of God. This freedom is the result of exercise, and this exercise the Psalmist expresses when he says, 'Seek God, seek His face always;' and his own way was by asking for it. 'May our God have mercy on us; and may He bless us; may He make the light of His countenance to shine upon us, and have mercy on us.' This blessing is that growth. It is the sending down of light and freeing us; that is, opening us to receive and imbibe it: and the sending of the merciful grace which penetrates our hearts like strengthening oil, giving us spiritual life, and force, and ease of spiritual action. It is love, God's love, coming from God and carrying us towards God, and saturated with God's light, which is bright and serene, and alive with the pure motive that it presents to us, for guiding all the love that is in the heart. Inward growth, dear child, makes the soul taller and stronger and reaching nearer God. So this is just the growth you have now to begin, until you 'reach the fulness of the age of Christ'; and this is that coming of age after which St. Paul sighed even after his body had grown aged and his head bald. Not that he had not grown a great deal by that time, but spiritual growth is never perfected so long as the soul longs for more of God, and God has yet more of himself to give.

"I need not remind you that the first grand birthday, and real coming of age, is when the soul in grace gets free of the mortal body and begins the eternal growth; which in Heaven goes on always, because God is always there giving more light, more truth, more grace and more glory, and the soul goes on growing into them. Now you will just get as much of that grand growth then and there as you get of groundwork for it now and here."

To two newly professed.

“ English College, Rome,

“ November 9th, 1861.

“ My dear Children in Christ,

“ About this time you are making your holy and happy profession. I have just returned from saying Mass for you over the body of St. Peter. The Pope yesterday gave you his blessing. The General of your Order promised to pray for you this morning; and the Vice-Rector of this College has just returned from saying Mass for you at St. Cecilia's, over the body of that Saint. You will not fail to respond to all this solicitude, that you may be the meek, humble, and faithful children of St. Dominic and St. Catherine.

“ I rejoice with you at the happy termination of your probation, and at your consecration to the God of all love and goodness. By the time this letter reaches you, your first fresh days of rejoicing will be past, and you will have subsided into the routine of duty. I cannot offer you a more solid reflection, one that will stand longer and wear better than the following:—Consider all your future life as a novitiate and time of probation for the hour of the consummation of your consecration that death will bring you. Keep always in you the spirit of the novice. Consider yourselves as always in a state of training and formation. As novices you considered yourselves as aiming and striving at being what you were not as yet; a Religious who maintained this posture of soul with this sentiment is a true disciple of religion, the only one who gains new light and makes new progress. Many young Religious are spoilt in the making, by assuming that their profession has settled everything for them; whereas it only gives you a fair start, and finds you as the newborn infant, that has to be cared for and a great deal trained, and has all its growth to make.

“ Maintain, then, the sense and position of heart of a

novice under training; and this very sense will be to you a great protection to your spirit, and will keep you open to correction and formation. What St. Peter said to his converts I say to you: 'As new-born babes desire the rational milk without guile, that thereby you may grow unto salvation;' that rational milk which your mothers and elders in religion always give you, but which you can only receive in so far as you have the spirit of being their docile and ductile children. May all the Saints of great Rome pray for you; and may you grow so humble, teachable, and childlike, as to become, with time, lights of religion to those who shall come after you."

A Letter of direction.

"What you write to me in the love of God, I reply to in the love of God. . . .

" . . . God is the living and life-giving object of the soul. The prayer that absorbs our faculties in God draws us from self to God, and draws life and love from Him; and that love of God and life in God effectually destroys self-love. The humility of Christ, by which He subjected His humanity in every part to His Father, is the source and fountain of all that humility whereby any soul is made subject to God, and whereby the nature of that soul is opened to the light and life of God, and whereby that soul is able to be transformed and made to pass from self to God. Then when selfish feeling and self-love no longer resist God seriously or habitually; God lives within that soul as the life within her life, and she can truly say with St. Paul, 'I live no more, but Christ liveth in me'; and this life of Christ within her moves her to humility, to prayer, and consequently to that unselfishness whereby the soul lives in God, and not in herself—here is the type of all good.

"Let me now take your three points separately and

practically. First, as to self. St. Catherine, in whom the Eternal Wisdom spoke, because she was united to the Eternal Wisdom, says : ‘ Enter the cell of your soul ; dwell therein with God ; know yourself, not in yourself, but in God and God in you.’ The point and place of your communion with God is the centre of your soul. ‘ The kingdom of God is within you.’ In the light of God within you, you will find your own soul reflected as in a Divine mirror ; and in that light, as in a ray of the sun, you will see by its essential purity, all the specks and soils that are in your own soul. If you look only at your soul, you will see darkness ; if you look at it as reflected in the Divine mirror, you will see it really and clearly. Examine yourself, then, in the light of God, and not in yourself. This was St. Catherine’s method, and the one she so strongly and so often recommended. And you will be interested to know that it was our dear Mother Margaret’s method, and the only one she could follow without suffering torture and darkness in the attempt, and that for many years before she was relieved by knowing that it was St. Catherine’s method. Our mere self has no light, it is merely the subject of light. God gives us light, and in ‘ His light we see light.’

“ Secondly, of prayer. . . . Our will rules all that we are when we exert it strenuously ; our outward senses, inward imagination, mind, understanding, and love. The will is the power of love. When the inward love is fixed on God it is at rest, having found its one true object ; and the more earnestly the love of the soul is fixed in God, the more it draws our whole nature after it, even to the forgetting of self in God. Prayer is thus the greatest purifier of self-love. It purifies in two ways—by offering us to be purified, and by receiving the grace of love that purifies the soul as by fire. The humbler the prayer, the more the soul is subject to God. God operates

in the subjected, not in the unsubjected soul. And the humble subjection of the prayer opens the soul to the Divine gifts. Timid souls, sensual and proud souls, each in their way are afraid of quitting themselves, of losing the feeling of themselves. They have not, nay they cannot, forget themselves in God. Dear Mother Margaret more than once said to me in the confessional, that when she came out of prayer she did not know where she was, or what she was, or where she had been for a time, till she had recovered recollection of herself.

“Thirdly, as to seeking humility in the humility of Christ. Ah! my dear child, where else is it to be found in this world? If you look for it in the Saints, it is because Christ is with them. Remember St. Catherine’s words ‘There is no humility without patience, or patience without humility; and patience is the marrow of charity.’ The Divine charity of God for us who are made to love God is centred in the Sacred Heart of Christ; and the patience by which we frail creatures hold to God, and the humility which confesses that the creature is nothing without God, nothing without the love of God, nothing in ourselves but what God is to us.

“Our God has put His Christ our Lord and Lover between Him and us, on whom our infirmity may rest, and in whom we see all patience, all humility, all love, and from whom we receive all patience that we may possess our souls in Him; all humility that we may be subject to God in Him, all love that we may be united with the life of God through Him. First He reflects the image of His humble and loving patience in us, when we meditate on His sufferings; then He sends into us the grace of humble patience sweetened with love; then He draws us into His own most Divine Heart, where we drink of His own Divine patience, humility, and love.”

On Prayer.

"Above all things, my dear Sister, cultivate a spirit of prayer. This does not consist in many words, thoughts, or imaginations. What is prayer but the lifting up of our heart to God? Lift up your heart, then; *Sursum corda*, as we are daily told in the Mass, lift it up to God. Look at Him nearer to you, not at a distance. He is close to you—He is in your heart. Look at Jesus on the Cross, His head pierced, His face obscured; look at Him, loving, praying, lifting up *His* Heart to his Eternal Father for you. Look at His patience under the greatest tortures, His love in the midst of the vilest opprobrium. Lift up your heart with Him to His Father and your Father, to His God and your God. Love Him with your whole heart. Prayer is loving God, loving Him by affections and aspirations. *Sursum corda*. If you lift up your heart to God you will find God, and in finding Him you will find all. If you seek creatures you will find nothing but trouble and sadness; but if you lift up your heart to Him you will find calmness, cheerfulness, and freedom. Lift it up, then. Do not shut it up within yourself, but give it to God. You will never find rest so long as you shut it up within yourself and give it to creatures. Throw it out, lift it up to God, and you will soon overcome all your failings, and grow humble, patient, and charitable."

To the Junior Members of a Religious Community.

"My dear Postulants, Novices, and Junior Professed,

"I thank you for your gift of prayers on my feast, the best gift one soul can offer to another. You are now in your probation for the priceless privilege of Religious life. Your souls are being opened that they may be formed and graced with the Divine gifts. The spiritual vessels of your souls are being put under the fountain from which flow the waters of life. But in vain is the vessel put under

the stream of life unless the lid be open ; and it is opened by humility and expanded by generosity. Without these two virtues the grace of vocation, the free gifts of the Holy Spirit cannot freely work and produce their fruits.

“Be humble of heart, be generous in expending yourselves under the law of obedience, and God will give you light and charity. The lamp of the wise virgin is bright with light and burning with charity ; but the lamp of the unwise virgin, if she is slothful, is sordid and neglected ; if she is dissipated, it is sputtering and scattered ; if she is careless, she upsets her lamp ; if she is conceited, she brightens the outside of her lamp in a fond and foolish way, but manages the light so awkwardly that in trimming it she puts it out. But be you wise, generous in action, vigilant and watchful in prayer, humble and desiring the better things of charity.”

To the same.

“My dear Novices,

“To you and your worthy Mother I offer my thanks for all your prayers offered and promised on occasion of my feast. It is now nearly sixty years since I was a novice, and I still remember those days as the happiest of my life.

“Those are the days when, under Divine influence, the soul is opening, and fresh grace is flowing in—the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost ; when the world recedes and God draws near, and the soul is being searched with light, and the whole life is turned round from little to great things, and the whole intention of the will becomes reformed.

“All fears become absorbed in the chaste and loving fear of God. Piety learns to free itself from the animal sensibilities, and becomes hardy and vigorous. Resolution gets strengthened into patience and fortitude. Knowledge

enters into faith and becomes a steady, well lighted lamp. Counsel comes to us from the wise. Understanding enters into the light of truth which God presents to the mind and wisdom begins to dawn as the best and most desirable of things, to be won at any cost. In short, the Holy Spirit calls and comes and brings His seven gifts to perfect you on a more solid basis.

“Happy are the novices who know what God is doing for them within, and their Superiors acting from the light of God, and who are faithful in simplicity and obedience to correspond with the loving designs of their Heavenly Father. We novices—for I must confess I am yet a novice in the eternal ways—must be fools for Christ’s sake, that we may become wise in Christ. Pride of the heart will only yield to childlike folly.

“A novice should have no reputation to protect, no character to defend ; she has to get rid of all that, that a better character may be formed in her, a simplicity that has nothing to defend but the love of Christ.

“Dispositions are more than acts, nay, the very foundation of action ; and a simple, straightforward, humble disposition is what God loves and blesses.

“May grace keep the heart open and neither resist God’s inspirations, nor the will of Superiors, and all will come out beautiful and strong.”

To thine Religious on their Profession.

“I congratulate you, dear children, on your having happily gone through your novitiate, and on having your vocation approved and confirmed by the judgment of your Superiors and the votes of the Community. I shall be with you in spirit when you make your vows. Our Lord will then have made you His own, with the free and happy concurrence of your wills, exalted and moved by His Divine grace. Think what it is to have that stream of

Divine influence (blended of Divine light, of Divine love, and of Divine force), so powerful as to draw you out of the manifold affections of this world, so powerful as to draw your spirits out of your senses, heavenwards; so sweet as to unite you in mind, heart, and will with God. Purified, as in a second baptism, by your three renunciations of the world, the flesh, and your natural will, you reach the end and object of your existence through your nuptial union with the Son of God, whilst all is yet under veils; and whilst yet in the body you are out of the body in your affections, because your love is in God, and not in yourselves, and where your love is there you are also: you in God and God in you.

“Fear not, dear children, to be generous: you can give up nothing that is worth keeping. Believe, sacrifice, and receive. All that God has given us in this world He has given that we may extract from it the joy of sacrifice, as the bee takes its sweets from among the thorns. Look at the Sisters who sacrifice themselves the most, and see how joyful they are. This is a great mystery to flesh and blood but a great light from Eternal Light to the spirits that love God. For God has given us two substances in one person, that the lower may be sacrificed to the higher, as the most practical proof of love. The sacrifice of lower things for the sake of higher things is, therefore, the most certain proof of Divine love. But of all sacrifices, there is not one that goes so deep as the sacrifice of our pride, because this is the one radical obstacle to our union with God. When pride is sacrificed to obedience, all is sacrificed, and innocence springs up anew to make a paradise for God in the soul.

“Our Lord made His one great sacrifice in pain and sorrow; you make your great sacrifice in joy and consolation. But as Our Lord is constantly imparting of His sacrifice, you also will have your lesser sacrifices to make

hereafter, not without trial of your nature, because, in espousing Christ, you espouse His Cross, the legacy He has left with His grace to all who are His own. But using the cross as the medicine of pride, in so far as it lingers in your natures, when the Cross has finally conquered self-love, then comes perennial light and sunshine in the soul, and all days are beautiful and all nights peaceful.

"All events show God's goodness, and all affections reveal God's grace. It becomes sweet to suffer as well as sweet to be at rest, because, when pride has left the inmost recesses of the soul, God has entered there; and from the centre of the soul, as from a fountain, there flows into all things the peace and love of God.

"Dear children of God's love, may He be always with you, and give you the industry of your vows, to work out from your nature the ever-springing weeds and poisonous herbs of self-love; that, finding the centre of your hearts clean and innocent, He may dwell there, and be to you the fountain of all good."

Writing to several Religious on the occasion of their half Jubilee, he says :

"The half-Jubilee is wisely made a celebration, putting the celebrants on an elevated post of outlook on the mid-way, with retrospect of the past, and divinings of the future; with desire to make that future more earnest in piety, more vigorous in discipline.

"When the priests blew the joyful notes through the sheep horns from the steps of the Temple, remission of all bondage and of all penalties was proclaimed. Half the fifty years in religion, with the grace and company of the Son of God, and the time of indulgences, is surely equal to the full Jubilee of the Old Law. Then you are the privileged children of the house of God, and the charity of

God removes all evil when it rises above all things to God; to love God above all things, and in all things, and to forget yourselves, that the mystery of God may work all purity within you.

“This day in which the Spirit of God is audible within you is not a day for external advice and admonition, yet I would venture to slide in a short sentence of St. Augustine’s, which is as long as the distance between the creature and the Creator, between time and eternity. ‘Humility is very nearly the whole of Christian discipline.’ There, I have given you nearly everything in a little nutshell, which will neither burden your pockets nor your minds, but out of which all things you desire will come out gloriously. ‘Humility is nearly the whole of Christian discipline,’ because this virtue is nearly the whole that we can do and offer to God, whether in our work, our self-denial, our obedience and subjection, or our prayers; and God does the rest in reward for the humility that is in our work. For humility subjects all to God; and God gives His light, grace, and charity, in proportion to this humility. This is the doctrine of the Scriptures, Fathers, and Saints.”

“February 19th, 1887.

“It was good of you to write and tell me about your change, and your feelings about it. I do bless the unity of heart which so happily prevails between subjects and Superiors, and between the Sisters themselves, which so distinguishes your Congregation, and which contributes so much to sweeten your lives. I know that this could not be without the spirit of charity and self-sacrifice, thinking not of self, but of what is profitable to many. This is that spirit which made St. Catherine so wonderful, whose life I have been reading over again for the fourth time, and always with greater wonder, instruction, and edification. Imbued with that life the Sisters want nothing else to give

them spiritual wisdom. I know of no other book, except her own writings, that gives such a deep intuition into the wonders of the soul when in close union with God. She is a great metaphysician, and her life is a grand demonstration of the faith. She is equally a great spiritual guide ; and her principles and directions are so clear, firm, and sure. There is no haziness about her ; she never attempts to express what is beyond expression ; but is as clear and simple, even in the profoundest things, as the Gospel itself. It is an old saying in the schools of theology, ' Beware of the man of one book.' He will know his subject thoroughly, and will always be ready with his answer. It was said of a very devout old Dominican bishop in Ireland when he died, that he had been reading St. Catherine's writings all his life. He might read other books, but he interpreted them by St. Catherine."

Having been applied to by a Religious Superior for some general direction on the subject of the use of exterior penances, over and above what may be enjoined by Rule, Bishop Ullathorne gave the following reply :

"Oscott, October 7th, 1885.

"Neither Rome nor theology has provided us with principles of direction respecting the use of austerities, if we except the test applied in canonisation, of obedience before all. It is left to the prudence of Directors and Superiors, excepting what advice is to be found in spiritual writers. But I have always laid it down as a principle of guidance to confessors of nuns, that they should never sanction austerities beyond the Rule, excepting with the condition that *the Superioress approves*. This is a maxim extensively acted on in the Church ; and I should say to any nun who has got permission from her confessor, that if he had not expressed that condition it should be understood

by the penitent as implied. It is impossible for a priest to know all the conditions of women as their spiritual mothers do ; and great mischief might be done, whether physical or spiritual, without attention to this rule.

“ Much injury may be done to Religious who are allowed to practise austerities when they are vain, conceited, or imbued with marked self-love. It does harm instead of good to their spirit ; and external humiliations such as they can bear, are much better for them. Again, I would say that when they are in their first fervour, the *fervor novitiorum*, extraordinary austerities would only be good in very special cases, or their heads would get filled with delusions, especially if they are of an imaginative turn.

“ Those who are too eager for austerities should be restrained, if it be only to try their spirit, and that they may be taught that these exercises are very inferior instruments of sanctification compared to these interior mortifications, far more difficult, which take the shape of humility, recollection, and patience. These are the hardest and most fruitful exercises, whereas those others often carry with them the danger of spiritual conceit, specially when not regulated by obedience to Superiors. People whose devotion is unconsciously selfish and sensual are just those who would injure instead of bettering their spirit by extraordinary acts of physical austerity.

“ Yet after all, I do admire the heroic spirit of these dear children, who, with all their labours, are so ready to inflict punishment on themselves. It makes one thoroughly ashamed. As long as they are simple, open with Superiors, and act under their guidance, they will reap great blessings. Still, it requires much prudence in Superiors to regulate this fervour, and a wise insight into their several constitutions and characters, so that they do themselves no harm.

“ It would be well, then, that the Sisters should be made

to understand that with respect to the practice of austerities beyond what the Rule requires they should consult their own Superiors, who best understand them ; and that this is my judgment."

The following passage is taken from the instructions given in one of his retreats :

" Humility is subjection to God in all things. God so loves humility that the sight of it in a soul exercises a kind of fascination over him, and draws Him down to that soul ; she becomes in some sort stronger than He ; it is God drawing God. Humility, again, is our acceptance of the place that God assigns to us, holding ourselves in it, and resisting by the virtue of patience that continual swelling desire to be something more than God has made us. Hence St. Francis called patience the sister of humility. As humility increases in the soul it becomes a holy hatred and contempt of self ; subjection to God is now merged in love and adoration ; and, last of all, we come to love our own contempt. This perfection of humility may be summed up in that one image of the Canticles : ' Who is this that cometh up out of the desert (that is, out of the desert of her own nothingness which she casts behind her in contempt), leaning on her Beloved ? ' Casting herself, that is, in entire dependence on God.

" Christ is humility and humility is Christ. It is the stupendous virtue of a God made man. We possess Christ in so far as our soul is united to Him. The humble heart is the Heart of Christ ; and this is why Our Lord in vision has so often substituted His own Heart for the hearts of His Saints, to manifest this truth that our own hearts must die and be destroyed, and His Heart must live in their place, if we would be holy and perfect.

" We must not think that humility is necessary only in

fallen creatures : far from it ; it is the essential perfection of every intellectual being. The angels have humility ; not as we have, by turning their eyes upon self, but by beholding the unveiled face of God, in which they see reflected their own nothingness. Hence their profound adoration. Our Divine Lord, in His Sacred Humanity, was the humblest of all creatures : and next to Him, His Blessed Mother, innocent and pure as she was—or, rather, she was so humble because she was so innocent.

“ Humility is the reflection of God in the soul. When by it we see our own vileness, it is a reflection of God’s truth ; when by it we punish ourselves for our sins, it is a reflection of His hatred of sin. It also reflects the purity and charity of God. The truly humble soul who sees herself in God’s light beholds herself full of impurity, just as the clearest water is seen to be full of mites when held in the bright sunshine. Humility and charity are but two sides of the same virtue ; humility is love receding from the creature in renouncing self ; charity is the same love tending to God and embracing Him. Humility is so dear to God that there must be some hidden attribute in Himself of which it is the counterpart. We may say that God Himself is, in a certain sense, the humblest of beings. See how He abases Himself to serve His creatures. He serves the angels, and maintains their glorious life. He serves man also in all his necessities of soul and body. The bitterest reproach that God makes to His ungrateful creatures is : ‘ You have made Me to serve in your iniquities.’ Not that ‘ You have made Me to serve ’—that He always does ; but *in your sins*, turning against God the very service He renders to us, when He gives us the very faculties which we use to offend Him.

“ Some of the Saints have had glimpses in vision of the humility of God. Thus St. Catherine of Genoa says : ‘ When I saw the dear God supplying all the wants of man,

abasing Himself to die on the Cross to save him, I was astonished that man should not see that *God makes Himself his servant.*' The humility of God in hearing the prayers of His creatures, and even in altering or suspending the laws of nature at their request, is so striking that some of the pagan philosophers, when they first came to the study of the Scriptures, objected against them that God is there represented as *a humble God.*"*

On Government.

"1. Reserve of power is one of the great secrets of government. A subject should feel that there is a great force of law and power that is not put into action, but remains ready for extreme occasions.

"A Superior is strong in her individual acts of authority in proportion as it is realised that the power exerted is backed by an indefinite strength of power that lies quietly behind it. To come to the end of one's authority, or to the extremity of law, is to reveal a weak condition of affairs.

"2. Authority should be carried in quietude, and exercised with quietude. Calmness is the demonstration of strength, and of the consciousness of possessing strength. The exhibition of excitement, or uneasiness, or temper is a revelation of weakness in authority, and a provocation to the subject to suspect or judge the weakness of the Superior, and a temptation for her to suspect the Superior of not being assuredly and clearly in the right.

"3. There is nothing worse in a Congregation than conflicting traditions. It makes the Religious, as they pass from house to house, critical of its observances and customs; and few things are worse in Communities than a critical

* The retreat of which this fragment has been preserved was given in 1859, and formed the groundwork of his subsequent *Treatise on Humility.*

spirit applied to its regulations and observances. To obviate this, the mother-house should ever be looked to as the type and standard of observance. Deviations from that standard of observance should not be allowed in other houses, except in the provisional circumstances of a new foundation, or where special external works call for special regulations. In these cases the special circumstances explain and justify the special regulations.

"4. The great reserve of power in a Congregation is in the General Superioress. She must not weaken that power by too much interference in what belongs to the office of the local Superioress, or else when her own proper authority is brought in, as prescribed by Rule, she will not be able to exercise it with the same weight and efficacy.

"There are occasions when a Superioress will wisely act through one in subordinate authority in the first instance, reserving herself to come in, if needful, to calm and regulate after the first burst of emotion is past. Of those occasions her own good sense will be the judge. Those Superiors who are always the first to come into contact with every weakness at every moment, have no understanding of what is meant by reserve of power. They are incessantly expending the moderate power they possess, and spending it in too prodigal a way to have any very great power in reserve.

"It is a great weakening of authority to be always assigning reasons for its exercise. It substitutes reason for the principle of obedience. And it should be ever remembered that the reasons on which a Superioress acts are so manifold and complicated, and so intermixed with instincts and intuitions, that generally she could not give an adequate account of what has moved her in her exercise of authority, much less would she give that account in its completeness to another. Thus she does injustice to authority as well as to the subject, who takes the half

reasons assigned for the whole. Reasons should be assigned in so far as it will enable the subject to carry out her obedience with more intelligence and effect ; but the principle of reason should not be substituted for the principle of obedience.

“ A chief duty of subordinate Superiors is to support the first Superioress, and keep her well thought of and in good odour with the Community.

“ A suspicious Superioress makes a suspicious Community. Treat the ordinarily good Religious with confidence and generosity, and you will inspire them with these qualities. If there are serious faults they are sure to come out. A Superioress who imagines evil is sure to find it where it is not.

“ To hack, wear, and worry Religious under the plea of zeal or solicitude makes an unhappy Community. Correct in right time and place, and have done with it.

“ The faults to be most sharply corrected are those that dispose to sin, to scandal, to irreverence, or to murmuring. Early and judicious correction of these will save from greater evil and correction at a later time, when correction becomes less efficacious from strength of custom.

“ When a Religious has to be corrected solely for her own good, there are dispositions and tempers from which Superiors will sometimes gain more by delay ; for when consciences are not touched they harden ; so a Superioress must pray and bide the time of grace. It will be for her to judge whether, by her manner towards that Sister, or by other hints, she may succeed in awakening that Sister's conscience. The obstacle in these cases is some blinding pride or conceit. If the employment feeds the malady, it may be considered whether another may not shake it out so far as to bring it under management.

“ It has been shrewdly observed that everyone is animated by two characters, a wise one and a foolish one ;

and that the wise one is hampered and troubled by the foolish one in the grave hours of life and work, unless the foolish one has her turn and way of escape. Let the foolish one have her gambols in recreation hours, that the wise one may not be interfered with and impeded in her work in the graver hours of duty.* Although in religion the fool is tamed with time, she is seldom altogether so ; and for the relief of the wiser character she must have her season of play, provided it be in season."

* The Bishop is here alluding to the passage quoted from Shaftesbury, *Ante*, p. 259.

CHAPTER XIII.—1873, 1874, 1875.

FRA BRIENZA'S "TREATISE ON ASCETIC THEOLOGY."
—RESUMPTION OF THE "BOOK ON HUMILITY."
—FOURTH PROVINCIAL SYNOD OF WESTMINSTER.—
BEGINNING OF ST. BERNARD'S SEMINARY.—LUISA DE
CARVAJAL.—A CHRISTMAS LETTER.—WHOLE JUBILEE
OF RELIGIOUS PROFESSION.—MEMORIAL OF GRATITUDE.
—REPLY TO MR. GLADSTONE.—ST. JOHN THE EVAN-
GELIST.—DIOCESAN SYNOD.—HALF JUBILEE OF THE
HIERARCHY.—LETTERS TO LADY CHATTERTON.

IT will be remembered that during Bishop Ullathorne's stay in Rome in 1870 he came on a *Treatise on Ascetic Theology*, by Fra Serafino Brienza, O.P., with the value of which he was much struck. A more serious study of its contents only confirmed his judgment of its great merits, and during the years 1872 and 1873 he made it the basis of several retreats which he gave to his Religious Communities. As no notes of these retreats have unfortunately been preserved, an extract may be given from one of his letters, in which he sums up the spiritual doctrine of Fra Brienza, and shows how he reduces the work of sanctification (that is to say, man's share in that work) to the one exercise of self-abnegation.

"Rome, March 20th, 1870.

"I am tempted to give you the substance of a dissertation from Brienza, which you will know where to apply and will be glad of with relation to St. Catherine.

“He treats fully of the sacrifice of self-judgment in the natural order of our reason, as constituting the real basis of a right, blind obedience, and of the return which God gives in supernatural light. God’s light gives us His judgment in place of our own judgment, derived from our natural and contracted light. God—Who is rich in gifts, and Who loves to give them, Who makes giving His glory, and Who is no poorer for what He parts with—holds the virtues in His hand, and seeks for whoever is in a fit condition for receiving them. Just as the sun sends forth its exploring rays to find where it may spread its warmth. But where the spiritual powers are not purged of their faults through the subjection of a perfect submission, He finds no predisposition on which this virtue can act, and is like the sun shut out from a house because its windows are closed up against its entrance. He is like one who, after examining a house, is willing to live in it, provided it first be emptied of its furniture, that He may put His own in its place. Until the house of the intelligence is cleared of that accumulated furniture of human speculations, reminiscence and judgment upon a thousand persons and things, God cannot find place and order for His furnishing of supernatural lights and truths, nor can they be kept bright and luminous in that house. God gives not His virtue in perfection at first, when the spirit is not purged through blind submission, but gives a little and that sweet, to encourage the work of purgation. But this first essay in a soul not purged to blind subjection of judgment, is like grass growing in the street. It gets trampled upon and trodden down by the by-passers and does not grow : for over such a mind many judgments of the natural reason are constantly coming and going—thinkings of one’s self, and plans about one’s self, and disposing of one’s ways, that suffocate the objective light and gift. Hence Our Lord calls himself in the Canticles, ‘a flower,’ not of the

'street, but of the field,' that is of a seclusion where there is but little coming and going. If our perfect subjection of mind and judgment to Him does not make our inward spirit solitary, we shall never be virtuous, or have real union with God.

"Forasmuch as this blind subjection of our spirit to God has this singular value beyond other virtues, that it opens the path to them, as it meets the very genius of God on the way to us, notably enabling Him to reconquer possession of us through the means of denying our own judgment and the self-elating disposition of ourselves (that laborious task by which we help Him to exercise complete and universal dominion over us), we cannot but believe that God will further bestow some gift and some singular privilege in token of merit, as a witness to His own generosity. For the Gospel tells us that God gives a two-fold reward for what we renounce for His sake. He puts these rewards as distinct one from the other, a hundredfold return for what is given up, and eternal life besides. Thus we are promised the eternal life for the future and the hundredfold for the present. But that blind obedience which renounces our individual and natural judgment, giving up for God's sake our every natural light, however clear, will doubtless gain for us a hundredfold light for this very same mind, filling it with Divine notions, supernal illustrations, sublime contemplations, lights compared with which our natural reason, with its contents, is but as star-light compared with sunlight, or as midnight compared with midday. Intelligence is the best and noblest gift that God has created and given to man; and it is promised a hundredfold in the Gospel to them who renounce it for God's sake in what regards external and inferior things.

"What light God gave to those illustrious personages of Holy Scripture who first made heroic sacrifice of their own judgment! When St. Joseph gave up his own judgment

respecting the honour of Mary, a celestial messenger was sent from God's throne to give him such evidence as to remove the possibility of question. When Abraham sacrificed his own judgment even to the death of his son, and of his visible hope of posterity, besides those other revelations that followed, he was enabled to see God in the distance as no other of the Patriarchs saw Him. When Samuel thrice sacrificed his judgment, whilst yet a child, in subjection to God, he was made a prophet and the light of Israel.

“ If we would touch the depth of things so profound, we must follow the light of the Angelic Doctor. Examining into the creation of the angel and of man, he perceives that the angel was created most like to God in both His essence and His wisdom, as Ezechiel says : *‘Thou art the seal of likeness, full of wisdom.’* Not so is it with man ; he was created, indeed, in God's image and likeness in many things, but not in intelligence ; and though capable of wisdom, not in possession of wisdom. And whence this wide difference, giving such great light to the angel and so little in comparison to man ? He chose from first to last to display His Divine resources ; and having shown His boundless liberality in creating the angel, and showing through after experience that through defect of renouncing their own judgment many angels abused their wisdom, and through too much knowledge wanted to know too much, in the creation of man He changed His plan, not intending to be less liberal, but desiring to prevent a similar abuse of similar wisdom. And how do we know this ? Like an earthly sovereign, He made for Himself certain reserves, as they do their parks and grounds, from which their subjects are excluded, as a test of His sovereign rights and prerogatives. Forbidding to man, after his creation, the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, God awaited, with His wisdom in His hand, prepared to give it to man if, with

blind obedience, he avoided the forbidden reserves, and denied himself all thought and all inquiry why the reservation was made a secret in the Divine provision impenetrably concealed in the depth of God's eternal judgment.

"If this is not so, I know not how to explain why amongst other wounds inflicted on humanity through the first sin, St. Thomas, in the third chapter of the first part of his *Summa*, should enumerate the wound of the mind through ignorance. Every wound is a blot, and every blot either takes away what we possess or hinders our receiving what we might have possessed. If ignorance remained in us as a consequence of sin, it was a wound, it was a blot occasioned by the first sin ; not because it took that wisdom from man which he had not received, but because, through his arrogance in wishing to enter into the reserves God had made for Himself, he was prevented from receiving it. Before sinning, man though not yet wise, was able to become wise ; but after his sin, through want of blind obedience, he retained the capability of becoming wise, but he gained not the possession of wisdom.

"Hence we need not wonder that in the Church, and near our own times, creatures have been found who though humanly ignorant, and very ignorant, have yet spoken better of the highest mysteries than theologians have done ; and even of the female sex, a St. Bridget, a St. Catherine of Siena, a St. Teresa, have given volumes to the light that are full of instruction to the learned, and of regulation for guiding souls that are valuable to directors and studious men. Those who have to treat confidentially with similar souls, find in them a mind most clear and decisive in the regulating of its operations, and neither impeded in its action by fears or stayed by the intrusion of doubts. And yet these are ignorant creatures, whilst learned theologians have their liberty of mind beset by doubts of conscience. They say, and truly, that they feel their soul as light above

the body as a feather. They are white as the dove and spotless as the ermine ; they are exceptions from the rule by which we know not if we are worthy of love or hatred, and they know not how their knowledge comes in or goes out. If I am asked how and whence this is, the answer is that they gave up to God in blind obedience the natural light of their mind, and God, hand to hand, gave them back the gift of His supernatural lights, making an exchange of profit with them that He attempted and failed in, with disobedient Adam.

“ I have given you almost a word for word translation from my Dominican spiritualist. But remember that he prepares the way for intelligence in three previous chapters.”

During this and the following year Bishop Ullathorne was much occupied in revising the Constitutions of some of his Religious Communities; and a mass of correspondence is preserved which shows with what patient labour he investigated every question connected with the subject.

“ The troubles of the French Congregation of which you speak have all arisen from their adoption of the democratic method of election. Democratic government is bad enough for men, but it is absurd for women. As a rule, sentiment is their motive power; and sentiment in them is like india-rubber, at once tough and elastic, yielding on pressure, but reasserting its old tenacity, until you can put light and principle in the place of sense and sentimentality. But it is hard to get these into some minds and some Communities.”

Meanwhile some of his correspondents thought it time to examine his conscience on the subject of the *Book on Humility*, of which nothing had lately been heard, and sent a letter of inquiry as to the fate of certain MSS. which it

was feared had been swallowed up in the accumulated extracts from Canonists and Cardinals which he was daily pouring forth for their enlightenment.

“ You have brought to my mind the line of Virgil which I once before quoted : ‘ You command me, O Queen, to renew forgotten griefs.’ Where are those MSS.? and how separate the mixed piles of *membra disjecta* ? I long to get those materials into shape ; I feel day by day the greater need of their being completed and given to the world. I feel life and the energy of life fast slipping away. I no longer have strength or disposition to grapple with libraries. I have begun, and begun, and cannot shape out the sort of book it should be ; whether I should aim at convincing as well as persuading, or only keep to instruction. And whom should I specially aim at instructing ? Nuns only ? But it is not nuns who most want such instruction. Catholics only ? But few Catholics care for such books, at least in England. Should I contemplate all those who are struggling for a basis on which to rest faith ? Then the scope must be wider, and the whole relationship of authority and faith must be taken in, as well as the relation of the soul with God and with truth.

“ As the virtue of humility resumes all theology, the field is interminable, the subject inexhaustible. My perplexity is the embarrassment of wealth ; what line to select, and for the service of what class of readers. I began again the beginning of last year, and got involved in the whole question of the heathen condition of mind through its loss of subjection to God. And yet this is the actual condition of the world, which is everywhere heathen, a tending to heathen states of mind. Then this led to the pantheistic theories, which are always, in all such fallings from God, the final result, as it is even now. Theoretic egotism of the mental sort reduces all things to subjective mental

phenomena, and when that is the case imagination supersedes intelligence and faith. But how handle these things without going into the whole subject of mental analysis, which touches controversy at so many points; and so the reader gets 'into wandering mazes lost,' however clear the subject may be to the writer. So I stopped dismayed."

Urged, however, by their importunity he began again, and though from time to time he pretended to write piteous reports of the sufferings endured in spine and marrow, and quoted a letter from Pope to the effect that when he set to work on a fresh beginning of any work, he felt disposed to ask the first friend who called on him to drown him by way of charity, yet in reality he was well content to resume the studies which were most congenial to his tastes and feelings.

The Fourth Provincial Synod of Westminster was held in the year 1873, at St. Edmund's College, Old Hall, from July 21st to August 12th. The opening discourse was preached by Bishop Ullathorne, and its subject was the sanctification of the secular clergy. It was dedicated to the diocesan clergy of the province, whom, he says, 'he has loved with all a bishop's love, and a bishop's thirst for the perfection of their life and labours.' This is reckoned as one of the finest of his published discourses. The subject was one ever dear to his heart, but specially so at this moment, when his long projected Seminary was just starting into existence. His letters are full of allusions to this, "the crowning work of his life."

"August 29th, 1873.

"I am extracting St. Bernard's famous sermon on the order of knowledge for the inauguration of the Seminary. We hope to begin on the 8th of September; but the inauguration will be a week or two later. When we get the

stalls in and everything ready, I shall ask Dr. Newman to give the discourse."

"September 12th, 1873.

"I have been engaged these two days at St. Bernard's with the little staff of the Seminary, settling rules and regulations. I am more than satisfied with their spirit. It will be common life and family life between Superiors and students. They all feel, as I do, that this is one of the most important germs that can be planted in England, and they are not at all afraid of work. We have settled the horarium, the plan of studies, the chief principles of discipline, and the moral tone that is desirable. I insist much on manners, even the manner of doing the commonest things, such as going in and out of a room, saluting Superiors, and even doing some manual work, such as keeping walks in order; all that will develop sense and conduct."

"September 23rd, 1873.

"I gave the first instruction at St. Bernard's Seminary on Sunday evening. They sang the Vespers strenuously, and like trained men. The spirit of all, both priests and students, is beyond all I could have hoped for. The place seems under a benediction. There is not only the right spirit, but solid learning and zeal to inculcate it. My object at present is to teach them how both philosophy and theology should contribute to spiritual formation, and blend their truths with the spiritual life. Scripture and Church history are likewise branches of study. And three times a week two hours are given exclusively to spirituals, besides the daily half-hour's meditation and the daily half hour of spiritual reading. Of course, we have begun systematically, and the *Spiritual Combat*, scientifically studied, is the initial book. It just comes to combine with the philosophical study of the powers of the soul."

Here is a singular parallel which he draws between the characters of Luisa de Carvajal and Mother Margaret.

“Birmingham, November 7th, 1873.

“Have you seen the *Life of Luisa de Carvajal*?* How dear Mother Margaret would have enjoyed it! How like her the second part is, when Luisa comes to England to help the martyrs and to seek martyrdom. Their very contrasts are resemblances, and their humours are so much alike. Yet the one comes down from the highest rank by degrees, the other goes up from the lowest. Both, after conquering everything else, had the same terror of the sea, and the same horror of dirt, and both had the same shuddering at the heresy and immorality of England, as contrasted with a Catholic country. Both had the same devotion to St. Catherine of Siena as an Apostolic woman, longing to be a preaching friar. Both had the same easy way of exercising immense influence on all they came near. Both had the like combination of fears and sensitiveness, with great courage and great austerity. Luisa, kneeling before the cross in Cheapside to pray and honour the cross still standing there, at the peril of life, reminds one of Mother Margaret, with less danger, going to pray in the Lady chapel at St. Michael's, at Coventry. Both had such a grand fight against human respect. Luisa's controversies with the shopkeepers of *Chepsaid* (Cheapside) are just what Mother Margaret's would have been in like circumstances; and her encounter with the Justice of Peace, posing him on religion, with the crowd around the door, is much what she would have done if brought to bay in the same way. How she would have enjoyed the reading of that life and have held up Luisa as an example of conquering the world! Then her setting up the convent that was no

* *Life of Luisa de Carvajal.* By Lady Georgiana Fullerton. (London: Burns and Oates, 1873.)

convent in Spain; and, again, in London seizing everyone she got hold of by the heart, and leading them her way, keeping up the very priests to the point of martyrdom; and that striking resemblance in inducing the Ambassadors to keep the Blessed Sacrament in their chapels, and using Ambassadors to get her out of scrapes, just as she might use her own Sisters in that Convent, where she guards herself from the heretics with a bull dog, until the Archbishop of Canterbury comes down upon her, and she puzzles both King and Court by her tenacity to stick to England, which gives her so much to suffer and to do. If you have read it, these things must have struck you. If you have not, you must really do so; and if you do not think of two persons instead of one, when you get as far as England with Luisa, I shall think you have lost a faculty. Both, again, were left orphans at about the same age, but under what different circumstances. Both wrote letters with the frank stamp of their rich characters. Both united an intense love of solitude with a charity that urged them on to action for the love of God and of souls. Both upheld the love of *God alone* with passionate love of the Blessed Virgin."

A Christmas Letter.

"December 23rd, 1873.

"May the Divine Word hold your hearts in the hand of His grace, and enfold them in the rays of His light! Through that light He unites in one vision of truth and in one sense of felicity all the spirits that dwell in Heaven, whether native to its serenity or arrived into it from earth.

"When the angelic hosts sang, 'Peace to men of good will,' they proclaimed that He Who unites their good wills in Heaven has come to unite the good wills that are on earth. Good wills they were not until He made them good. And when He made them good He united them in

peace. In what? In Himself. Through what? Through Himself. What severed them, and from what were they sundered? Pride severed them and sundered them from God, and so from one another. Pride is the one and only evil that stands between the creature and God. It is the mortal disease of the human will; in dissolving love, it dissolves life. It is the putrid fever of the soul dissolving us in delirium. There is nothing so lonely, desolate, and left to itself as a human will dreaming its own dreams in the fever of pride. The angels of peace saw a world of wills in this desolate condition, and they wept bitterly, their charge being gone beyond their control. Neither in the caves of the mountains nor the gardens of the earth, in the air of Heaven or in the depths of the salt sea, could they find a remedy. Even the angels had no healing under their wings for the plague of pride. They had not seen their fallen fellows healed when tainted with that malady. They had simply been cast out of Heaven into the eternal abyss.

“There was but one remedy of incredible difficulty to compass—so high, yet so deep to reach and to bring down, that no created mind could be the first to dream of its being obtained. For it was in God, and of God, and called for God to be, what God was not, so far away was it from created thought.

“How unsearchable are the ways of Eternal Wisdom! Divine humility is the one and only remedy for human pride. And when the angels saw God the Word advancing to take possession of a mortal child’s life, and looking down the deeps behold that poor human child assumed to the Godhead, and the Godhead becoming the Person of that child, ‘the Word made flesh,’ and dwelling among us in humblest condition—then the angels burst out in wonder, and in song: ‘Glory to God on high; peace on earth to men of good will.’ They saw the peace of Heaven go down

to earth ; the God of Heaven go down to man ; the humility of the Eternal Majesty go down to heal the pestilence of human pride.

“ My dear children, there is nothing between us and God except our pride. And there is nothing that can break down this villainous wall of separation but Our Lord’s humility. Get your hearts as near to Him as you can, and you will get at His humility. That is the healing power, because it comes from love, from the Divine abyss of love ; and it is the great restorer of love, because it is love in its deep, calm, all winning position of sacrifice ; and love is life, just as pride is death. Nothing else can expel from our hearts death and the savour of death but this love, bringing humility. You will find it at the Crib and in the Tabernacle ; and you will find it in your own hearts if you press to the centre ; and there if you go in, very little, and very poor, and conscious of your own neediness, it will find you.”

On the 12th of March, 1874, being the Feast of St. Gregory, Bishop Ullathorne kept the whole Jubilee of his Religious profession, three of his companions in the Novitiate surviving to keep it with him, namely, the Rev. Fathers Richard Francis Davis, James Nicholas Kendal, and John Austin Dowding. By agreement the four Jubilarians met to celebrate the anniversary at Congleton, near Redditch, then the residence of Father Davis.

“ March 13th, 1874.

“ We had a very nice day at Congleton. A Congregation, the Provincial, and other Benedictine Fathers. There was Mass, a discourse, and the *Te Deum*. A great post arrived for the Jubilarians, with every variety of greetings, prayers, and good wishes. . . . Among other things came a complete set of vestments of all colours, with

cope, albs, and surplices, and all other appointments for an altar for the Seminary. The convents of the diocese presented a lectern and Paschal candlestick, also for the Seminary." Then, after referring to some vexatious law proceedings at that time threatened, he concludes: "I suppose among so many kind things one must have some reminder of one's mortality."

Before separating, Bishop Ullathorne, in the name of all the Jubilarians, drew up a "Memorial of Gratitude" addressed to their old Novice-master, Dr. Polding, then Archbishop of Sydney, in which they recall in touching language the memory of their early Religious days—the first sweetness of the choral office, the lessons received from their Master's lips on the holy Rule, the daily study of the Psalter, and the happy alternation of prayer, study and manual labour.

"March 28th, 1874.

". . . . I have been somewhat surprised at the number of different hearts which the little Memorial on our Jubilee has opened. One writes that it is like a page from a mediæval chronicle; another that it will be useful in their Novitiate; another (an old and spiritual-minded Benedictine), that if sent to the Novitiate it will form the basis for a method of discipline and teaching. From Downside they write as if it surprised them that there should then have been such a state of discipline; yet a Father who was there in our time is much delighted, and recognises its accurate truth. The Prior of the present Novitiate recognises in it the model they are aiming at; and a devout layman writes: 'It is beautiful and refreshing to read such words in this age of shams and selfishness.' Some, again, are astonished that I should remember so much of the Benedictine spirit after so long a separation from the Order, which to me seems strange.

"The following is from a letter just received from the Prior of Douay : 'I read the *Memorial, en famille*, amid profound silence. It would be impossible to describe the effect. The whole thing is really a phenomenon, and your Lordship has brought it out so well. I think the uppermost feeling we experienced was a mixture of affection and gratitude to your Lordship, for this manifestation of the old Benedictine spirit after so many years' absence from the cloister. This is curious analysis ; but it is so hard to analyse these mixed emotions.' Allowing much for politeness, this sort of surprise at what St. Gregory's used to be, surprises me. But how much the Order has suffered by such men as Polding being taken out of it ! Nine men have been taken out of our little Benedictine Congregation in my time to be made bishops."

To the congratulations of the students in the Seminary he replied as follows :

"Reverend and dearly beloved Sons in Christ,

"Among the numerous letters I have received on occasion of my Religious Jubilee, among the many prayers offered for me and the variety of memorials that have reached me, there was nothing that gave me a truer gratification than your letter. In that letter I recognise the first fruits of that devotion to the episcopal character and office which is amongst the best signs of a real ecclesiastical spirit. Nor am I insensible to that genuine feeling of your hearts, of reverence and love to the Father who has done his best to secure for you, as aspirants to the great office of the Priesthood, both fatherly guidance, and intellectual training, together with spiritual formation, and such comfort as befits your state. Your prayers for me I value much. In your good spirit I place full confidence. I look on you as the *Spes altera gregis*. I believe that you

quite realise the importance of establishing in yourselves such a spirit of generosity and of sound discipline that those who follow after you may always be able to appeal to the first students of the Seminary as their example. Under the affectionate and wise guidance of your Superiors you are founding the traditions of the Seminary; and the day, I trust, will come when you will look back to your Seminary life with special satisfaction, and will see the fruit in many students of the seeds of ecclesiastical virtue that are now in course of being planted in your souls. The day will come, I hope and trust, when St. Bernard's Seminary will be a centre of light to the whole diocese, and when the rays of that spiritual light will reach far and wide through its missions and Religious institutions.

“In the course of a few days I shall send you a copy of the ‘Memorial of Gratitude,’ in which the four Jubilarians have addressed the illustrious Archbishop of Sydney, the Father who trained us in life, science, spirit, and discipline; and in that record of our gratitude you will gain a glimpse of what prepared us to be missionaries, and his Grace to be one of the great missionary bishops of our time. I earnestly and humbly pray Almighty God so to bless you and to conduct you, that in you the spirit most worthy of His Divine goodness may be consolidated, and that you may in your turn become a blessing and a light from God to this diocese.”

The Jubilee was kept over again at Downside on the 23rd of April, at the express wish of the Benedictine Fathers. In speaking of it, Bishop Ullathorne mentions incidentally that one of their number, “the ablest man among us,” had urged him to devote himself more to writing, as the work in which he could at this time do more for the Church.

“ June 22nd, 1874.

“ It is partly what I think myself ; but at least a third of my time is taken up with conventual affairs ; questions come from all quarters in and out of the kingdom, even from America and the Tropical islands. I have now three sets of Constitutions waiting for revision, and am threatened with another set from Chicago. These things take up a great deal of time, but it is a good sign that people desire the better things. We have had a triple celebration here : the dedication of the Cathedral, the Pope’s anniversary, and my own. We had Bishop Hedley to preach, the Prior of Douay, and Father Vaughan—all Benedictines—to assist. I am going this morning to preside at the first *Defensions* held at the Seminary. That institution is all that I can desire.”

“ July 24th, 1874.

“ What a stroke this Church Discipline Bill is ! It has passed the Lords, and nearly passed the Commons. . . . What a Nemesis has been brought to Anglicanism by this Act ! This is about the state of the case, and you will see that it is a complete counterpart to the Vatican Council. The Venerable Fathers of Westminster, commonly called the Parliament, have decreed that in a Consistory of the two Archbishops shall be elected one of the lay judges, to have £3,000 a year, who, on the report of the Bishop shall decide with supreme (and, of course, infallible) authority in all cases ; and if the promised Act is added next Session—in cases of doctrine, ritual, morals, and discipline—so to guard the Act of Uniformity. The steel wedge is fairly in the body. So much for the lay Council of the Anglican Church.”

In the autumn of this year the publication by Mr. Gladstone of a work entitled *The Vatican Decrees in*

their bearing on Civil Allegiance, roused Bishop Ullathorne to reply, which he did in a letter addressed to the Catholics of the diocese, which bore the title of *The Döllingerites, Mr. Gladstone, and Apostates from the Faith*. The title is explained by the fact that in his attack Mr. Gladstone had undertaken the championship of the sect which assumed to itself the name of "the Old Catholics," and had spoken of Dr. Döllinger as "the most famous and learned living theologian of the Roman Communion."

"December 27th, 1874.

"I have been engaged up to the middle of last week, ten hours a day for fourteen days, writing a pamphlet, alas! of eighty pages, against Mr. Gladstone,* and have been hard at work tracking his insidious windings (103,000 copies of the cheap edition of his pamphlet have come out), and Bismarck's recent and audacious lies about the Pope have put the world in a blaze. Gladstone's letters in the papers show that we have not finished with him, and that he is in active correspondence with anti-Catholic societies. New writings come out daily, and much of my time is taken up examining them. I was obliged to contradict a most absurd statement in the *Times* only yesterday, about what is said to be going on at Rome about England. Even my Pastoral is said to have been chiefly written there, and that a great scheme of action is being prepared there for us in England.

"We have been celebrating St. John to-day in the Cathedral with dignity; and I have been drawing his qualities, distinctions, and prerogatives in the pulpit. It is one of the most beautiful subjects in the Gospel and Apostolic history. But St. John Chrysostom says it is

* This must have been his *second* pamphlet, *Mr. Gladstone's Expostulation Unravelled*, which was published early in 1875. The *first* pamphlet, spoken of above, was published in November, 1874.

only intelligible to angels, and those who aspire to be as angels. Comparing him to the greatest of artists whom people run to see, or the greatest singer they run to hear, or the greatest orator whom they rush to applaud—*he* is noblest of all; with head in reverence uncovered, doing and speaking the purest truth with Heaven for a stage, earth for a theatre, angels for listeners, and such men as aspire to be Angels. But for the rest they are like children amusing themselves with toys, enjoying sweets, playing one with another, whilst the great tragedy between earth and Heaven is going on, and God moving through the midst of it. St. John the Divine, as the Easterns call him, entered like the soaring eagle into depths of light that unmortified eyes cannot follow. Not the most loving, but the most beloved; because for *loving* most Peter got the primacy. But the most *beloved* because of his modesty, and meekness, and purity from earliest life. So Bossuet notes this of him from Holy Scripture, that during His own life Our Lord gave him the Cross to drink the cup of His Passion; He gave him His Mother, with His filial rights and duties; and and at the Last Supper He gave him His heart, when he leant upon His breast.

“St. John wrote the highest truths ever uttered by man in his Gospel, the most awful truths ever made known to man in his Apocalypse, and the sweetest in his Epistles. Now what was his favourite aspiration? I don’t say his favourite instruction, that is well known. But guess all of you. Do you give it up? Then look at the end of the Apocalypse within a verse or two, and you will find it.”*

At the Diocesan Synod held in Easter Week, 1875, Bishop Ullathorne delivered the discourse which is printed in his volume of *Ecclesiastical Discourses*, after which

* Probably, “Come, Lord Jesus.” Apoc. xxii. 20.

he once more entered on the labours of the diocesan visitation.

“ March 3rd, 1875.

“ I am working up a synodal discourse on the sanctity of the Priesthood. It is remarkable that both St. Thomas and Suarez decide that more sanctity is required in the pastoral clergy than in mere Religious, although the perils are greater and it is rarely attained. I have been out of sorts ever since Christmas, and having the whole diocesan visitation before me this year, should be glad to be in better working condition.”

On the 15th of March took place the elevation to the Cardinalate of the Right Rev. Dr. Manning, Archbishop of Westminster.

“ Easter Eve, 1875.

“ This Easter will break as a gleam of light on many poor suffering Catholics in many parts of the world ; yet in how many from the exile or imprisonment of their bishop or priests will they feel the greater privation. We often forget how well off we are. It is quite remarkable that, after all Mr. Gladstone has attempted, there is a sense of satisfaction generally expressed in this country that we are to have a genuine English Cardinal. Yet on the Continent all powers are more or less united to depress the Church. Dr. Newman has heard of one lady received into the Church through his pamphlet, who had never read a Catholic book before ; also of a gentleman in like manner, who has brought in his whole family.”

On the Death of a Protestant Parent.

“ June 15th, 1875.

“ All the signs marked in your letter, my dear child, point to invincible ignorance as the real obstacle to explicit faith in the Church, her doctrines, and ministries.

“I believe there are many such souls, sincere and faithful as far as they have light, and responsible for no more than their light teaches them. Such, especially when baptised, as we must here assume (the conditional baptism of converts being a precaution, rather than reproof of non-baptism before), we may hope and trust, having been faithful as a rule to their light, and loving God, and being contrite to the end, are saved through their baptism, and their implicit faith, and its acts through the Blood of Our Lord. If the Church cannot offer public prayers for those not in her visible communion, a child can always pray, and others can pray also in private, resting on the great hope. . . . I keenly sympathise with you in your great trial and separation, and pray God to be your consolation. Your mother tried to love God all her life : could that be without love ? And did God ever reject a soul that tried to love him ? Certainly not. There must have been implicit, if not formal faith as a basis of this love ; a belief, not only in the Trinity, but in the Incarnation, and the Divine Redemption : the points of explicit faith required, in addition to that of the Church, for receiving the Sacraments. You must therefore be consoled in all except the ignorance which kept your mother from the visible communion of the Church.”

Addresses of sympathy and loyalty were at this time sent to the Holy Father from many quarters, together with offerings of Peter's Pence. At the Convent of St. Dominic's, Stone, the children in the Pension school sent their little offering accompanied by a letter, which was presented to the Pope by the General of the Order. The simplicity with which the children expressed their loyal sentiments so touched the Holy Father that he sent them a special message of thanks, together with his blessing.

“July 16th, 1875.

“I congratulate you and the Congregation on the good position in which you stand in presence of the Sovereign Pontiff and of your General. The children will be highly delighted with their letter, and it will augment their loyalty to the Pontifical throne. What always strikes me in the General's letters is the cheery way in which, amid all his own troubles, he exhorts to courage. It seems to come out of his heart as if he were always cheering himself to courage as well as everybody else. This is that test, counterpart, and accompaniment of true and solid humility of which his letters give such indications, and which I spoke of the other day under the name of magnanimity. It comes to this, that one who, well exercised in humility, having lost confidence, in self, has found an inexhaustible fund of confidence, and of courage in the support of God and in His Providence. This humility and courage together make up the breadth of a well-grounded soul. It is thus I read the General's spirit in his letters; he has the cheery, affectionate, encouraging tone of a truly spiritual man.”*

To a Convert.

“September 16th, 1875.

“There are some calls to the faith which include in them the germ of other calls, like that of St. Paul. Both you and your spiritual children have ample reason for celebrating, among other blessings, that of your own conversion. So many of them have likewise their own conversion to celebrate with thanksgiving, and have the grandest reasons for exclaiming, ‘Oh, the depth of the riches of the mercy and goodness of God!’ What a great thing it is to be always seeing the workings of God made visible in their effects, and constantly brought home to the souls of

*The Most Rev. Joseph San Vito, O.P.

the seers! It is like the gift of prophesying; and so long as it raises up and exalts the spirit of gratitude the vision must go on. What cloud of trouble is not followed by an opening of light, and a revelation of the tempering and fructifying use of clouds."

On the 29th of September was celebrated the half Jubilee of the establishment of the Hierarchy, on which occasion the Bishop published a special Pastoral, in which he dwelt on all the blessings which had accrued to the Church in England during the five-and-twenty years that had elapsed.

"September 30th, 1875.

"We had the Chapter, Seminary, and a large Congregation, on the 29th, to celebrate the half Jubilee of the sec. I thank you for your congratulations. There are only two things the reflection on which gives me satisfaction in looking back: one is that I have never neglected the spouses of Christ; the other is the foundation of the Seminary. I shall ordain the first priest from the Seminary next Sunday."

On November 13th, being the Feast of All Saints of the Benedictine Order, Bishop Ullathorne preached a sermon at Liverpool on the history and character of the Benedictine Order. The reporter of a Protestant paper who was present took occasion, whilst giving an abstract of the sermon, to sketch the appearance and character of the preacher, which pen and ink portrait appeared among a collection of other similar sketches, entitled *Strangers in the Pulpit*. The writer, while passing a very favourable opinion on the power and learning of the Bishop, thought fit, in describing his personal appearance, to designate his countenance as "*somewhat timid-looking*." The singular

inappropriateness of the epithet earned for the Bishop a good deal of raillery from his friends, to one of whom he wrote that "the preacher was probably construed to be *timid* because he was *starved*, there being some unglazed windows in the church close behind the pulpit."

To Lady Chatterton he writes :

"Your letter and paper reached me at Liverpool, where I have been preaching in a Benedictine Church, on the Festival of All Saints of the Benedictine Order. On my return I was delayed to profess a Benedictine nun. I send for your amusement a pen and ink portrait of the sermon and preacher, which only proves how little a man who only sees one once in a pulpit can judge his, I will not say sitter, but stander. As to the timidity of which the portrait-writer speaks, I am afraid it sprang not so much from modest-mindedness as from shivering cold, especially as certain windows of the large church, being under repair, were not glazed."

This seems the proper place in which to notice the correspondence which passed between Bishop Ullathorne and the late Lady Chatterton, which ended by her happy reception into the Catholic Church. Nine of his letters to her are published in her *Memoirs*,* from which, with permission of the author, we will make two extracts, gladly referring the reader to the original pages in which this interesting correspondence is given at length. In the first of these extracts the Bishop speaks of the meaning and value of ceremonial.

On Ceremonial.

" . . . God Himself was the inventor of the ceremonial of the Old Law, and Our Lord never did anything

* *Memoirs of Georgiana, Lady Chatterton.* By E. H. Dering. (London : Hurst and Blackett, 1878.)

of importance without some significant action or gesture, which is ceremonial.

“Outside of Protestantism, there never was a religion, sect, or creed—Jewish, Christian, or pagan—of which the centre was not sacrifice; and sacrifice is all action, with words as accompaniment. Nay, what are words but symbols, and symbols with mouth articulated and features moving to express the inward thought or emotion? And what are the printed letters of a Bible but the symbols once removed of those spoken words which the Spirit of God has expressed through the hand and pen of man? Which hands and pens, and the living bodies that moved them, are essentially in their action ceremonials.

“In our present compound state everything must come to us through sense, and both God and man speak to us through human symbols and ceremonials. God has given to us two modes of expressing ourselves, by words and by signs; and the signs are the most vivid language of the two. They compel us to speak with body and soul, and leave not the body inertly to resist the expression of the soul, but to go with it, and give us security that with our whole unresisting being we worship God or declare His will. Whoever would reject ceremonial must not only stand stock still and refuse to speak; but, to be consistent, must even refuse the features expression, and the lips their movement. I am simply showing the absurdity of professing to reject a principle without the use of which you cannot even express what you would reject.

“But the great ceremonial of the Church gathers round the Sacrifice and Communion, of which we have the whole ceremonial type in the Last Supper. What we see with faithful eyes, as Horace tells, affects us more than what is addressed to the ears.* Ceremonial speaks to the soul

* *Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.*

(Horace, *Ars Poetica*, l. 180.)

through the eyes ; and in large churches, all can read with their eyes what only a limited number can hear. Then what a language to those afflicted with deafness ! They read the whole progress of the sacred rite with their sight.

“ Ceremonial is pre-eminently the language for multitudes assembled, and a universal religion must contemplate all, whether they can hear or read, or not. Of the two languages given by God to man, and ever used in conjunction by all the races of the earth in His worship (until Protestantism arose to reject the principle, but to retain the practice to a great degree), Protestantism has in principle rejected one, and that the most subjugating of body to soul—the language of action or ceremonial. Protestants have forgotten that ceremonial runs through the whole Scripture from Genesis to the Book of Revelations. They have lost sight of the fact that the latter sublime book has for its pictorial framework the array of the Church with its grand ceremonial around the Lamb standing on the altar for ever slain, that is the Christian sacrifice. They forget in religion what Demosthenes says of oratory, that is of expression, that the first, second, and third secret of success is action, action, action. They would bury, if they could, the soul in a dull, stupid, disobedient, lifeless body. This has made the British race of recent ages the half-inanimate mortals that other nations pronounce them to be. But if I had never been able to use my eyes to construe your lively features, expressive lips, and kindly hands in their offer of kindnesses, I should never have read your soul ; and if anti-ceremonialists would be consistent, all should be covered as to the face with veils, should hold their arms in tranquillity by their sides, and utter their sense in the purest vowels—the mere breathings of the soul.”

The following was written in reply to fears which she had expressed lest she loved human beings more than God.

" Birmingham, December 29th, 1875.

" Dear Lady Chatterton,

Feeling and *will* are in their nature distinct one from the other, and very often act independently of each other. How many feelings do we have that we wish we had not ! In such cases the feelings go one way and the will another. The subject in which our feelings or sensibilities reside, is our *senses* both external and internal, both of body and soul ; the subject in which our *love* resides is our *will*. Hence feelings are various and complicated, but love is simple.

" The will is the central and sovereign power in us, and what we will that we love : what we will that morally we are ; whether the exercise of our will, that is of our love, be accompanied with sensible feelings of pleasure or not. The will can only act towards one object, and the nature of the object towards which our will is moved determines the nature of our love and its moral character. Love is concerned with what is good, and every object that we love we represent to ourselves as good : even when we love what is evil we first delude ourselves with the notion that it is good.

" . . . It is the nobleness of the object of our love that ennobles us in our love. In loving God, the one Supreme, all perfect Good, and source of all good . . . we reach the end of all desires, and join ourselves to the Eternal Good, and find the resting-place of our soul. This is the secret of the soul's peace. ' My peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you, not as the world giveth it, do I give it unto you.' The love of God above all things, and in all things, brings us peace, because it brings us to the object of our soul, to the end of the soul's desires, to that Divine good for which the soul is created. For the soul in herself is the created spiritual recipient of good, to which the light of truth leads her on. Truth alone is not the

good, but its luminous reflection, let into our minds to awaken up our heart to love the good of which truth is the harbinger and forerunner. Light is of the mind : but love is of the will. And the love of God is called *Charitas*, or *Charus amor*, because it is the appreciative love of the best.

“ In Heaven, love and sense are one, the will and the joy are inseparable, because there is the vision of the Supreme Good : there nothing distracts the spiritual sense from the Eternal Beauty, and life and love of us on which the will is set. We shall see Him as He is, and ‘eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath the heart of man conceived the things which God has prepared for them that love Him.’

“ But ‘in this world we walk by faith, and not by vision,’ ‘we see darkly as through a glass in a mystery.’ This is the trial of love and the crucifixion of love, and the purgation of love. For as St. Augustine says : ‘God would have us love Him as He deserves,’ before we see Him as He is. We must love Him in faith without the joys of the sense of an overwhelming love ; love Him with the appreciative love and cleaving of our will, whether our nature swims contentedly and pleasurably on with our will, or is heavy, dull, and irresponsive in so far as we have any sense of it. But remember this, for it is all-important : that the greater the reluctance of nature to follow our will with enjoyment, so long as the will seeks God, the greater is the actual love of the will, by reason of its working against the weight of our dull, corrupt, and irresponsive animality. When our Divine Lord came to His agony in Gethsemane, the sacred type and example of all the true lovers of God began to be weary, and heavy, and sorrowful, and sad. The Divine Victim and scape-goat of our sins bore upon Himself, all innocent and pure, the iniquities of the world and their punishment ; and this was the human effect, and a bitter portion of the penance. But while His Divine soul

was in this sorrow, bitterness, and joylessness, did He love the Father less or more? Certainly more; for the work of His human will in loving was immeasurably greater. The love was then all in the pure will, and not at all in sense. 'Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me, yet not as I will, but as Thou.'

"Remember this also, because it touches the root of the question. The end of our love of God is, not to please ourselves, but to please God, so long as we are in this life of trial. But all that sensible sweetness in loving is the pleasing of ourselves. Nevertheless, God sometimes gives us joy in loving Him, to encourage and draw us on. At other times He gives us the drier graces of love, lest we should take too much delight in the sense of love, and so in the sense of self, which is apt to degenerate into self-love, and so into the elation of pride, by which we lose the grace and the progress in the true and pure love of God. These alternations belong to the providence of Divine grace which has two functions to accomplish in us: to heal our pride, as well as to perfect our love. And love can only grow upon the lessening and lowering of our pride. Self-love, which is the fount of pride, cannot consist in one with our love of God. With this preparation I come to the point of your question. Even humanly speaking, and putting the wicked aside, whose souls are buried in sensuality and self-conceit, the love that we most feel is not always our highest and most perfect love. The love of a most dear friend, or of one yet more closely united to us, is a love in which, not only the will, but all the senses inward and outward are engaged—here, if anywhere, is joy in loving. And where the love is pure and holy, nature and grace move in one and the same direction. And yet a love that is purely of the will, and is divested of all this sensible pleasure, reigns supreme over it, and when the emergency comes it will reveal its power; and that is the love of truth and justice. Let the one

beloved gravely violate these principles and, however painful, however much of a martyrdom, we find that we can be prompt in asserting this love in the dry will, above the whole of our sensible love of the person who violates them. The love of truth which has but little of sensibility in it, and the love of justice which has less, assert their supremacy over all that strongly sympathetic affection.

“But why do we love truth and justice above all our sensible loves except that they are God’s truth, and God’s justice, to which we are subject, and without which everything runs to chaos and disorder. God is truth, God is justice ; and, moreover, God is goodness—God is *the Good*, the nature and the source of good in Himself first, then in all by communication. Truth is the reflection of that good, the splendour radiating from it. Justice is the order of that good ; the good itself, or God, is the All-being, the All-life, the All-joy from which is every life, and every pure or real joy, peaceful without alloy or tribulation. Pure spirit, without gross body with its gross senses, because infinitely perfect—pure spirit can alone taste him perfectly. To taste God perfectly, then, the spirit must first be purified. And this is a work of labour and self-abnegation. For the body which is corrupted weigheth upon the soul, and oppresseth the sense whilst musing in many things. Here is the whole complicated obstacle to the soaring of the soul with delight to the One Supreme Good, in whom we find all those things in perfection which we so eagerly seek for through our senses, in the world outside us, and in the world of letters that reflects the endless multiplicity of the exterior world.

“For there is only one point of communication between God and us, and that is the centre of our own soul. For although He is everywhere, He is not everywhere to us. ‘The kingdom of God is within you,’ says Our Lord to us. The Church preaches faith and hope and love to us, and in the

Sacraments brings to us their graces ; but it is God Who through His Word touches us inwardly with the light of faith, and raises our hope and desire of the Supreme Good that the light of faith presents to us. And how have we the sense of God? Loving Him beyond all things with His Spirit He gives the remote and veiled touch to the centre of our spirit, and then we joy in Him.

“ But if we live not in our own interior, where for us is the kingdom of God, where is the place of God’s communion with us, how can we have the consolation and peace of charity, that is the sensible union of our heart with God? Multiplicity of external solitudes and pursuits, and evagation of our mind into all sorts of minds, must take off the heart from God. Our God is a jealous God, because He loves us, and wants our love. Hence the Divine admonition: ‘My child, give Me thy heart.’ The order of love is the order of life. When the love of God is supreme in us, then every other love partakes in this Divine love, becomes exalted, purified, and sanctified. For this is the grandeur of Divine charity that it draws all loves into the Divine love and regulates them all. Then we love our neighbour in whatsoever degree of propinquity in God, and for God, and so we love God in him. For this is the grand double law of Catholic charity, that whilst we love God and are subject to God, we likewise love God in our neighbour, and are subject to God in being humble to our neighbour. . . . Then we learn to see God’s side which is the beautiful side in all persons.

“ The test of love is not feeling, but obedience. ‘If you love Me keep My commandments.’ Then the love of God devours our self-love, and our susceptible sensitiveness. The great nourishers of Divine love are the Sacrifice, the Sacraments, and prayer. The Sacrifice is the Mystery of Eternal love, the more costly of all the works of love which opens to us the way to Heaven. For what other way is there for

us except through Jesus Christ our dear Lord and Redeemer crucified. The Sacraments flow from that Sacrifice, and bring its graces home to us; and prayer is the exercise of subjection and love. Yet what prayers can approach that prayer in which we are joined to Our Lord in His Sacrifice, where with strong cry and tears He offers the propitiation for our sins, and open His wounds from which to pour the life of His love upon us! Until we get the habit of often lifting our hearts to God—not merely at fixed times of prayer, but at all times, and in all places, and companies, as Our Lord admonishes: ‘Pray always, pray without ceasing’—we shall never reach the joys of life, we shall never understand how sweet this present life may be. There may be many failures, destroying many conceits: but with patient effort, trusting in God, this blessed habit is won at last. . . .

“Not feeling, but desire is the true test of love. What we desire that we love; what we desire intensely that we intensely love. What we willingly obey, and to what we willingly subject ourselves, to that we give all proofs of love. Not what we feel, but what we do, is the manifestation of our love. Feelings change in this mortal state, but the works of love endure.”

Bishop Ullathorne was largely consulted by persons in quest of the truth, and by his wise and temperate counsels brought many into the Church.* The following letter is addressed to a Protestant lady who had for some years lived under the direction of Dr. Pusey, to whom she had given a solemn promise never to leave the Church of England. As her mind opened more and more to the truth of the Catholic

* In a letter communicated to the public Press by Mr. Edmund Dease, that gentleman states that when showing him his private chapel at Birmingham, some years before his death, the Bishop mentioned having there received into the Church upwards of a hundred Anglican clergymen.

religion, she earnestly desired to follow her convictions, but was held back by the fear of breaking this promise. In her perplexity she addressed herself to Bishop Ullathorne, who by his advice gradually delivered her from her tormenting scruples, and received her into the Church. The following is one of the letters he addressed to her in her season of doubt.

“ Dear Miss ——,

“ Since receiving your very kind but distressing letter, I have not had time until now to write to you a few lines, which I feel assured you will accept in a good spirit.

“ The struggle, then, has returned, and your soul is plunged into new troubles. May Almighty God establish His own victory! In your innermost soul there is conviction, and when the ties of nature and friendship cease to press, that inward light comes forth over all your being. May Almighty God give you aid in this struggle, and may His victorious grace subdue whatever is opposed to His most sacred will!

“ Remember, my dear child, and keep firmly before you, that no promise can be made by anyone, or ever could be made by you, except with the implied condition of its not being opposed to the will of Almighty God. Now no command of God, as you well know, is more pressing or more imperative than that of hearing and obeying His Church, of embracing His truth, and of conformity and fidelity to the grace of His Divine call.

“ May you soon, very soon, find peace and rest where you know very well it will be found!

“ Every day when I lift up from the Altar of Christ the Blood of God, and present it before God, will I offer it also for you, until it may please Him to give you the final grace of victory.

“ I still hope and trust that when I return next week you will complete the good work. Should you be disposed to use the ministry of any other servant of the Church, do so ; but I know that where the first confidence is given, there it is very natural we should return, and therefore, should you at any time need my ministry, I shall be most happy to serve your soul. I do not consider you as weak, but I see that the last temptations are strong.

“ I was not surprised at your letter, but I know there is that in you from God that will increase your pains and trials until the final task is done, and until that step is taken which the sooner it is done the sooner will you become the servant of Christ indeed, in all things obedient to His holy light and to His Holy will. The way of Christ is the Way of His Cross, and those who take upon them His yoke find its burden light. It is only heavy while we withhold our shoulder from its burden.

“ My dear child, may Our Lord grant you all grace, all blessing, and all peace !

“ Your devoted servant,

“ ✠ W. B. ULLATHORNE.”

In the letters which follow he is addressing a Catholic gentleman, who suffered for some years from sceptical doubts on which he sought advice from the Bishop. His troubles of mind were not at once removed ; nevertheless, somewhat later, the cloud happily passed away, and was exchanged for the peace of settled faith.

“ It was with great regret I learned from your letter that you are still in mental difficulties with respect to the faith. These difficulties entirely originate, as I told you at our interview, from a certain peculiarity in the habits of your mind.

“ Faith is above human reason, and its doctrines cannot

be measured by human reason ; they belong to the reason of God, whose thoughts are not as our thoughts, nor His ways as our ways. Our reason is amply sufficient to test the evidence that God has spoken to us ; but when God has spoken, our reason must submit to His reason, which is contained in the deposit of faith.

“Our conscience is God's testimony, and all law and duty rests upon the testimony of God to our conscience. And as our conscience is the witness of God, ‘in whom we live, move, and have our being,’ that same conscience bears witness that the same God may communicate with us in other ways : all our reason has to do is to ascertain whether God has done so or not. But of this we have overwhelming proof in the testimony of mankind and in the history of God's dealings with mankind. All the races of men have believed in the fall of man from a happy state ; all have believed in a Divine intervention, and in some kind of Divine intervention in human form ; all have believed in the efficacy of sacrifice as a medium of restoration to the favour of God. This is the universal belief up to the earliest traditions and records that have come down to us. However much warped, varied, and coloured by error, these fundamental ideas belong to the mind of humanity.

“What can be the explanation but that this universal sentiment belongs to the human conscience ? It is only through pride of intellect and by the force of self-assertion that individual men, seeking independence of whatever is greater than themselves, have succeeded in giving a denial to this general testimony and this general yearning of the human conscience.

“But there is a Divine record of God's dealings with man, accumulating with the ages, coherent and consistent throughout, and confirmed as the action of God by prophecies fulfilled and miracles wrought beyond all the powers of man and nature, which manifest the action and

teaching of God, and His power, not only over one people, but over the nations generally. And this record is confirmed by the belief of the people to which it was given, and who to this day in unbroken succession preserve that record, live a life wholly based upon it, and bear witness to it in every part of the world. That record culminates in a new dispensation which is the essential development, realisation, and fulfilment of the old. Hence the New Testament is the key that unlocks the mysteries of the old ; and the Church, with its marvellous history, is the witness of God, and the manifestation of His light, grace, and power.

“ But faith depends on the interior light of God, which is given to submissive humility and prayer. If there were not difficulties to reason in faith, the objects of faith would not be of the reason of God—invisible to natural reason, but luminous and most reasonable to faith—for to simple faith all the truths of belief are most simple, coherent, and harmonious, each point giving light to all the rest, and all of them agreeing together in most marvellous unity which constitutes an evidence of an intrinsic character, exalting, enlarging, and strengthening the soul in a way most wonderful.

“ We are made for a truth incomparably greater than we are, and to which we cannot apply any measure taken from ourselves ; and unhappy is the man who cannot believe that there is anything greater than himself. But to reach that truth is an act of mental and moral obedience. It is of the nature of the soul in its right position to obey the truth ; and ‘ unless we believe, we cannot understand.’

“ What can be a greater motive of belief than the authority of a Church constituted by God, full of spiritual powers, meeting the positive wants of the soul, explaining the difficulties of human nature as the mere reason of man never can, elevating the mind with eternal and unchangeable truths, bringing the soul into relations of friendship

with God, enlarging the hopes of humanity, civilising and spiritualising mankind, explaining all history, exhibiting a body of truth in perfect harmony with itself and with the soul, ensuring peace of heart, removing the fears with which the natural man is agitated with respect to his future state, constituting the only solid ground for the virtues, without which they are unexplainable.

“But faith has its intrinsic basis not upon reason, but upon the light of God, which is given to humble and earnest prayer—which I trust you will continue, as I hope to join your petitions for a blessing so unspeakable.”

A year or two later the Bishop had the consolation of hearing that this distressing trial had passed away, and addressed to the same person the following words of congratulation :

“. . . It was with great consolation that I heard before you wrote to me that you had settled your mind, and approached your religious duties. And I read your own words with pleasure and gratitude to God that He had removed the eclipse occasioned by that pride of intellect which is darkness rather than light.

“May God in His goodness continue to you His grace and light, and be your consolation in all trials. May He bless you, and be ever with you.”

3 The following letter was written by Bishop Ullathorne, in reply to a friend who had requested him to explain the subject of the baptism of desire :

“I have not yet answered your question concerning the baptism of desire. I have consulted the great Dominican theologian, Billuart. He defines it in these words: ‘It is perfect contrition of heart, or any act of perfect charity, with the virtual or implicit desire of baptism by water.’

“He quotes these passages from Scripture in proof; (Ezechiel xviii. 21): ‘If the wicked do penance from all his sins that he hath committed . . . living he shall live, and shall not die.’ . . . Again, in the same chapter, verse 30: ‘Be converted and do penance for all your iniquities; and iniquity shall not be for your ruin.’ (Psalm l. 19), ‘A contrite and humble heart Thou wilt not despise.’ (John xiv. 21) ‘He who loveth Me shall be loved of My Father, and I will love him.’ (Romans x. 11) ‘Everyone who believeth in Him shall not be confounded.’

“The Council of Trent decreed (Sess. vi. c. 4) that to be transferred from the state of Adam to the state of grace we must have either the laver of regeneration, *or the desire of it.*

“Now comes definite light. Innocent III., in 1190, in the Decretals L. 3. Tit. 42, on Baptism, decides in case of a Jew who had baptised himself, that ‘Though the baptism was invalid, if he died therein he would at once ascend to the Father, *for his faith in the Sacrament*, if not for the Sacrament of faith.’ And here is more light. The same Pope, in the Decretals, Tit. 43, on Baptism, decided in the case of a priest who thought he was baptised, but was not: ‘If he persevered in the confession of Holy Mother Church, and in the name of Christ, we unhesitatingly assert him to be free from original sin, and that he has attained the joy of the heavenly country.’ He proves it from SS. Ambrose and Augustine; and admonishes the Bishop of Cremona that ‘quieting the disputes of the Doctors, he hold to the sense of the Fathers; and require prayers and sacrifices to be offered to God for the aforesaid priest.’

“St. Cyprian says (Epist. 73, Jubaino) of those whom he thought had died without *true* baptism: ‘God of His indulgence and mercy can supply their will.’ St. Augus-

tine says (L. iv. De. Bap. c. 22): 'Without the visible Sacrament it can be supplied invisibly (according to St. Paul, Romans x. 10: 'With the heart we believe unto justice; but with the mouth confession is made unto salvation') when it is not contempt of religion, but the crisis of necessity that excludes the mystery of Baptism.'

"St. Bernard (Epist. 77 to Hugo of St. Victor) repels the opposite view, and says he stands by two columns from which it would be difficult to move him, SS. Ambrose and Augustine. 'With these I err,' he says, 'or am wise, believing a man may be saved by faith alone, with desire of baptism, if with pious desire of having it, either death anticipates, or any invincible force whatsoever, stands in the way.'

"From all this put together I think you will gather much consolation."

CHAPTER XIV.—1876, 1877, 1878, 1879.

RESUMPTION OF HIS PHILOSOPHIC TREATISE.—DR. SCHLIEHMANN'S DISCOVERIES.—LETTER TO JUBILARIANS.—EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.—DEATH OF POPE PIUS IX.—FAILURE OF THE BISHOP'S HEALTH.—DR. NEWMAN CREATED A CARDINAL.—LETTERS ON THIS EVENT.—“WELCOME HOME.”—BISHOP ILSLEY APPOINTED AUXILIARY BISHOP.—CORRESPONDENCE WITH MISS O'MEARA.

COMPARATIVELY few letters of general interest from Bishop Ullathorne have been preserved belonging to the years 1876 and 1877 ; nor did he during this period add in any considerable degree to his published literary works. A pamphlet on the Prussian persecution, which originally appeared in the form of a Pastoral, and the volume of *Ecclesiastical Discourses*, appear to have been the only productions of his pen during the year 1876. He had, however, resumed his labours in good earnest on the Philosophic Treatise which had so long engaged his thoughts.

“August 15th, 1876.

“I have been much engaged of late with correspondence. But in the intervals I have been working at introductory chapters to the book so long delayed. I have got into the subject once more, but unless I stick to it it will never be done. . . . What a world this is at this epoch ! A new theory is now rife in Germany, has already been

reviewed in England, and was adopted by the Internationalists in their recent meeting in Italy. Hartmann is the author's name ; and it is to this effect : that man's Maker has committed a blunder in planting such a conscience in him that it contradicts his nature. It must be taken out, and a new one made, such as his nature suggests. What a testimony to the force of conscience ! The subject is widely read in Germany, and we shall have to deal with it here. This has driven me to write two chapters on self and conscience, and one on the nature of man. There is nothing for it nowadays but going to the roots of things."

"October 26th, 1876.

"I have before me Dr. Schliemann's book on his wonderful discoveries at Troy,* of which I have spoken before, and of the thousands of curious terra-cotta remains, covered with ornaments and inscriptions. Two hundred of them are engraved, and one has struck me with amazement. Its meaning is obvious at first sight, and I see the printed explanation is what I saw at a glance. It is a little terra-cotta tripod, on the circular top of which is, in the middle, the tree of life ; on the right side a full drawn cross, on the left the dragon or power of evil, in the shape of an erect caterpillar, almost as long as the tree. On the side of the cross the tree flourishes, and the branches enlarge at the ends as if with fruit ; on the left, where is the power of evil, the branches are all withered."

"November 30th, 1876.

"Your classic remembrances may be interested in knowing that Dr. Schliemann, who disinterred Troy, has discovered in large catacombs under the ancient Mycenæ

* *Troja ; Results of the latest researches and discoveries on the site of Homer's Troy, and other sites.* By Dr. Henry Schliemann. (John Murray, Albemarle Street ; 1875.)

a great quantity of gold ornaments beautifully made, all the burnt bodies being wrapped in gold leaf, a cow's head of silver with gold horns, quantities of gold buttons, besides the same things as were found at Troy ; and among bronze weapons, many weapons of flint. So much in reply to modern theories of ancient times. The great rock tombs, found as deep as twenty-five feet in the rock, belong undoubtedly to the line of Atreus, including Agamemnon, Cassandra, and all that tragic race. The discoveries are enormous, and show much greater wealth and higher art than the remains at Troy. Even the golden sceptres with beautiful handles of cut crystal are there. The tradition has been so perfect that all the upper tombs of later ages were placed exactly on the old ones. How strange that the dust over which old poets mused should come to light in our day ! Yet in these plundering times nothing is respected. What has been spared with all its wealth for 3000 years is now plucked about to satisfy everybody's curiosity, and the long revered monuments of heroes destroyed. We certainly live in a destructive age, and this event is a symbol of the period on which we have fallen. If chivalry is dead, so is reverence. What will die next ? Those who come after us will have a terrible time of it."

Letter to three half Jubilarians.

" December 7th, 1877.

" My dear Sisters,

" In the general festival of the Church I must not forget your own singular and personal festival. How much you have to thank God for ! Put together what you were and what you are, and see how much God has done for you. You are the children of the Immaculate Conception of the Mother of God, born in religion on her day, celebrating a quarter of a century of life in her habit,

thanking her for so many protections, thanking God for so many pure gifts.

“Where are the troubles of those twenty-five years? They did their work and discipline, and are gone for ever. Where are the joys of those twenty-five years? They remain to be bound together as a sweet offering of gratitude. Where are all the obediences? Where are the prayers? Where are the charities? Your angels have them in their care, keeping them for you in those golden vials which St. John saw in the Apocalypse. Where are the penances with good heart performed? I think they are in two places; in those same golden vials, and in the chastening of your souls.

“My dear Sisters, look back and look forwards. Backwards, you will see how sweet it is now to have worked more for others than for yourselves. Forwards, you will see how soon the labour of life is over by reflection from the past. So now look upwards, for pure souls are swift in movement, and go a long way in a short time. There you see a white cloud of witnesses, and above the cloud the blue mantle of your Immaculate Protectress, and your Divine Spouse at the right hand of the Father, and the Spirit Who sanctifies you, and the Eternal Father of us all. And in the great book you see your vows registered by the angel of your Order. Perhaps St. Dominic and St. Catherine have had a look into it and have seen what is scored under those vows—the annals of those twenty-five years—seeing how far those letters brighten, or if any of them fade; solicitous to help on their children to the great paternal home whose foundations are eternal.

“My dear Sisters, you must not do things by halves; you must keep your whole Jubilee, and when that day comes remember me, whom most will then have forgotten. May God give you the eternal Jubilee that shall never cease. You shall be first and last in my intentions tomorrow, when I celebrate in the Cathedral.”

“ Birmingham, December 24th, 1877.

“ I have been running over the fifteen short sermons on the Nativity by St. Augustine, and the thirteen by St. Leo. There is but little new since. It is notable how St. Augustine keeps his nuns in mind on Christmas Day. They were, of course, in the public church, and he gives them all the glory of the flock as he runs the parallel between the Blessed Virgin and theirs, her virginity and theirs, her humility and theirs ; he might have added her poverty and theirs. These are the reasons why Religious women feel Christmas and enjoy it more than others. St. Francis says that we understand nothing but what we practise. Religious behold the Incarnation, the Son, and the Mother from the vantage ground of a life that approaches near to theirs, not in mere motion of mind, but in practice of life.

“ St. Augustine evidently spoke to the sense of the people, and their making it the great day ; he constantly repeats that Christmas is the day of days, the day from which life takes its date, generating all the Christian days. He seems never tired of the date or gift of the new Adam to the world ; I can quite imagine how the people enjoyed all this.

“ I have got to the 150th page of my book, and have now a magnificent and most instructive subject in hand : *Why God did not make man perfect and sinless ?* St. Irenæus, Titus of Bosra, St. Basil, and St. Augustine have all handled the subject magnificently. After thirty years of perplexity about it, I have at last fixed on a title ; *The Grounds of the Fundamental Virtues*. The chapter on the nature and cause of evil is long, and has cost me labour ; but it is, I think, very instructive. I hope now soon to reach the old work so long left in manuscript, to which this is *manu ductio*.”

“ December 24th, 1877.

“ I last night concluded my lectures for Advent to the people with a Christmas tale. How Our Lord was born close by the tombs of the Patriarchs in the City of David, and how He was crucified on Golgotha upon the grave of Adam, whose head gave the name to the hill. Origen says the Jews believed it to be the tomb of Adam. St. Athanasius says that the ablest of the Jews believed this. And he observes how the second Adam sought the first to redeem him and all his race, and to be buried in his sepulchre. There the sentence was executed, ‘ Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return.’ There the fallen father of our race heard the voice, ‘ Arise, thou that sleepest ; arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light.’ St. Chrysostom says that the fact rested on old traditions ; St. Basil that it was the common belief of Christians in his day. St. Epiphanius, born in Palestine, says he had seen it in old documents, Jewish of course. Mathusala knew those well who had lived with Adam ; he died the year of the Flood, and Noe carried the old tradition into the Ark. Was it this that brought Abraham to settle near the spot ? The sacrifice of Isaac is generally supposed to have taken place there over the body of Adam, a place divinely shown to Abraham. Then there is the old tradition of the Apocrypha : how Adam, nearing his death, sent Seth to implore the angel who guarded Paradise to let him have one of the fruits from the tree of life. And Seth brought the fruit. And it is said that Adam, after his long life of 930 years, the sad witness of all the evils he had brought on the earth, commanded Seth, that when he died this fruit should be placed in his mouth, a communion from the tree of life. So it was done ; and from it sprang a tree, and that tree came at length to the ground, and of its wood was made the Cross on which Our Lord hung in sacrifice over the tomb of the first father of man.

“There are two Calvaries, Golgothas, or Capitols: that of Jerusalem, and that of Rome.* From both the world was conquered unto Christ. Was the Roman legend of the head one of those traditions brought from the East with so many more? The Etruscans, who first possessed Rome, were an Oriental people generally believed to have come originally from the Babylonian Plain. At all events, the two Capitols had each its *head*; one the head of Adam, the other the head of Peter unto this day.

“So much for my Christmas story. Properly expressed it is the grand poetry in which the ways of God abound, figuring the grand unities in God’s design. As St. Cyril said, all the mysteries, old and new, unite on Mount Calvary.”

On occasion of the lamented death of Augusta, Lady Campden, which took place November 5th, 1877, Bishop Ullathorne addressed the following letter of condolence to her afflicted mother.

To the Lady Catherine Berkeley.

“Birmingham, December 26th, 1877.

“Dear Lady Catherine,

“It is so very kind on your part to remember me on all occasions. I was glad to have the photograph of your dear, holy, innocent child. Often have I thought of Mother Margaret’s very special interest in her, and felt the conviction that she would do something for her; and I still believe that she did exercise an influence for her sanctification.

“Such an unexpected departure from this world, so

* He is referring to the ancient legend that in the reign of Tarquin, the workmen digging the foundations of the Temple of Jupiter, found a human head, fresh and bleeding. This was accepted as a sign that the place was destined to be the head of the world; and the hill where it was found was thence called the Capitol.

young, and untouched of the world, does seem to nature, and specially to maternal nature, a reversing of the order of things; and the wound of separation, where love is intense, is very keen. But then, after all, what is the whole object of this short life but preparation? And when preparation is completed, what good of life is so great or crowning as to end the probation well, and to obtain eternal life?

"Then, what a thing it is to have passed out of this world untouched by its sordidness and meanness; never, for ever, to have known in real, personal experience, of its vile contaminations! If there was ever a child of Adam who carried innocence in her face, it was Augusta, and she carried it unchanged through her short married life.

"I am sure, as I am of anything, that dear Mother Margaret, who suffered so much and so long for so many souls, prayed very much for that child, and that there has been a blessed meeting.

"I pray God to bless you, Mr. Berkeley, and all your good children with the abundant blessings of this holy time; remaining always,

"Yours very faithfully,

"✠ W. B. ULLATHORNE."

"December 28th, 1877.

"Though late (for I have been spending two days of relaxation with some dear friends in an old moated hall of the fourteenth century)* I come to wish you all a happy Christmas and New Year. Your Chapter was a happy time, both from the spirit it brought out and the work which it completed. I might now sing my *Nunc Dimittis*; for what has more than anything else kept me to this diocese has been the wish to see this work finally settled. When I read the life of St. Jane Chantal on board ship, as

* Baddesley Clinton, the seat of E. M. Ferrers, Esq.

a cabin boy, and caught the first idea of conventual life as a complete and perfect notion, I never thought that I should have to be concerned in any work such as I then dreamed of as the sublimest to which a human being could be called. Such work seemed to me at an infinite distance from a mortal of my stamp. That vision of the imagination which effaced the earlier ideal of life (that of Robinson Crusoe, and which was succeeded by the ideal of the hermit life, that held me much longer) I supposed would always remain a vision of things beyond my reach. But it is a fact that all my subsequent notions of Religious life for women have been but the fillings up in detail of that early vision of a mind invested with no better surroundings than a crew of rough sailors. How it ever got into my mind I cannot explain. But neither can I explain how I was ever brought to work such as helping in the foundation of a Religious Congregation. The vision and the work are equally inexplicable on any material grounds.

“Undoubtedly your Constitutions, now promulgated, are a great work, bringing into harmony things new and old, and uniting life in the nineteenth with life in the thirteenth century, upon a great model whose life is Divine. Blessed are they who are called to a Religious Institute in its first fervour, whose spirit yet rises above every form in which that religion is cast. In its character it is like the fervour of the primitive Christians.”

Early in 1878 the death of Pope Pius IX. filled all hearts and all minds. Besides his sermon at the Solemn *Requiem* celebrated for His Holiness in St. Chad's Cathedral, the Bishop, in his Lenten Indult, expressed to his whole flock his sentiments of veneration for the departed Pontiff, “who in the most difficult and trying of all positions had adorned the world with his strong, sweet, and beautiful character.”

“Birmingham, February 16th, 1878.

“Next to his own wonderful vigour, recollection, and devoutness to the last moment, the most wonderful thing about the death of the Pope is the impression which his character has imprinted on the world. I am not speaking of the Church ; but the whole world is praising and extolling his character in language so extraordinary, in language that could not possibly be used of anyone else. The Press of England, of all shades of opinion, amazes one by the way in which it has seized the grand points of his character. It has been the same even with the Liberalistic press of the Continent. There, the finest and most Catholic anecdotes about him are everywhere flying about. Then see how quietly and regularly all things are proceeding at the Vatican. There is a curious anecdote in the *Univers*, that on their first deliberation the Cardinals differed about holding the Conclave in Rome, or elsewhere ; that they separated to pray, and returned together to find themselves in unanimous accord. The departed Pope has certainly left an enormous blessing behind him, and great things will ultimately come of it. It has always been so when great Popes have died, not seeing the end of conflicts and afflictions. The first voting for the new Pope will be on Tuesday. Notwithstanding all reports to the contrary, I believe the Cardinals are calm, and will act as a body with a deep and religious sense of their responsibility. Cardinal Pecci,* who presides, is a shrewd, experienced, and most saintly man. He is a more meagre figure than Cardinal Manning, and as tall.”

The death of Mr. Ambrose Phillipps de Lisle, of Garendon Park, which took place on March 5th, 1878, drew from him the following letter of condolence :

* Now Pope Leo XIII.

To Mrs. de Lisle (on the death of her husband).

" Birmingham, March 11th, 1878.

" Dear Mrs. de Lisle,

" I said Mass for the soul of your dear departed husband on Saturday. After his long sufferings he has gone to his rest. He did a great work in his day, and he did it with a pure and simple heart. One must look back to his earliest days to see how religion took hold of him, and how family position and all else in the world were as nothing in his eyes when he heard in his soul the call of God. One must remember his early days, when he threw himself with childlike fervour into the work of restoring monasticism, and of boldly bringing the Catholic religion into open view, at a time when others had not the courage or generosity of these things. One must remember what his example did in setting others to work to lift up the prostrate condition of the faith in this land. One must recall the influence he exercised on the Oxford men at the time of the Tractarian Movement. One must recall the days when Dr. Gentili was his co-operator in evangelising the people, a work that fitted that remarkable man for breaking through the old and timid condition of missionary work, in his wonderful career as a missionary in all the churches. One must look at Mount St. Bernard as well as Grace Dieu, at Loughborough, at Shepshed, at Whitwick, before we come to Garendon. One must recall his love of the chant, that solemn song of the Church, and his popularising St. Elizabeth among us.

" Through discouragement and failures and successes he went on the same from the beginning to the end. I know something of his sacrifices, and something of the difficulties that came upon sacrifices, to give life the taste of trial. I know also the blessing he found in his marriage, and how grateful he ever was for that blessing; the happiness he

had in his family, and to whom, next to God, he ascribed it. My dear Mrs. de Lisle, I know what you have lost, and I know what a brave heart you have. But such a union as yours, however holy, is not visibly broken without a great laceration of nature ; and God alone can heal such wounds. Your happiness is to know that he lived for God and for religion before all things, and that God has care of His own. You know also that spirits which love each other are even more united when bodies are separated, and that they even know each other better, and in a more beautiful light ; that there is, in fact, no separation with such spirits, which are always in God. What, after all, is the object of this life but to end it well ? And when it is well ended, and the eternal life well begun, what a subject is there for thanksgiving ! To all the members of your family, as to yourself, I offer the respectful and reverential condolence that exists in my heart ; and I pray God to bless you and to strengthen you, and to console you and all your children."

Passages occur from time to time in Bishop Ullathorne's letters in which are gathered up some of his habitual principles of acting and advising, which drop from his pen in the midst of details regarding business and administration. A few of these may be given here, taken out of letters of a purely official character.

" It is well, after thinking over persons and things, to let them rest altogether for a while. You then come back to them fresh, and unentangled with fixed ideas ; and then on revival of consideration, new lights come from time to time and new points of view. Leave the ground fallow for a time, and things ripen better afterwards."

" It is remarkable how often, when you take time to

think a matter over, you come back to your first impressions about it. When this is the case you may generally trust those impressions, as it proves pretty clearly that you have thought the subject all round. Second thoughts are not always best, though people are fond of saying so, *but third thoughts that bring you back to first thoughts.*"

"At last I see my way in the matter I spoke about when last I saw you. It has taken time, but I have felt no anxiety. A solution always comes, if you are willing to wait for it."

"At this moment I have not a man in the diocese for [the work that is needed]. But I must think it out, and something will providentially turn up to meet the requirements. It is wonderful what a little waiting does when one does not at once see one's way."

"There is always a right way out of every difficulty. I am sometimes appealed to for advice by priests out of my diocese. If they have grievances I content myself with pointing out the canonical method of redress: for such always exists. There is no evil in the Church without its proper remedy."

"What a power is that of just and duly measured reserve in government! Quite as many troubles come to me from the *too much* zeal of subordinates, as from *too little* action; and the former are by far the most difficult to settle."

Writing on that saddest of all sad subjects, the dispensation of a Religious from her religious vows, he says:

"No one ever gives up their profession, and that long observed, without feeling after the excitement is over a terrible void and discontent ; and *there is no sorc so sad as discontent with self*. All the fault, so commonly thrown on others as the cause, is but the expression of their own interior discomfort."

"If X—— can be got to enter into his own interior, to which hitherto he has been an utter stranger, much good may come out of all this trouble. We are apt to mistake the bringing out of evil with the evil itself, whereas it is the cessation of evil."

"I am sorry for your present anxiety. The longer one lives the more one finds this short life a trial. I have myself just now a very unpleasant matter in hand, and of a very painful kind. But these things should not disturb our inward tranquility. You have much to console you, and where there is no sin there may be trouble, but no real distress. Nature no doubt is tried ; but, believe me, all will come right in the end."

"Don't be too anxious about results. Be sure of this, that *no harm ever comes of doing what is right*."

"Now your retreat is over I suppose you are again in the midst of your cares. *Keep a quiet centre within, and then the cares will keep their proper place*."

The advice given in the sentence last quoted finds more ample expression in a letter written to the same person in the course of her retreat.

"I thank God for the lights you have had in your retreat. It is well to take up the purgative way in the beginning of a

retreat, but don't habitually force yourself into a way to which you are not attracted. To follow the attraction of the Holy Spirit, which always leads to humility and love, is the one great and simple principle of the spiritual way. Undoubtedly your active mind asks for mental reasons on which to rest ; but the more you are led by the heart the more your whole being will follow the drawing of the Spirit of God. It is a very great thing to be internally quiet ; *but the centre of that quiet is the heart reposing on God.* This brings great light to the understanding ; but it is a large light, not broken, like that which comes from the mere effort of mind."

"I have been writing to-day on a view of God's eternal justice, which has been treated by a few of the Fathers, but which to me is a great light—namely, the justice which God renders to His own eternal plans ; not owing to us, who owe Him all that we are or have ; but owing, in a manner, to the eternal plan of His own works, and which consists in the affluence of good which He pours out on His works, in justice to His own eternal designs. For it belongs to the magnificence of His justice to Himself and to His everlasting plan that He should complete His work whenever He is not met by the resistance of created wills. To that magnificence of that justice to Himself may your will, and the wills of all you love, be ever open !"

During the year 1878 Bishop Ullathorne's health became seriously affected, and disabled him from taking his usual part in much of the active work of the diocese. By June, however, he was sufficiently recovered to assist at the annual festival at the Seminary, of which he writes as follows :

" June 25th, 1878.

" We had a beautiful day yesterday at St. Bernard's.

The High Mass and Choir were perfect in every respect, and I said a *Deo Gratias* for so much recollection and edification. All those of St. Bernard's from the missions were there, and the Birmingham clergy, and some lay friends. The Rector of Oscott gave an excellent sermon on the clerical spirit; and, of course, there was a dinner, and hours of strolling in the grounds, which have become quite beautiful. The heads of all the houses work in great cordiality together; and that was the theme on which I chiefly spoke, having them all before me. In short, the Seminary, thank God, is doing well, and is my consolation. All the good in it I attribute to Dr. Ilsley."

Nevertheless, his health continued in an unsatisfactory state throughout the autumn; and there is evidence in his letters that he was conscious of the likelihood of having to withdraw from many of the active labours to which he had hitherto so unsparingly devoted himself.

"December 8th, 1878.

"Notwithstanding general improvement, the slightest cold gives me warning that the root of the malady is still with me. I hope, however, to give ordinations partly on Ember Saturday, partly on the first Sunday in Advent. Meanwhile, I don't forget your great festival. I have often said, and I say it again, that if there is anything to which I can look back with satisfaction, it is in having had part in your foundation and progress. My days are now declining, but that work is still young in life and spirit. So long as the first traditions are kept up it will continue to be young. But all Institutions lose their life and decay when the old traditions fade and the first spirit evaporates. For convents, like individual human beings, are compounded of a soul and a body, dependent one on the other; as the body decays the spirit weakens and the body of Religious life is the

traditions. We are concrete creatures, and when the body of tradition weakens the spirit loses its strength. Hence the value of repeating the old things, of loving the old things, and of recording the old things, lest the memory of them slip away. 'Stand on the old ways, and ask the Fathers, and they will tell you.' Hence the value of anniversaries, half Jubilees, and Jubilees, which bring the past into the present. Hence the precious ordinance of local festivals that recall the past with gratitude to God. All these feed and keep the traditions in healthy life."

Writing to his esteemed friend, Mrs. Berington, after reporting himself "emancipated at length from the horizontal mode of passing life," he says:

"So now let me inquire how all goes on at Little Malvern Court, as I often think of you, the whole circle; from the eldest to the youngest, and seldom without a blessing.

"Just after Cardinal Manning had announced the intelligence to the great assemblage at Liverpool of the death of Cardinal Cullen, and they had knelt to say a *De Profundis*, a message came from the Jesuit House that the Bishop of Birmingham was dead. However, the Cardinal thought it best to telegraph before making the second announcement, requesting instant reply; so I was saved from Lord Brougham's fate of dying and coming to life again to read what the world said about him."

When Christmas came he was able to report himself considerably better and more equal to work.

"Christmas Day, 1878.

"Between Saturday and Sunday I ordained twenty-four in all, and have suffered no inconvenience from the work,

but felt myself once more a bishop. My general health is strengthening, but I am aware that the least cold would bring a return of my troubles."

The opening of the year 1879 was marked by an event which, full of interest as it was to the whole Catholic body in England, was naturally doubly so to Bishop Ullathorne. He received an intimation from Cardinal Nina of the intention of the Sovereign Pontiff to confer the dignity of Cardinal on Dr. Newman. When this was communicated to Dr. Newman, profoundly sensible as he was of the proffered favour, he had some hesitation in his own mind as to the propriety of his accepting such a dignity, for which his health and retired habits seemed in his own judgment to disqualify him. Opening his whole mind on the subject to the Bishop, he received from him the following reply :

" January 31st, 1879.

" My dear Dr. Newman,

" On the important subject I have communicated to you this morning I take the liberty of offering to you my own reflections as follows :

" 1. The desire that you should receive this proof of the confidence and respect of the Sovereign Pontiff has originated with the principal Catholic peers of England, and this desire has more in it than meets the ear, as you will perfectly understand.

" 2. The prompt response of a Pontiff of such solid and distinguished qualities, is clear proof that His Holiness earnestly desires to recognise your great services to the Church, and your personal character, by placing you in this high position.

" 3. Your accepting this position would give a great gratification to the Universal Church, and more especially to the prelates and clergy : and to none so much as to

the bishops, the clergy, and laity of these countries and of America.

"4. It would be for the good of religion and of the Church, by giving a weight to your personality of special significance as bearing on your Catholic writings, the more forcible as this highest expression of confidence comes after their publication.

"5. It would bring for ever to an end those idle and mischievous rumours, long kept up, that you have not the complete confidence of the Holy See.

"6. It would confer a singular honour upon the English Oratory in the person of its founder, and increase its strength thereby.

"7. Although at your venerable age you might be inclined to shrink from a position so new, and apparently opposed to your simple habits, yet I fail to see how those habits need be much interfered with further than you are inclined to allow. The Pope would scarcely, I think, require you to live in Rome unless it were your desire. The chief object of His Holiness is evidently to confer upon you this dignity and honour in token of his confidence and respect. And you know that Cardinals out of Rome are not required to keep up much state that would be cumbrous or expensive. And your friends who have moved in this cause would, of course, take care that you should not be left without what is requisite to sustain your dignity. Chiefly, therefore, on large public grounds, I would even urge you to enter into the intentions of the Holy Father; but I also take the liberty to express my own personal hope that you may decide on accepting, moved by that great affection I have always felt towards you, and not unconscious of the honour it would confer on the Church in England and on this diocese especially.

"Always your faithful and affectionate friend,

"✠ W. B. ULLATHORNE."

In consequence of these representations, Dr. Newman allowed his objections to be overruled, and the following letters will give the rest of the narrative.

To Cardinal Manning.

“Oscott, February 3rd, 1879.

“My dear Lord Cardinal,

“Your kind letter, enclosing that of Cardinal Nina, gave me very great gratification. As I could not with any prudence, go to Birmingham, I wrote to Dr. Newman, and asked him if he could come to Oscott. But he was in bed, suffering from severe cold, and very much pulled down. I therefore took advantage of a clause in Cardinal Nina’s letter, and asked him to send a Father in his intimate confidence—one whom he might wish to consult in a grave matter of importance—to whom I could communicate, in secrecy, the Holy Father’s message. Father Pope was sent, and with him I went into the subject, and sent the documents with a paper in which I had written my own reflections.

“Dr. Newman contrived to come himself to-day, although quite feeble. He is profoundly and tenderly impressed with the goodness of the Holy Father towards him, and spoke with great humility of what he conceived to be his disqualifications, especially at his age, for so great a position; and of his necessity to the Birmingham Oratory, which still requires his care.

“I represented to him, as I had already done through Father Pope, that I felt confident that the one intention of the Holy Father was to confer upon him this singular proof of his confidence, and to give him an exalted position in the Church, in token of the great services he had rendered to her cause; and that I felt confident that His Holiness would not require his leaving the Oratory and taking a new position at his great age. But that, if he would leave

it to me, I would undertake to explain all this to your Eminence, who would make the due explanation to Cardinal Nina.

"Dr. Newman has far too humble and delicate a mind to dream of thinking or saying anything which would look like hinting at any kind of terms with the Sovereign Pontiff. He has expressed himself in a Latin letter addressed to me, which I could send to your Eminence, and which you could place in the hands of Cardinal Nina.

"I think, however, that I ought to express my own sense of what Dr. Newman's dispositions are, and that it will be expected of me. As I have already said, Dr. Newman is profoundly touched and moved by this very great mark of consideration on the part of the Sovereign Pontiff, and I am thoroughly confident that nothing stands in the way of his most grateful acceptance, except what he tells me greatly distresses him, namely, the having to leave the Oratory at a critical period of its existence, and when it is just beginning to develop in new members, and the impossibility of his beginning a new life at his advanced age.

"I cannot, however, but think, myself, that this is not the Holy Father's intention ; but that His Holiness would consider his presence in England of importance, where he has so much communication with those who are searching for the truth.

"I have also said to Dr. Newman himself, that I am confident that the noble Catholics of England would not see him left without the proper means of maintaining his dignity in a suitable manner.

"Although expecting me to make the official communication, Dr. Newman will write to you himself.

"I remain, my dear Lord Cardinal,

"Your faithful and affectionate servant,

"✠ WILLIAM BERNARD,

"Bishop of Birmingham."

“Oscott, March 1st, 1879.

“My dear Dr. Newman,

“The enclosed letter from Rome I send you without delay, by the hands of the Vice-Rector. It remains for me to have the honour of being the first to congratulate you. The exalted position to which the Sovereign Pontiff has raised you is the recognition of your eminent services to the Church of God. The exceptional mode in which the Pontiff confers his favours is most delicately and generously appreciative of your own feelings and desires. May this, your exaltation to the side of the Sovereign Pontiff, be the symbol and shadow of your reward for all your labours and solitudes in the kingdom of Heaven.

“Always your faithful and affectionate friend in Christ,

“✠ W. B. ULLATHORNE.”

In his private letters, Bishop Ullathorne makes several allusions to the dignity conferred on one who had for so many years lived and worked as a priest of the Diocese of Birmingham, and who desired still to make that diocese his home.

“March 2nd, 1879.

“Dr. Newman writes to me: ‘You may fancy how I am overcome by the Pope’s goodness. It is the crown of the kindnesses and affectionatenesses of so many, and specially of yourself, for whom I shall always give thanks and pray as one of my benefactors.’”

During Dr. Newman’s absence in Rome the Bishop writes:

“A letter from Rome confirms all that the papers say about the singular affection and the marked distinction shown by the Pope to Dr. Newman. When the three

Fathers were presented, the Pope said wonderful things to them of Dr. Newman in his presence. What a consolation to him after all his troubles ! The Pope specially desired to see Dr. Newman before any of the other new Cardinals, as Cardinal Nina expressly told Father Pope. He appears to have had three audiences. The Pope consulted him about England and the Oxford party, and requested him to write the substance of what he had said to him. Everyone, they say, is wonderfully kind, and they are so engaged they have no time for writing letters. We write our joint congratulations to the new Cardinal. His reply to the *Biglietto* was very fine, and worthy both of his humility and his genius."

On the return of Cardinal Newman to England the Bishop addressed to him the following "welcome home."

"St. Mary's, Oscott, July 2nd, 1879.

"My dear Lord Cardinal,

"The safe return of your Eminence from Rome to your own cherished home gives me great pleasure, as it does to all the faithful of this diocese ; and to that pleasure I wish to give expression. I have both heard and read the accounts of your reception at your return, and wish to join the general chorus of welcome. What I have heard of your reception by the Holy Father has given me great content ; and indeed your reception by the Sacred College all through is of the most gratifying description.

"The Pope's words have been completely realised. He wished to do an act pleasing to the Catholics of England and to England itself, and that pleasure has been given in full measure.

"You may not have seen an article in the *Quarterly Review* on the subject of which I have only seen a notice. But I understand that the writer of it gives a survey of all

the anti-Catholic movements in England down to the Papal Aggression Movement (as it was called), and then points out how in your person the tide has been turned the opposite way.

"I hope and trust that being now at rest in your own house, and in your usual habits of life, you may soon recover strength and be in all respects yourself again.

"Requesting you not to take the trouble to answer this note, I remain, with all reverence and respect towards your Eminence's person and dignity,

"My dear Lord Cardinal,

"Always your faithful and affectionate servant in Christ,

"✠ W. B. ULLATHORNE."

"St. Mary's, Oscott, July 4th, 1879.

"Cardinal Newman has written me a beautiful letter in reply to my 'welcome home.' If his health allows he is to give the prizes here on the 16th. Meanwhile, I have had a most gracious letter from Progaganda, in which His Holiness desires me to be relieved of part of my office through an auxiliary, but wishes me to continue in the see (to use the words of the letter) as '*Valde utile esse possit consilium tuum in Episcoporum istius regionis conventibus, magnum lumen possit afferre.*' Further, which is quite unusual, I am requested to send *one name* for approval. I hope to complete my volume of lectures on 'Man and his Endowments' in the course of a few days."

It would have been deeply interesting to have been able to have given the Cardinal's letter above alluded to, but we have it not to give. In commenting on it in another letter, however, the Bishop says :

"The Cardinal in his life has had many depressions, but now, as he himself remarks, the cloud is lifted. He ex-

presses his gratitude for what I have done for him at Rome. How few people comprehend a genius! You have only, however, to take into account that the child's intuition, sensitiveness, and simplicity are carried through the life of the man, and the thing is done."

The appointment of the Right Rev. Dr. Ilsley as Bishop Auxiliary afforded the Bishop a welcome and much needed assistance, and his consecration as Bishop of Fesse took place on the 4th of December, 1879.

Relieved from that time from a considerable portion of his more active diocesan labours, Bishop Ullathorne was able to devote himself to the completion of the literary and philosophical works he had been so long preparing. The *Book on Humility*, so often alluded to in the foregoing pages, was not the first to appear. It was preceded by a series of lectures* "On the Endowments of Man," of which the author himself states the plan and object in his preface, which may here be quoted.

"Two objects are contemplated in this work. The first and chief is to fortify the instructed Catholic mind against the errors respecting man and his endowments which so widely pervade the world in our day, not so much by direct confutation, as by confronting them with the Catholic view of man as it has been revealed by God, and drawn out by Catholic thinkers. The second object intended 'was that it should serve as an introduction by way of preface to another book, on certain fundamental virtues which belong to the Church of Christ, but not to the world."

The "second book" spoken of above, to which these

*These lectures were originally delivered to the students of St. Bernard's Seminary. Published in 1880. A third edition appeared in 1888.

lectures were intended as an introduction, did not appear till three years later ; but it is evident from the passage just quoted that in the mind of the writer the two books had been thought out as parts of one whole, which explains certain allusions in his letters in which now one of the treatises and now another is spoken of as equally a portion of "*the book*."

By the close of the year 1879 he had, as he then hoped, nearly reached the end of his labours.

"December 24th, 1879.

"I hear from an Oratorian Father that Cardinal Newman is engaged on a great book on St. Athanasius which he hoped to have made his masterpiece. But he complains that his going to Rome has broken into his mind and confused all the threads of it. I too have been a good deal interrupted in the revision and part rewriting of my book, some of which was done when I was unwell. But a couple of months ought to see the end of it."

In this expectation he was, however, disappointed, as the lectures were not ready for publication until the month of October in the following year.

It would seem to have been in this year that a correspondence began between Bishop Ullathorne and the late lamented Miss Kate O'Meara, whose many beautiful works have rendered her name well known to all Catholic readers. They exchanged letters for several years without having ever personally met, and from this correspondence we are able to give some interesting specimens.

To Miss O'Meara.

"St. Mary's, Oscott, March 9th, 1879.

"Your friend has gone from her sufferings with many signs of grace about her, touching the Church almost with

her fingers, almost embracing her with faith, yet, I conclude, without her external communion. Well, as the late Pope said, 'No one is responsible for more light than they have received.' My experience tells me that good and innocent persons are often slow and long in reaching the last conclusion when brought up outside the faith. Let us hope and trust that she belonged to the soul, if not to the body of the Church; for it is an admitted principle of theology that there are such. We may pray for her privately and conditionally, but not publicly and by name in the Mass.

"Some twenty years ago a certain number of the converts got into the habit of having Masses said for their departed friends not of the Church's communion. This was done by suppressing the name. But Rome heard of it, and issued a decree forbidding Masses to be said for those who die out of the communion of the Church. This decree was in sequence of the whole practice of the Church from her earliest times. None were placed on the dyptics, that is the folding tablets read at Mass, except those who had departed in the Church's communion. But, as I have said, this does not prevent private and conditional prayer. Your two friends are really interesting souls; may the Divine Goodness, whose ways are unsearchable, have received the one, and have disposed the other for the full gift of faith.

". . . I hope you have this rule of life, and act upon it. Never let a trouble get inside of you. As long as you keep it outside, you command it; if you let it get inside, it commands you. That is a grand clause in the law of peace, and worth having at any price."

To the same.

"Oscott, July 11th, 1879.

". . . It is delightful to see the Holy See checking the false enthusiasm and language of wild devotion, and bringing things into doctrinal shape. You know Mother

Margaret's intense love and devotion to the Blessed Virgin from her biography ; but only those who knew her could realise how it entered into her life. Well ! she one day received a pamphlet translated from the French, entitled *The Blessed Virgin in the Holy Sacrament*. No sooner had she read the title than she pitched the book into the fire, saying, 'The title is enough for me.' This very language has since been condemned by the Holy See."

To the same.

"Oscott, December 29th, 1879.

" . . . Poor Paris ! I never regret to see it humbled, for that is its one hope. How like it is to old Athens ! The same vanity, the same restlessness, the same eagerness for new things, the same impatience with old ones, the same setting up of men this day and knocking them down the next. The same passion for culture and the same abuse of it. But with a thousand times more power, weakened by as much division. Lucian's *Auction of the Philosophers** of Athens will just do for the sophists of Paris. As Aristophanes pulled down the wise Socrates by his ridicule, Paris puts all wise things into the same melting-pot. 'Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel.'

"But when I look at the great city from another point of view, I am reminded of Rome, Antioch, Alexandria, and Constantinople, where the Christians were in a minority of strength. It is amazing how faith and charity are stimulated and strengthened in the midst of luxury, unbelief, and profanity. What is not obtained in numbers is obtained in the intensity of good, concentrated in individuals. And when we consider that an ordinary degree of good found in many is not to be compared in excellence to the same amount of good gathered from many into one sub-

* The title of a prose satire by Lucian, a Greek writer, who flourished in the reign of Marcus Aurelius.

ject, where the good is increased not in arithmetical, but in geometrical proportion, there is, perhaps, as much good in Paris, taken altogether, as is to be found in any equal population, despite of all the evil. In this way the providence of grace avenges the evils of human wills. For I suppose the accumulated sanctity of Abraham overbalanced the evils of five cities; and I take it as a fact that there is heroic sanctity in individuals within that city that overbalances the evil of thousands for its protection. Yet the greatest signs of protection often take the shape of humiliation.

“ . . . What a thing it is to accumulate sanctity within the unity of one individual soul! To centre it all in that one point of the soul that we call *will*. To put that will in the hands of God, and in blind faith to let them guide it to its eternal destiny. . . . The soul is a subject made for an object, and cannot rest in herself because she is not her own object. . . . This is the reason why time is so tedious when occupied with self, and so swift as to be almost unconscious when employed with the whole soul on God. If we could be wholly absorbed in God in this life we should have no sense of time. ‘Join thyself to eternity and thou shalt find rest.’ ”

CHAPTER XV.—1880, 1881.

ST. CATHERINE OF SIENA.—LETTERS ON HER LIFE AND CHARACTER.—THE ENDOWMENTS OF MAN.—CHURCH MUSIC.—LETTERS ON PUBLIC AFFAIRS.—RETREAT AT STONE.—VISIT TO ENGLAND OF THE GENERAL OF THE DOMINICAN ORDER.—DEATH OF MOTHER MARY IMELDA POOLE.—LETTERS ON THAT SUBJECT.—THE BISHOP'S GOLDEN JUBILEE.

ON the 30th of April, 1880, was celebrated the fifth Centenary of St. Catherine of Siena. It was kept with all the solemnity possible at St. Dominic's Convent, Stone, Bishop Ullathorne assisting at the opening function together with Bishops Hedley and Knight (respectively the Auxiliary Bishops of Newport and Shrewsbury), Cardinal Newman likewise being present.

The special devotion felt by Bishop Ullathorne to this great Saint, and his deep admiration for her sublime teaching, must be well known to all familiar either with his writings or his spiritual direction. There was no Saint whose spirit he had more closely studied ; and in the following letters, written on the occasion of the publication of her *Life* at this time, he gives his appreciation of her character.

“April 18th, 1880.

“I have read the history of St. Catherine, from beginning to end, with great light and content. In fulness, though in

nothing else, it reminds me of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. It is marvellous, though not without a great design, that so much should have been preserved. There is only one other life that resembles it in fulness of record, and that is the life of St. Francis and his companions. There is a great resemblance between the two Saints in the point of their intimacy with Our Lord, with all the differences, nevertheless, between the order of light and the order of ardour; that is to say, St. Catherine combined the intellectual light and knowledge and powers of teaching with all the ardour of St. Francis. She is a wonderful theologian as well as a wonderful lover, and a wonderful sufferer. The conformity of St. Catherine with Christ is to me more wonderful even than the conformity of St. Francis. From each sex Our Lord has created a crucified seraph. But she is the chosen victim for the Church.

"I enclose a letter to move your charity. It is a sad case. A person, brought up a Catholic, always cherishing the religion of his family, lying on the verge of death in utter unbelief, and longing to die simply to get rid of bodily suffering. It is the saddest case I ever knew, and I ask for special prayers from the Community."*

"My first observation on the life of St. Catherine is that it is very full in its details, which gives it a strong reality. It is quite wonderful that so many details should have been preserved. My second remark is that St. Catherine's rela-

* The above paragraph has been inserted for a particular reason. St. Catherine of Siena has always been invoked as the special patroness of despairing cases. In the novena made to her at Stone before the celebration of her Centenary a list of what were considered as (humanly speaking) the most hopeless cases was written and placed under the relics, the list being headed by the name of the person above alluded to. It is a fact that every person therein named was brought back to the practice of religion within the year, some having been out of the Church for more than forty years; and the first of these conversions was that of the soul here recommended by the Bishop, who a few weeks later died as a penitent and devout Catholic.

tions with her companions and disciples bring out her character in its fulness, and enable us easily to see and understand her whole way of life.

“The third general remark that has sprung to my mind is the vivid picture which these details furnish of the state of the world, and of the Church in the world at that calamitous period; and the searching influence of the soul of St. Catherine upon the Church and the world in all directions, but specially in Italy, where the combat centred. It is impossible not to see that Christ is saving His Church through the soul of this woman. If I were asked to say what I thought was the cause of all this mental subversion in the Church, I should say that the study of law had superseded the study of theology, and that ambition had overwhelmed discipline. The great test of advancement was the knowledge of law, and the knowledge of law made men disputatious of every right. Divine science was at a low ebb. Then the position of the Holy See at Avignon was unnatural, and the Popes had to conciliate the men influence by enriching them with benefices, which corrupted many.

“The internal life of St. Catherine is brought out with great fulness. Wonderful, most wonderful it is, and it explains many things in the whole nature of the mystical life; and many things respecting the nature of the body in its relations with the soul it explains also. I had just been reading the latest discoveries affecting the nervous system, which have been much followed in Germany; and St. Catherine's corporal states during her long ecstasies were to me so much clearer and more intelligible through these discoveries. Her life is the perfection of theology, and above all the theology of the Incarnation. Her higher spiritual states remind us of St. Paul's: ‘Whether in the body, or out of the body, I know not.’ Indeed, there is no Saint of whom she reminds us so much as St. Paul. Then

one must have studied St. Thomas to know how completely she is in practice what St. Thomas is in theory ; and how the language she uses respecting the Divine light as the first principle of God's communion with the soul, is the language of St. Thomas.

" Her life, then, is not merely a real life, presenting the very soul as well as the influence of one of God's greatest Saints ; but it is a great theology, without the repellant forms of theology, such as may sink unconsciously into souls. It gives glory, first to God and to the Divine Redeemer and Illuminator of our souls ; then to His Saint and servant ; and then to the Divine protection of the Church, even in its darkest days.

" From the account of St. Catherine's prayer it is obvious that, left to herself, she followed the common way, but that Divine things came upon her which lifted her out of the common way. The narrative completely shows that her dialogues were taught her divinely, for the pith of them is identical with what Our Lord taught her. The explanation of the difference taught her, between good and evil visions and visitations, is a perfect summary of what the mystic writers teach and the Scriptures illustrate in examples. The original text of St. Dionysius is that Hierotheus both learnt and *suffered* divine things.* His words mean literally that divine things *came upon him* without his action. How completely the gist of this chapter illustrates the fundamental position of my book, that man is a *subject*, made for an *object*, and that his content is therefore in the object, not in the subject."

To Miss O'Meara.

" St. Mary's College, Oscott,

" July 15th, 1880.

" . . . I am very glad you have in your mind and

* The original words of St. Dionysius are these : οὐ μόνον μαθῶν ἀλλὰ καὶ παθῶν τα θεῖα.

heart such a treasure as the life of St. Catherine ; for it is the most exalted type of Christian life, and it is such a gift to have that type before us, though we may not reach it here below. High thinking will never, when of so spiritual a character, permit of low living.

"The secret of St. Catherine's life was a grace that drew her so completely from herself, that she saw herself and all things else in God. . . . As the old voyagers always hugged the shore, and never lost sight of it, and landed every night, so the ordinary Christian hugs herself, and is afraid of making the venture of launching out from herself, and entering upon the boundless ocean of God's light. Such a one is afraid of losing the sight and feeling of herself, that she may see in God, and feel after Him. But St. Catherine made the bold venture, like a true spiritual Columbus, and came into a region of light, where she found the mirror of all things, and the life of all things."

Writing shortly after the Centenary festival, the Bishop says :

"May 11th, 1880.

"I am still occupied with St. Catherine, who will not be soon out of my mind. There is one of her letters that is perfect on the subject of revelations and corporal penances. It is an admirable specimen of her power of putting things on their right foundations. Her experience of self-knowledge is of the same character as was Mother Margaret's. A poking into personal details with certain souls only darkens. The foundation of St. Catherine's way of getting light on self is very much deeper. It consists in seeing self in God's light, and seeing into the fundamental nothingness of the creature and seeing the operation of God at one and the same time within the soul. This humbles, gives great light, and out of this general view of self, as God shows it

by His light, springs a clear sight of one's own defects and failings. Great light, obtained by fixing the eye on God, makes details clear without effort, as the motes are seen in a strong light without effort. But to look and search into self alone is to look into darkness. Hence St. Catherine's maxim of *seeing self in God*—that is, in His light."

" May 29th, 1880.

"We had a great day at Princethorpe on Tuesday, for their fifth Jubilee from the foundation at Montargis ; and another great day at Newnham Paddox, on Wednesday, when Viscount Feilding came of age, and the church (a most beautiful one) was opened. Five bishops were there. The tenants, congregation, villagers, and household presented addresses. In the evening we drove to the village of Monk Kirby, which was decorated, and where three feasts were going on : a dinner to the men, tea in another place for the women, and another entertainment for the children. Such packs, such a heat, such shouting, such hurrahing, even from the women—and presents, and speechifying, and inscriptions—all obviously showing a great love and veneration for the family."

The lectures on "The Endowments of Man" were at length published in the month of October, 1880, and Bishop Ullathorne at once applied himself to preparing the second work, to which he regarded the first as only preparatory.

" Oscott, November 21st, 1880.

"I am glad your novices enter into the lectures. I have written the two first parts of the next book, but they are only a preparation for the real subject. The first treats of the condition of heathenism, the second is on the Divine law of probation as carried out with the angels ; on the first state of man ; and the dispensation after the fall. I

am now ready to turn to my old manuscripts, and to begin the part on the nature of humility, on which I have more light than when I wrote before. Everything in the two first parts, however, leads up to, and prepares the mind for the real subject. But it will be a work of long labour. You will find what you want in the latter part of the lecture on *Why God did not make man perfect*, when I used St. Irenæus. In my opinion that is the best thing in the book. The Protestant critics don't like so much of the old Fathers and divines. They want nothing but modern thought, and the old names disgust them. Still even a bitter cynical writer in the *Scotsman*, whilst he complains that if it be true the work of men like Huxley, Max Müller, etc., must go for nothing, ends by saying that the book is worth reading. I am rather surprised, however, that the *Endowments* has been so widely accepted as a *spiritual* book. Of course, I am gratified, but that was scarcely the first intention. The next book will be entitled *The Foundation of the Christian Virtues*, and being on subjects in their own nature drier, it will not be easy to make it attractive. It is curious that I read my own pages as if they had been written by another, and find instruction in them. I dare-say this is partly owing to defect of memory. I enclose a letter from a writer, known by the *nom de plume* of Grace Ramsey, whom I have never seen, but with whom I now and then correspond."

This lady was Miss Kate O'Meara, then staying at Chamouni, where, about this time, he addressed her the following letter :

"St. Mary's, Oscott, October 8th, 1880.

". . . Our correspondence has this in it that it is altogether between soul and soul, in total ignorance of the corporal investiture. It is like a correspondence of

spirits living in separate worlds, purely through the intelligence.

"In my fiftieth year, Dr. Robert Fergusson sent me to the Alps, where I spent some four months, wandering from Alp to lake, from lake to Alp, and from one monastery to another. How beautifully the Scripture says that God gives snow as wool! It is the blanket that warms and fosters the earth.

"I also have sat on the heather on the mountain top, and wondered to see how the gentian had gathered into its petals the profoundest blue of the skies, with Mont Blanc in the distance, and a hare jumping up right under my feet. I have dwelt in the Monastery of Einsiedeln, venerable with 1,000 years, and seen in its vast church all the costumes of Switzerland, the South of France, and the North of Italy; have seen its monthly processions; have witnessed all the ways to it covered with pilgrims; have been familiar with its ninety priests and its venerable Abbot. I have felt the effect of that upper atmosphere that electrifies nerves and brain.

"I am engaged on the work promised in the *Endowments*, a work for which Mother Margaret's convents by her direction have sung a *Magnificat* every Saturday for twenty years past, and still say it. 'A great and arduous work,' as St. Augustine says, because it is hard to persuade the proud that the greatest force lies in the virtue of humility; but God is a sure helper. Materials gathered twenty years ago cover all my tables, after being so long buried out of sight. So, say a prayer that the old man may accomplish what the younger ones may profit by."

To Mr. Dering.

"Oscott, December 29th, 1880.

"As you came to see me and I cannot come to see you,

I think I ought to come by letter ; and truly I wish you all at Baddesley Clinton a happy New Year of true interior happiness, not forgetting those exterior blessings which you use so well.

“ I am tempted to give you a little homily on the Gospel of New Year's Day, a curious homily drawn from the Talmud. The devout Simeon, then, of our Gospel, was Rabbi Simeon, son of the famous Rabbi Hillel, who presided over the Sanhedrim, founded the great school or university of Jewish law, and began the Talmud, leaving 600 sections of tradition that were infused into its pages. Rabbi Simeon I., the Simeon of the Gospel, sat at times with his father over the Sanhedrim ; but of his later years the Talmud says little, for obvious reasons. But this same devout Simeon was the father of the celebrated Rabbi Gamaliel, a moderate man, who counselled the Sanhedrim, as recorded in the Gospel, to leave Our Lord alone and see whether His teaching came from God ; and who was also the teacher of St. Paul. The Talmud is full of sayings of the great Rabbis, and the greatest were in the time of Christ. It is a question whether the following is the saying of the devout Simeon who took Our Lord in his arms, or of Rabbi Simeon II.; but Christian writers ascribe this saying to the devout Simeon, and it seems to answer his character : ‘ All my life,’ he says, ‘ I have been brought up among sages, and have found nothing better than to keep silence.’ To act, not to explain, is the principle and foundation of all. To multiply words is to induce sin.

“ This brings to mind Nicodemus, of whom the Talmud says that he received this name from having worked a miracle by his prayers. He was one of the three richest men in Jerusalem, the others being Lizith, Kalba, and Thabua ; and under the name of Bonai he is stated to have become a follower of Jesus, and became so poor that his

daughter, who remained a Jewess, had to go out and pick up the barley that fell on the roads. Here ends the homily, except see Dr. Edesheim's *History of the Jewish Nation*.

"The snows have gone, the rains have come, and the stormy winds do blow, and I sit solitary amidst the great organ, listening to the grand and solemn pipings of nature, which I prefer to the opera, here represented by some squeakings in the corridors from the voices of a few boys left alone in the vacation. Yet I am not always in this humour, but would sometimes like a little talk over your snug evening fireside. I think I would even forego that, if you would only invent a cheap machine for answering Christmas letters. But these shallow days can invent nothing so useful; if they could, the penny post would have led to it long ago.

"However, for my consolation, I have just come on a great and much wanted theme, namely, the magnanimity or great souledness of a Christian, which St. Thomas alone has treated, and treated like the master he is, turning it exactly the opposite way to the magnanimity of Aristotle, which is the code of the English gentleman, and which, like the British Constitution, is growing lax with time and damage.

"I pray God to bless you and my other dear friends at the moated Hall with the great blessings of this holy time; and remain, etc."

Besides his volume of *Lectures*, Bishop Ullathorne this year published a discourse on Church music, which was delivered at St. Chad's on occasion of the half Jubilee of the Cathedral choir. His strictures on the use, or abuse, of figured music were, as he admits in a letter, somewhat severe.

"I have written sharply (he says), and designedly so. A

sharp word is needed sometimes to secure attention, and I desired to put a new sense on this subject into the clergy and some of the Communities of the diocese."

It need scarcely be said that the need of a "new sense" was not meant to apply to the Cathedral choir which he addressed in this discourse. To them he spoke words of encouragement worthy to be had in remembrance.*

"You, my brethren, in your devotedness to this choir, have done a work in the Church of God. It has always been my desire that this Cathedral should be a school to the diocese of what is best, according to the spirit and law of the Church, in parochial administration, in rubrical law, and in ecclesiastical song. And such I believe it is generally recognised to be throughout the diocese."

Kept prisoner at Oscott through the winter of 1880-81, he devoted his leisure to literary work, and resumed his labours on *the Groundwork of the Religious Virtues*.

To Charles Berington, Esq.

"Oscott, January 28th, 1881.

My dear Mr. Berington,

"Thank you for your letter. It is a gratifying encouragement to me to know that there are a number of good souls who have found light and benefit from the *Endowments*. I have long felt that we wanted books in that direction; I therefore wrote it by way of throwing up

* In the Cathedral choir of Birmingham ecclesiastical music of the purest kind has long been carefully cultivated. The late Mr. John Hardman, of Birmingham, who enriched the Cathedral by so many munificent and artistic decorations, left an endowment of £50 a year to the choir on the condition that certain parts of the Mass and other church services should be sung to the Gregorian chant alone; and that any harmonised music used in other parts should be of a grave and religious character.

the feather to show whither the wind was tending, and in hopes that others would see that English Catholics were capable of more solid instruction, brought nearer to principles, and so fuller of light. I find that educated women, as well as men, have followed the book, and understood it; and they tell me, not a few of them, that it has cleared up their minds and enabled them to understand themselves. I am now engaged on another work, *The Foundation of the Christian Virtues*, for which the *Endowments* was written as a preparation of the reader's mind. I have a vast quantity of materials; the labour is to reduce them into form, that they may be made into solid bread for the intellect and heart. This work I have had in contemplation for these thirty years; but its materials have lain long on the ground, awaiting the builder's leisure."

To this letter we must add one addressed to the younger members of Mr. Berington's family.

"Oscott, January 2nd, 1881.

"Dear Frances and Josephine,

"Thank you for your nice letters. I have no doubt but that Willie nodded like a Chinese mandarin in a shop window, and that Mary sent smiles as well as good wishes.

"My dear children, no doubt you have had your little Crib of Bethlehem, and have thought how wonderful it is that God should love us so much. When St. Francis knelt before the Crib at Christmas he used to say:

"Our Lord is very great, and therefore to be feared,
Our Lord is very little, and therefore to be loved."

"In Rome at this time there is a famous Crib at the great church on the Capitol, where the people crowd all day from Christmas to the end of the Feast of the Epiphany. Crowds of persons come in from the country to

pray there, and all the afternoon children are brought there in carriages ; and one after another they get into a little pulpit—girls as well as boys—and preach little sermons in honour of Our Lord's birth. Sometimes two girls speak in parts, like the shepherdesses, about what they have heard the angels say in the heavens, and about what they have seen in the manger. The people listen with great attention and piety, because it is the privilege of innocent children to preach Our Lord's birth. This goes on day after day for a fortnight in that great church called the *Ara cæli*, the altar of Heaven ; and that very church before Christ was born, was a heathen temple, the grandest in Pagan Rome. They are just children like yourselves who make these little sermons, and sometimes they speak in verse. I daresay your father has heard them, and can tell you more about it.

“The grotto is very large and beautiful, and the shepherds are there as well as the Divine Child with Mary and Joseph ; and over the hills far away you see the three kings with their camels and attendants coming on their way. But on the Feast of the Epiphany the shepherds are gone and the kings are there adoring and making their offerings.

“My dear children and your brothers and sisters, I wish you a truly happy New Year, as God's children ; and certainly you will be happy in loving God and obeying His holy will, in obeying your father and mother, and doing your best in all your duties.

“I remain, your very sincere and devoted friend,

“✠ W. B. ULLATHORNE,

“Bishop of Birmingham.”

Returning to the subject of his book, he writes to an intimate friend :

“Oscott, January 26th, 1881.

“I have got well through the cold, which last night was three degrees below zero, only my mind won’t work freely, as though chilled. I have written half a volume of *matter*, but feel I want *form* in a subject not in itself attractive to human nature. *Matter* turns up without end ; the subject is simply inexhaustible ; and I have got hold of one or two remarkable books : but I am casting about for forms that loom, but won’t come out in the clear. I have seen celebrated artists bothered long in that way, and thinking their work was all for nothing until at last they saw their way. I often think of Buffon’s celebrated remark that genius is patience ; you wait, and wait, in the dark, till at last a spark appears, and then a glow, and all is clear and easy. I therefore don’t despair. But what one feels to want is an exciting cause of an external kind, like the lectures at St. Bernard’s, to move the animal part into pliancy.”

The reply of the friend to whom he wrote seems to have given him the light he needed, and he writes again :

“Your letter has given me the impulse of decision. I shall abandon the method of parts and chapters, and take the freer method of lectures. . . . I think now, health permitting, I can finish next year. I send my general plan on the next page.”*

To Miss O'Meara.

“Oscott, February 4th, 1881.

“. . . What I have told English politicians is, that they will never understand the Irish question unless they study the Brethon laws, which incorporate the old

* He here gave a complete list of his lectures as they now appear in the published volume.

Irish common law. I never understood it myself till I had seen the same thing in operation in New Zealand. The land there belonged to the tribe, originally one family, and so each part to him who occupied and cultivated it, subject to the duties to the tribe and its chief, such as going to war and acknowledging the chief. When the English went to New Zealand, they bought land from the men who chose to sell what they held. At once the English were attacked by the tribe under its chief, because the rights of the tribe and of the chief were being transferred without their consent. This originated the New Zealand wars.

“Now turn to the invasion of Ireland. There was much the same tenure, every family occupying its own land and subdividing it as families grew. But the family had always the right of the land so long as the duty was done to the chief and the tribe. But by confiscation the land was passed to Englishmen and Scotchmen, who at once applied English law, and held it like English landlords, accounting the people on the land as mere tenants who hired the land from them, and turned them off as an English landlord does, either because the rent was not paid, or because they could get better tenants. Thus the old perpetual right to the land was utterly ignored. But the people stuck to their old perpetual right to live on the land of their ancestors, and never consented to the new order of things. They had nothing but the land to live on, and to turn them off it they looked upon as war, and acted accordingly.

“This is the real point of the question, and the key to the feelings of the Irish people; and until our legislators study and understand this, they will never know what they have to deal with.”

"Oscott, March 20th, 1881.

"All things combine to show that things will get worse in the world, not better. All the Powers of the world, our own Government included, are going one way. Atheistic education, indifference as to any system of religion, enormous sums spent in discovering easy and powerful means of destruction which anyone can use, relaxation of punishment, and secret societies fostered for political purposes until they can no longer be controlled. No Government has done more than our own in fostering revolution and secret societies on the Continent for political objects of the hour. There is a general strain of Governments against religious authorities. Political men and the Press are incessantly flattering the ignorant multitude as the depositories of all wisdom. Bismarck is devoting himself practically to the carrying out of Communism; France is entirely in the hands of that class of men; England is only held back from the rush of Republicanism by the character of the Queen, and Gladstone is pushing all things in that direction. There is a terrible future in store. There is a general giddiness as of drunken men thinking themselves wise and sober."

On the publication by Cardinal Newman of his *Annotated Translation of St. Athanasius** the Bishop wrote to acknowledge the receipt of a presentation copy, and to express his appreciation of the work.

"Oscott, March 26th, 1881.

"My dear Lord Cardinal,

"I congratulate you on having completed the laborious work on *St. Athanasius*, and thank you for your kindness in presenting me with a copy of it. The volume of notes must have cost you an immense toil. I have read

* Pickering, 1881.

half of them, and they strike me as combining clearness with brevity in an unusual degree, especially in matters which are often abstruse in their nature. The next thing I observe in them is that they are not only elucidations of St. Athanasius, but very valuable contributions to the theological schools, and handily accessible. I must heartily congratulate your Eminence on this great work; and remain,

“My dear Lord Cardinal,

“Your faithful and affectionate servant in Christ,

“✠ W. B. ULLATHORNE.”

“Birmingham, May 25th, 1881.

“You have no doubt read the magnificent Constitution *Romanos Pontifices* in the *Tablet*. . . . What a shake this new Anglican version of the Testament will give to the Anglicans! Eight or ten alterations in every five verses, of which three or four are critical; and changes in the Lord's Prayer!”

Early in the month of August, Bishop Ullathorne for the last time gave the annual retreat to the Community of Stone. His health did not allow of his giving the usual number of instructions, but he exerted himself in a particular way, as though with the presentiment that trials were coming on his religious children, who would need the help of some grace more than ordinary to support them. It was indeed to them to be a year of special graces, and special sorrows, if sorrows are not always to be reckoned as graces by the servants of God. Looking over a few notes that have been preserved of this retreat (the last he ever gave to the Community) one is struck by the way in which he impresses on his hearers the virtue of abandonment to the will of God.

"In silentio et fortitudo est spes nostra.

"God knows, and I know not.

"God sees, and I see not.

"God is doing the best for me, and I do not understand : but I believe, and adore, and venerate His holy will.

Then follow meditations on *detachment*, on *preparation for death*, on death as the *great detachment* ; on living in the present moment, the only moment at our command.

"Live in the present ; for the *present good*, with the *present grace*, for the *present work*. For God is in the present moment ; with Him there is no past or future With you, too, the present alone belongs to you. The past is gone for ever ; and the future for you may never exist in this world."

These and other like words returned to the memory of the hearers, when shortly after death came to teach them in very deed the lesson of detachment, by taking from them, by a sudden and unexpected stroke, the desire of their eyes, the one among them to whom all their hearts clung with tenderest affection.

In the August of this year the Master-General of the Order of St. Dominic * visited England, and held a canonical visitation at the convent at Stone. On leaving Stone he proceeded to Birmingham for the purpose of having an interview with Bishop Ullathorne, who thus speaks of him :

"Birmingham, August 29th, 1881.

"At the first glance on the General's entrance I saw by his upright and self-collected figure and clear grey eyes that he was no ordinary man, but had a strong, well

* The Most Rev. P. Joseph Maria Larocca.

ordered soul, as well as a keen insight. He reminded me in his figure and presence of St. Paul ; and as I spoke to Father Carbery he examined me closely with those clear, earnest eyes of his. . . . I have read his entry in your Council Book with unbounded satisfaction, as well as your account of his visitation. What specially contents me is what you say of the influence it has exercised on the Sisters. You have come to a new start, and that with great light and encouragement. Certainly God has wonderfully blessed your Congregation, and you have learned from experience that all local and temporary trials pass away whilst they leave good behind. This is the Divine response to faith and fidelity."

The above letter has been inserted, though the subject is one rather of private than of general interest, because it was almost the last which Bishop Ullathorne addressed to Mother Mary Imelda Poole, the Prioress Provincial of the Dominican Congregation. That visitation held at Stone by the General of the Order was the last memorable event in her life. A few weeks later she left Stone for the convent at St. Mary Church, where she was attacked with inflammation of the lungs, and expired on the 14th of October, after a brief illness of forty-eight hours. At the first indication of danger a telegram was despatched to the Bishop. A wild cyclone, however, was then raging in the West of England, which broke the telegraph wires and cut off all communication with Stone and Birmingham for some hours.

"Oscott, October 14th, 1881.

"My dear Mother Prioress,

"I received your first telegram from Birmingham yesterday, and the second telegram with more alarming accounts an hour later. I offered the Holy Sacrifice for

dearest Mother Provincial this morning, and never prayed more earnestly in my life. The whole Congregation will be in great solicitude for this dear soul, so precious to her children, and the friend of my life. I invoke the healing benediction of God, and the treasures of His grace to perfect its sanctification. God's will be done ; whatever He decides will be for her good and ours. But I still hope for recovery."*

To the Prioress of Stone, who on the first alarm had hastened to St. Mary Church only just in time to witness the departure of this precious soul, and who at once both wrote and telegraphed to the Bishop, he writes :

"Oscott, October 15th, 1881.

"The fatal telegram and your letter both reached me by post from Birmingham this morning. I opened the telegram, and then went to offer the Holy Sacrifice for that most dear soul. It was the Office of St. Teresa, and the words of the Mass affected me much.

"During the Mass the feeling arose in me most vividly that she ought to be placed side by side with Mother Margaret. After the Mass I opened your letter. When she pointed out the place in the cemetery, of course she never thought of being in the choir, that was not likely : but it is for me to do her the honour from which she would have shrank, and to interpret the feeling of the Congregation. They were joint foundresses ; they loved each other much ; and they ought to be together.† I have lost my

* The telegram announcing the fatal news should by rights have been received several hours before this letter was written ; but owing to the cause above mentioned, the intelligence of her death was delayed.

† In the above letter allusion is made to the following circumstance. Before leaving Stone, being then in her usual health and spirits, Mother Imelda had taken the Prioress to the convent cemetery, and pointed out to her the exact place where she wished to be buried. In her letter the Prioress had communicated this fact to the Bishop.

dearest friend in this world, but would not have kept her one moment from her reward. The dear Sisters will all feel much and suffer from the loss and separation ; but God will provide. What you say of her exactly reflects my own estimate of this beautiful soul.

"The same post brought me intelligence of the death of the Bishop of Shrewsbury,* my greatest and oldest friend in the Episcopate. He was President of Sedgely Park from my entering the diocese until 1850, when he became bishop. . . .

"God bless and comfort you all, and give that dear soul rest with His Saints in eternal light!"

"Oscott, October 16th, 1881.

"My dear Mother Prioress,†

"I have addressed a letter to the whole Congregation, but a special letter is due to you. I look upon dear Mother Imelda as joint foundress of the Congregation with Mother Margaret, and have directed that they who were so united in life should be united in death, lying side by side. In this I know that the feelings of the Sisters will be mine.

"God has taken her to Himself, and I am content. He will provide for the future ; and yet her dear image is always before me and my eyes moisten with tears ; but I would not have it otherwise. When the Congregation is stronger in Heaven it must be stronger on earth. Cardinal Newman, whilst he calls the news 'overwhelming,' says truly: 'Dear Mother Imelda deserves her release for her long services, yet it is hard for her children.'

But he overruled this wish, and by his direction she was laid to rest by the side of Mother Margaret in the convent choir.

* The Right Rev. James Browne, Bishop of Shrewsbury, died October 14th, 1881.

† The Prioress of the Convent of St. Mary Church, Torquay, where the death had taken place.

"She saw her work crowned in the high commendation passed on it by the successor of St. Dominic ; and her work was done. To you and the dear Sisters with you I can only say : Think what she would have you think ; be resigned as she would have you be resigned. Share the sacrifice she made in leaving you."

"Oscott, October 17th, 1881.

"My dear Sister,

"Your letter contains two very interesting anecdotes of dear Mother Imelda, which should be preserved. Although my eyes have been moist with feeling ever since the intelligence came, I feel nothing but consolation. I would on no account have it otherwise. It is a great spiritual grace for all of us to have this pure and beautiful soul in Heaven, and to know so much more of her than we could ever have known until her departure. I do not believe in holy souls going all away from those they love ; but rather that, like the angels, they bring us many good inspirations and blessings.

"You owe an immense gratitude to God for having done so much for you through these two saintly souls, and ought to rejoice, as you do rejoice ; but rejoice still more in their happiness with God. This should be your first affection. Nor will God leave you without wise and holy Superiors to supply their place. They have taught you to love God by sacrifice ; and what matter whether you love Him in darkness or in light, since He never leaves you without the light of justice, which is all that is required for your guidance. Rather be content to love Him in darkness, as this is the love of sacrifice by which those holy souls were purified, and in which they now rejoice."

From letters addressed to other friends outside the Congregation some passages may be extracted which show

what was Bishop Ullathorne's appreciation of this gifted soul, in life so hidden in her work, hidden in her very perfections.

"She was the most just and beautiful character I ever knew, and completely effaced herself in all she did, while she left much in the souls of her children which no one else could have placed there."

Writing to one of the Dominican Fathers the Bishop thus speaks of her in connection with Mother Margaret Hallahan :

"They were two Saints of the heroic type. The first a giant ; the second, the most learned woman, and the most finished Religious I ever knew."

To Mother Prioress of Princethorpe.

"Oscott, October 21st, 1881.

"Dear Mother Prioress,

"Thank you for your kind sympathy on the departure from this world of dear Mother Imelda. After the visitation of the General of the Order, some two months ago—a most searching visitation from a man of remarkable insight—and after the magnificent commendation which he committed to a document, *In futuram rei memoriam*, many signs and expressions showed that, though in good health, Mother Provincial felt that with this seal from the representative of St. Dominic, her work was done. She went to St. Mary Church to visit her convent there, and after a very few days' illness went calmly to God. A little child of seven years, who had never before seen death, was taken to see it in her, and she said : 'It is like the calm sea with the sun shining upon it!'

"The modest simplicity with which she veiled her remarkable knowledge was one of her finest traits. Her maternal affection for all under her care was wonderfully sweet and equable to all. She was strong in justice, calm in judgment, gentle in word and life, sweet and pure in her affections. She seemed to live for every Sister of each house singly, so intimately did she know each one, all her wants and all her requirements. Her presence everywhere brought light and joy, and seemed to each a gift of God. Every Sister of the Congregation has in her some light, some sweet grace which she owes to that Mother; each can tell a history of many words of wisdom obtained from her lips. A priest writes of her: 'You felt in her presence a man's intellect and culture, in the body of a simple and graceful child.'*

". . . On the arrival of the body at Stone, unknown to the Community, the whole Congregation was there, and on their knees recited the *De Profundis*, after which they preceded her whom they called their Mother with lanterns (for it was dark), saying the Rosary till they reached the convent."

To Miss O'Meara he writes:

"St. Mary's, Oscott, October 17th, 1881.

". . . To you, as to an intimate friend, I write on occasion of a great loss, and a great gain which has followed my Golden Jubilee. You will remember in the *Life of Mother Margaret* how often she speaks of the one she was training to succeed her. That most beautiful soul went up to Heaven last Friday, and her pure body was placed side by side with Mother Margaret's this day, where she so often knelt and so often kissed the tomb where that great soul has her

* The Bishop was quoting from memory; the real words used were, "the intellect of a man, the modesty of a woman, and the innocence of a child."

body laid. Before she left Stone for ever, some three weeks ago, she said to the Sisters one by one in private : 'After all the graces we have received in the Bishop's retreat and the General's visitation, some great cross I feel is coming to you. I know not what, but be very faithful.' A week before she left to visit her convent in Devonshire, while still quite in health, she took Mother Prioress to the cemetery, and showed her the place where she wished to be laid. She was the Mother Provincial. At St. Mary's Convent in Devonshire she was taken ill of inflammation of the lungs, and died as sweetly as she had lived.

"Her character is perfectly drawn in the few following lines, written to me by one of the Prioresses of the Congregation from the side of her body after she had expired :

"I can but thank God for suffering me for these many years to have known a heart whose purity, justice, self-sacrifice, and tenderness surpasses all I could have guessed of as possible. Never, during the thirty years I have enjoyed her intimate confidence, have I known our Mother to act save from principle. It was an angelic soul, and no wonder her devotion to the angels was so intense and familiar.'

"Had you ever seen her you would have been struck with her spiritual beauty and sweetness. Yet the gentleness of her modest demeanour covered a man's mind, and a man's learning and judgment. She never spoke of herself, not even to me, except in the confessional. But once she told me that all through her life, until she entered religion, she had suffered intensely and increasingly from the desire to devote herself entirely to God. In her novitiate Mother Margaret gave her a severe humiliation about her learning, and sent her to work in the kitchen. She replied, 'Dear Mother, I have learnt everything but humility, and I have come to learn that here.' She had studied both

Greek and Latin classics. Plato, indeed, helped her into the Church, as he did St. Augustine ; she had a great and accurate knowledge of the Scriptures, was versed in the sense of the great spiritual writers, and knew the diversities of the great Religious rules.

“ She drew up the Constitutions from the great sea of Dominican law, including that of the General Chapters since 1212 : the work passed under the revision of the General and his Chapter without alteration, and has obtained a celebrity in the Order. She has governed the Congregation since Mother Margaret's departure with a justness, power, and sweetness that is marvellous. . . . She was strong in justice, calm in judgment, sweet in affection, gentle in word and life, with perfect innocence from childhood. . . . In short, I am describing the most harmonious, and, therefore, most perfect character I ever knew. The last words of Mother Margaret to me on her death-bed were of her. She said : ‘ There never was a better woman.’ She was my dearest friend, and through these long years I never saw a fault in her, even by accident, nor an error of judgment.’

“ You may imagine what I have felt. My eyes have been moist with tears during these days, not of regret, but consolation ; for her beautiful image is always before me. I would not have detained her one moment from her happiness. She is always radiant before me.”

Shortly before the sad event spoken of in these letters, on the 24th of September, the Bishop celebrated the Golden Jubilee of his Priesthood. It had been the intention of many of his friends to make this the occasion of presenting him with some costly testimonial ; but, by the express wish of the Bishop himself, this purpose was laid aside, it being his desire to receive no other offering than prayers and Masses. He sang his Jubilee Mass, and his *Te Deum* of thanksgiving, in the college chapel at Oscott,

where he had the consolation of seeing the whole college, even to its youngest member, approach to receive Holy Communion at his hands. To this incident he refers in a circular letter which he addressed on this occasion to his clergy, and which may be found printed in the *Oscotian* (1886).

CHAPTER XVI.—1882, 1883.

COMPLETION OF THE "GROUNDWORK OF CHRISTIAN VIRTUES."—ANNIVERSARY MEETING AT THE SEMINARY.—CHRISTMAS CARDS.—LECTURES ON PATIENCE PROJECTED.—NEW YEAR'S AND EASTER LETTERS.—FILIA-TION TO ADELAIDE.—STUDY OF CARLYLE.

DURING the winter months Bishop Ullathorne continued his work on the *Groundwork of the Christian Virtues*. On none of his writings did he ever spend an equal amount of time and labour. It was his habit when composing to re-write portions of his work many times over, in order to ensure more perfect accuracy. Some of his critics were accustomed to tell him that, by doing this, he often spoilt the vigour and freshness of his first cast of a subject ; and this was really the case, as in re-writing he generally enlarged, and so sacrificed strength of language. But he would maintain, in reply, that energy of style should be secondary to theological accuracy. In answer to a criticism on this subject he writes :

"Oscott, January 29th, 1882.

"No one who has not tried it knows what it is to write a book of this kind, where you have to weigh the doctrine of every sentence and to put into one volume what ought to have two, and yet to make it readable. . . . Every sentence has to be weighed theologically. I am just at the ticklish part of the book, namely, *the degrees of humility*,"

* See *Groundwork of the Christian Virtues*, p. 374 et seq.

which I want to make simple and clear, and of which I have my head full. I have never yet seen them explained so as to make their principle intelligible. St. Thomas has scarcely done it for want of more explanation. Father Baker tries in one of his MSS., and confesses he gives it up in despair. I think from turning it over so long I may succeed, simply because I can put the other writers together, and see what has been overlooked, in which the early Fathers, whom St. Benedict followed, give some light."

Meanwhile, he failed not to communicate in his letters of direction those spiritual principles he was studying so profoundly.

To Miss O'Meara.

"Oscott, January 1st, 1882.

". . . Your Christmas may be quiet, but not so quiet as mine. I am almost alone in this big house; and the winds wailed and sang mournfully through it last night, as if in pain over the expiring year, conscious of having witnessed much more evil than good.

"It is a grand thing nevertheless to sit at a great organ like this and hearken to the pipings of nature, to which you have only to listen to hear many things superior to an orchestra of human instruments and voices. Give me God's music, and let men take their own, which in comparison is but the straining of a tempest through a colander.

"What a mystery is Time! What mysteries it covers! How silent, how rapid, how inexorable! A gleam from eternity is the only substantial thing one sees. What a rest it must be to get out of all these whirls within whirls! Calderon was right when he entitled his religious drama "Life's a dream." There really is nothing like waking life but what passes between the secret soul and God. . . . Get your heart as near to God as you can, that you may

feel something of life, and keep it there as long as you can that you may get clear of dreams."

"February 5th, 1882.

"This deep-seated sadness you speak of may be a spiritual purgation, or it may arise from a sort of half-unconscious sensibility of that isolation which chief superiors feel, despite of all kindness, in their singular responsibilities when they are thoughtful and feel the burden; probably from both. But *Sursum cor*, God is a strong keeper. What I have learnt during the composition of this book is a *certain interior process*, taught, of course, by the interior Master, of steadily advancing and keeping the mind and will objectively on God, so as but little to feel oneself in comparison. You will understand me. It is the continuance of the *Sursum cor*, so that when one loses it a great defect and want is felt."

At Easter he wrote as follows to the Community at Stone:

"Oscott, April 4th, 1882.

"Having just written the last line of *your* book my next thought must be to wish you all a happy Easter. I like it because it has profoundly instructed me; I don't like it because I see much more at the end than I did whilst writing. I like it because it is more the work of your prayers than of my pen, and I don't like it because of its defects. Still, I like it in the main; and it is better as it is for those who have not thought the subject out, than if written more in final results and less in process of thinking out. So you have what I cannot call the *opus magnum et arduum*, which St. Augustine called his *City of God*; but, at all events, the chief work on which I have ventured.

"Excuse the rough corrected draft of the Dedication; I had no time to make a second clean copy, but only the one for the printer.

“And now I wish you all a happy Easter. You belong to Our Lord, Who has suffered for you, died for you, and risen from the dead to glorify you with His own glory. Hold to Him firmly in His Passion, and He will hold to you in His resurrection. Be very humble, and your charity will be very sweet. You have but one object in life : to be as little as you can, and as loving of Our Lord as you can, that you may become very great. You are taken off your own weak and fragile foundation, and are placed on God as your foundation, firmament, and refuge. Stand firm on that new foundation, and get your hearts as near to God as you can, that you may feel His life and not your own nature.

“You are God’s children ; you are the objects of His love, because you have left all things to follow His Son, Who at the right hand of the Father sends His Spirit to purify your minds from folly and to perfect your hearts with love.

“God is quite near you ; you live and are in Him, and His light and grace want to enter more deeply into your souls. There are but two obstacles—the corruptible body and pride in the soul. Subdue the one, humble the other, and lo ! light flows in and charity grows perfect.”

“Oscott, April 5th, 1882.

“Dear Mr. Oates,

“I write to let you know that I have finished my volume, the *Groundwork of the Christian Virtues*. It is about forty pages longer than the *Endowments of Man*, and I propose bringing it to London in Low Week, when I hope to see you.

“I have had sundry applications for the *Endowments*, asking if it is possible to get a copy. I shall bring the corrected copy of it and leave it with you.

“I think the new book is complete in its kind, and will

be in demand for Religious houses and institutes especially. It is dedicated to the Dominican Congregation of St. Catherine of Sienna, who in all their houses have sung the *Magnificat* for its success for thirty years past every Saturday in choir.

“Wishing you a happy Easter, I pray God to bless you, and remain,

“Your faithful servant,

“✠ W. B. ULLATHORNE.

We here give the Dedication above alluded to :

To the Reverend Mothers and the Sisters of the English Dominican Congregation of St. Catherine of Sienna.

“Dear Sisters in Christ,

“You will give a hospitable welcome to this book. It is yours by right of origin, yours by right of possession, and yours by right of your prayers for its success. It took its beginning from instructions directed to the formation of your first members, and the light of its principles is already implanted in your minds and hearts.

“The holy Bishop of St. Aldhelm, who was the first Englishman, as he tells us, who ever cultivated literature, dedicated his chief work to a conventual circle of ‘Christ’s most holy virgins’; and he assigns these reasons for thus addressing them: their purity of life, their loyalty to their vows, their concord in religious discipline, and their sagacious pursuit of the sweet wisdom hived in the Holy Scriptures. He tells them that he never received their letters without lifting his hands to Heaven in gratitude; and that, touched with their devout urbanity, he gave thanks to the King of Heaven, Who had given him to behold on earth such daughters of grace and handmaids of Christ. He says that, under the motherly guidance of Hedelitha, those virgins of Christ were well

instructed in holy doctrines, and well trained in the exercises of the soul to run their course with energy and skill. For Hedelitha I may substitute the names of Margaret and Imelda, the first venerable mothers of your Religious life, now happily with God.

“To the motives assigned to his spiritual daughters by St. Aldhelm 1,200 years ago, for dedicating his book to them, I may add one more. Having watched over your Congregation from its cradle, having also co-operated with its holy foundress in its formation and expansion, I have desired, among the responsibilities of the episcopal office, to complete this book, and to place it in your hands as some token of my paternal affection, as some memorial of my solicitude for your solid instruction, which your filial gratitude may pass on to the generations that come after you.

“Next to the God of all condescension, Who is the lover of humble souls, to whom but to you should I dedicate this book? So long as your motto expresses your life; so long as you seek GOD ALONE, and find in Him the supreme object of your desires; so long as you are earnest as well in the second object of your life, to draw to God the poor, the ignorant, and the suffering, whom Christ has redeemed; so long will the charity and sweet peace of God be with you, and the fragrance of your cheerful virtues will attract other souls to follow your example. This, my dear Sisters, is the earnest prayer of your devoted Father in Christ,

“✠ W. B. ULLATHORNE.

“Birmingham, April 10th, 1882.”

“April 17th, 1882.

“I am off to London to-day, and expect a week of close work at the Episcopal Meeting. I take the MS. with me for publication. Now the work is done, I feel as if I had

lost a piece of myself and had come down to very common things."

The *Groundwork of the Christian Virtues* was published in the summer of this year, and a second edition appeared in 1888. In the judgment of the writer himself it was the most important of all his works. He had been engaged on the study of the subject for at least twenty-five years, during which the greater portion had been many times rewritten. Nevertheless, it did not attain the same favour from the general public as his lectures on the *Endowments of Man*, which, as treating of matters more purely philosophical, found many readers outside the limited Catholic circle. One peculiarity of style may be noticed in this work, namely, the facility with which it falls into maxims. This was pointed out to him, and a proposal was made to gather and print a collection of these maxims in the form of a little handbook, a proposal which he sanctioned, but which has not yet been carried into execution. As a fact, his epistolary style often exhibited the same feature. In a letter written at this very time to a person in doubt as to what might be the result of a somewhat masterful course of action, he says :

"Have no anxiety. *When the right thing is done in the right way it always comes right.* I remember O'Connell saying that after I had witnessed his bravery under very trying circumstances, and I have always found it true."

"June 22nd, 1882.

"I thank you for your good wishes and prayers for me on the close of my thirty-sixth year of Episcopacy ; a long and heavy responsibility to look back on, specially as one nears the day of account. You have always been too good to me, which comes of your goodness, not my own.

And I sometimes have an impression that you, and the other dear souls gone from among you, will help me through my last difficulties when I leave this world for my account.

"Yesterday there was a large meeting of clergy at St. Bernard's Seminary, to celebrate the annual festival; and Father Pope, of the Oratory, preached one of the best sermons I ever heard, revealing great knowledge of the human heart, and specially insisting on the mortification of the rational powers. It was delivered with great humility, and listened to with profound attention. The High Mass was sung in solid plain chant, and all were edified. Such visits to the Seminary must do good to the clergy.

"The recreation afterwards was innocent enough. After dinner there was a concert of piano, six violins, two bass viols, and a double bass; three Oratorian Fathers playing with the students. The two Fathers Bellasis are quite professors in the art, and we had Mozart and Handel. Father R. Bellasis, who plays with Cardinal Newman upon his Guarnerius of 1630,* dedicated by an inscription of its author to St. Teresa, played like one inspired. You could see the music trickling from his brain through his finger nerves, as if he and the little fiddle and long bow were one piece of life. What a curious and delightful thing it must be to see him and the Cardinal giving out the profound harmonies of Handel!"

In the autumn of 1882 Bishop Ullathorne was seized

*This allusion is thus explained. There were two famous violin makers, Andrew and Joseph Guarnerius, father and son, and a nephew, Peter Guarnerius. All three inscribe the labels placed inside their violins with their names, adding the words *Sub titulo S. Teresiæ*, with the date. Whether these words indicated a trade guild, or a neighbouring church, or the patron Saint of the family, does not appear. The violin mentioned above was an Andrew Guarnerius.

with a severe attack of illness, which caused much anxiety; but he rallied from it, though it obliged him to live an invalid life for some time.

“ October 23rd, 1882.

“ My first effort to write is addressed to you. I have had much suffering, but my illness has been a great grace and blessing to me. I am still a great invalid, and my recovery will be slow; but I have never had the feeling that my natural vitality was at all lessened, though so much strained.”

The death of the Rev. Mother Aloysia, the Superioress of the Community of St. Anne's, Birmingham, which took place in the November of 1882, drew from him the following letter :

“ Oscott, November 22nd, 1882.

“ Although the death of dear Mother Aloysia is a release from painful trials and sufferings, the members of the Community, and especially the elder ones, cannot fail to feel deeply this separation. She may be truly considered the foundress of the Community ; for it was her qualities that made the filiation from St. Mary's practicable, and she has guided the Community almost ever since, and that in her latter years under much suffering and infirmity.

“ She was one in whose openness, simplicity, and obedience I could always place confidence ; and I always regarded her in the twofold light of a friend, as well as a dutiful child. To the members of the Community I offer my condolence on the great gap thus made in their long cherished feelings and associations, even although the departure of their Mother and friend is in the order of God and that of His goodness.”

To E. H. Dering, Esq.

“Oscott, December 6th, 1882.

“That I a quarter expected you on St. Cecily’s is true ; that I did not more than a quarter expect you is also true. But the President said he should be glad to see you. I believe that accidents are made on purpose to prevent such things, but when carried too far there comes repentance. Mind, I do not know who makes the accidents ; perhaps the ‘black dog,’ whom in Yorkshire we also called Lawrence.

“The word Yorkshire reminds me : Did you ever read the *Townley Mysteries* ? They are a rich treat to one who can read the Yorkshire English of Richard II.’s time, though the three last are in Lowland Scotch. The Jews talk like pious Christians, constantly invoke Our Lady, and ascribe all evil to Mahoud. Even pagans like Pilate, and Noe and his wife, do the same.

“Take the *Secunda Pastorum* ; the shepherds who are all Yorkshire men, and talk of Yorkshire people and places, after they have settled their sheep safe from the snow, go into a hut, and let a scamp of the name of Max join them, and after a long talk they all go to sleep. Then Max unlatches the door, glides out silently, and runs off with one of the fattest sheep on his shoulders. He gets safe to his own hut with it, and as the shepherds will certainly believe he took it, his wife Gilly and he contrive that she shall go to bed with the sheep and lay in with a baby. In come the shepherds ; they may search where they like, only not disturb his poor wife and the baby. This leads to affectionate and compassionate inquiries after the baby. Who have been the sponsors at the baptism ? Six are named, three men and three women, all honest Yorkshire neighbours. One shepherd is very anxious to see the baby’s face, and will give it sixpence. Despite of Max’s remonstrance and his sick wife’s groans, his sympathy with

the dear little stranger is too strong for him. He moves the clothes, and exclaims: 'What a long, dark nose the baby has!' In short, they find their fat sheep, and in the midst of this discovery, and the threats and fears of its legal consequences before the magistrates of Wakefield, beautiful singing is heard in the heavens, and an angel appears at the door, who announces the birth of a Saviour, and calls on the shepherds to hasten to Bethlehem. There arrived, their roughness all melts away, and their simple-hearted tenderness over the newborn child, and their artless addresses to Our Lady and St. Joseph, are all in the tenderest and sweetest Yorkshire of the Middle Ages. There you have a genuine Christmas play of the old times, performed by the barkers (tanners) or glovers of Wakefield.

"In the 'Judicium,' the Last Judgment, you get peeps at the fashionable costume of the day. A fine Court lady comes up for judgment, in no pleasant hands. Some of the vulgar exclaim: 'She's horned like a cow; and what a fine cat skin hangs from the top of her tower!' You will remember the high-peaked headdress of those days. However, enough of this, which only a Yorkshireman can read well in the text; and even he must sometimes go to the vocabulary. These mystery plays, although sometimes in places gross—though only where there is great wickedness, as in Cain, or the executioners of Our Lord—are so clever, popular, and idiomatic, that they must have greatly amused the people, and even instructed them.

"The Pope's Encyclical on St. Francis and the Third Order has hit the mark and probed the evil of the age, as he sums it up in luxury, pride, and the lust of gain. The worship of self is the end of all this miserable 'progress.'

"Poor France is utterly devoured by vanity. As Lord Beaconsfield said of her: 'She is doomed to try experiments for the instruction of other nations.'

"What an Arabian Nights' tale has been this campaign.

and conquest of Egypt! Put it in Eastern language and Scherazade might have told it in full keeping with the rest of her stories. England has gone in for another great garrison like Malta and Gibraltar, which, if continued, must ultimately become chiefly Indian."

When Christmas came the Community at Stone, as was their custom, sent him some little Christmas cards of their own drawing. Some of them were painted with birds and flowers, and some with illuminated mottoes. But one Sister, knowing how he relished certain old memories of the sea (which taste she somewhat shared), sent him a little sea piece of her own painting, which drew from him the following playful criticism :

"Oscott, Christmas Eve, 1882.

"I thank you all heartily for your good wishes and prayers. I like to listen to the birds in the Oscott woods and to watch them, and to see the flowers blooming, and I find them significant of better things. But on paper or canvas, they being dead and flat, have not much interest for me. But a sloop-rigged lugger off the white cliffs of England, beating on the weather side of a sandbank (marked by the buoy and colour of the water), in a spanking nine-knot breeze, appeals to old times, and recalls much that had gone away from memory. Even the lee board, and the green stuff for the soup over the stern, are eloquent of an old life. Nor do I object to the two gulls in this association. The trough of the sea is fairly squared to the wind, and the old lugger dips and strains as I have seen thousands do in like cases. The picture is all nature ; but never invite a shoemaker to criticise a shoe. *The shrouds are set up on the bow instead of the beam ;* and, by the dynamical laws, the mast ought instantly to go by the board, and the old craft in two minutes to be on the

sandbank with her tanned sails shivering out of the bolt ropes. Yet the old lugger is so natural, and bears herself so nautically, that if you had let the shoemaker alone he would never have seen it.

“How am I to get out of this scrape? I see. It is poor human nature contending for the arduous virtues, with always something in her set wrong, which is only saved from a smash by supernatural and invisible aid. So I once in a far-off country met a coach heavily laden inside and out with passengers, all of them unconscious that they had lost a fore-wheel. I kept silent, as I ought to have done on this occasion, lest a sudden pull up might bring all down, and half-a-mile further found the wheel reposing on the road.”

To Miss O'Meara.

“Oscott, December 26th, 1882.

“ . . . The electric force is far from yet being fully understood ; but it appears, as far as we can see, to be a fundamental force of the material world. It has compelled what is called science to come back to St. Thomas's definition of matter, which it had laughed at for a hundred years and more. The analogies between matter and spirit must necessarily exist, because all things proceed from spirit and will, and have their spiritual types, before they exist, in the Eternal Word ; and their forms are but limitations, in many modes of limitation, of the one perfect form of God the Father, which the Eternal Word is. I have introduced the comparison of electricity in its positive and negative poles with charity and humility in my last lecture. In the soul charity is the positive pole, and humility the negative. One does not move without the other.”

Another letter, written about the same time, requires a word of explanation. A friend to whom he had sent a copy

of the *Groundwork of the Christian Virtues* had expressed surprise that in it he had not spoken of *the humility of patience*, a subject on which in his private direction he often touched.

“Oscott, December 24th, 1882.

“I thank you (he replies) for your remarks on my volume. I feel there *is* something wanting in it, and I think I at last see what it is. It might be remedied by a seventeenth lecture. What is wanting is to show how essentially interior patience forms a joint groundwork with humility, and is the sure and only way of making the soul solid, truly humble, and progressive in all interior good. I had thought of a manual with a view to bring in this essential instruction, and had written the first chapters ; but, instead, I have set to work on a seventeenth lecture to add in my new edition, and which might be printed separately for those who have the old edition. This seventeenth lecture would be a key to the managing of the interior. You shall see it when it is finished, at present it is only started ; but I see my way through it, though it may take time to work it out.”

This notion of a seventeenth lecture did not satisfy his correspondent, who represented that the subject required larger treatment, and suggested to him the taking of the virtue of patience for a distinct treatise. No one was better qualified to treat of that subject than Bishop Ullathorne, to whom patience was familiar, not in theory alone, but by deep experience. In his letters of direction passages often occur in which he dwells on patience as an integral portion of humility. The following, written about this time, may be taken as an example :

“This patience holds to God in humble subjection, and

in loving confidence believes all things, hopes all things, and endures all things for His exceeding love. It is not disconcerted or alarmed at the sight of our own weaknesses or failures which reveal our nature, and are needful to keep us humble. It holds to God in the sure hope that in the end, when we no longer need our infirmities, God will take them away. This patience still holds firmly to God, and even when it wavers is not discouraged, knowing we are still human ; but returns to God, and holds to Him with renewed love and seeks for new strength. This patience is the patience of faith, the patience of hope, the patience of charity, whereby the poor little tremulous soul holds still to God, as the tremulous magnet holds to the pole, and still holds to the pole despite its manifest weakness. God is the pole of the soul, and it is the pole which holds the needle, not the needle the pole."

But there was a further motive for making the suggestion, namely, a desire to engage the Bishop in some literary work which would fill his leisure during the long months of imprisonment which were now before him. His shattered state of health rendered it impossible for him during half the year to quit his retreat at Oscott, or take his usual part in the active work of the diocese ; and to win him to continue his literary labours would at once supply him with an interest, and secure the completion of one more of those treatises on the spiritual life in which were hived up such stores of wisdom and instruction. The Bishop accepted the proposal as "worth thinking about," and thus originated the admirable work on *Christian Patience* which formed the third and last volume of these spiritual treatises.

The simplicity that he displayed in accepting suggestions and criticisms on his own writings was equally shown when his opinion was solicited on the works of others. There is so much edification to be derived from examples of this

sort given on the part of our chief pastors and Superiors that we have no hesitation in alluding to a correspondence that took place in the March of 1883 between Bishop Ullathorne and the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, the latter of whom was then publishing his book on the Pastoral Office.* This work he sent to Bishop Ullathorne to revise, a task which the latter felt to be a delicate one, as on some points touched on in the book he considered a modification of the language to be desirable. This opinion he stated with perfect frankness, and he thus notices the character of the reply which he received, in a letter to a friend to whom he had previously communicated the general tenor of his strictures on the work.

“ March 10th, 1883.

“ His Eminence's reply to my close criticism of his book is so edifying that I am tempted to send it to you for your perusal. It is not a little thing for any man, or woman either, to have a book, over which much labour has been expended, taken to pieces, and yet to take it kindly, however considerably the operation may have been performed. And this book must have been long in hand, for questions bearing on it were sent to me more than a year ago.”

Comment on an intercourse of this character between two authors is needless. But the total absence on either side of the tenaciousness of authorship cannot but increase our veneration for both these illustrious prelates.

To Miss O'Meara.

“ St. Mary's, Oscott, January 2nd, 1883.

“ . . . Let me tell you what I think makes a happy year. The Psalms and the Apostolic writings are very emphatic, as well as frequent, in exhorting us to rejoice in

* *The Eternal Priesthood.* (Burns and Oates, 1883.)

God. St. Paul says, 'Rejoice in the Lord always; again I say, rejoice. The Lord is nigh.' And he tells us that 'Charity rejoices in the truth.' This joy in God, whilst we fear ourselves, is the death of sadness and of selfishness. To live in one's self is sadness enough, as we all know; to live in God is joyful. When the sun shines we rejoice; why should we not rejoice when the light of God shines on us? We rejoice in beautiful flowers, especially when they have a beautiful light upon them; why should we not rejoice when the flowers of grace come to us from Heaven with God's beautiful light upon them? We rejoice in beautiful presents when embalmed with the affections of those who send them; why should we not rejoice when God sends us such beautiful presents, embalmed with His love? This joy is the highest expression of faith, of hope, of love, of gratitude. Even trials are from the hand of God our Redeemer, bringing the purging Cross in His Hand to make us pure, or keep us so; and these have in them a hidden cause of thankfulness, a secret of future joy. *Gaudeamus in Domino, diem festum celebrantes!* How often does the solemn Mass invite us to joy in God with these words! This joy in God lightens all burdens, cheers all duties, the joy of the children in the Father.

"It is in this sense that I wish you a happy year. Ah! dear child, love God, rejoice in God, and be happy and independent of the evils of this world. Nothing can touch the soul that is happy in God. To live in His light, to live in His love, to have always beautiful presents from Him, to be grateful and joyful in all—here is wisdom of the heart that brings wisdom to the head and strength to the soul."

"Oscott, March 24th, 1883.

"I wish you all a happy Easter and abundance of grace. I cannot send you such a present as I did last year in the

Dedication to my book, but I send you an affection that never tires or flags through the long years that try so many things.

"I have been following the solemnities of this week quietly in the expositions of SS. Matthew and John by St. Thomas. There is nothing like him for fulness and elevation of thought. In St. Jerome's Preface to the Gospel of St. John there is a remarkable statement about St. John's death, which I never before noticed. He says: 'This is the John who, knowing that the day of his departure was come, called all his disciples together at Ephesus, and after putting forth Christ to them through his many experiences of wonders, went down into the place dug for his burial, and after prayer, was placed with his fathers and was found as free from the pains of death as from corruption of the flesh.'

"I have never been more struck with the conduct of the Maries, who were so brave and loyal when the men lost their courage. The scenes at the tomb, and the extraordinary feelings they must have had in finding the angels there, and then meeting Our Lord Himself, are a great meditation, and have never been fairly represented in art. It is a wonderful subject, and St. Thomas's minute analysis, instead of lowering, raises the whole spirit of their conduct.

"I have also been reading over again a book entitled *Christian Schools and Scholars*. I have never seen Alcuin's Bible in Sancta Maria Vallicella (mentioned therein); but in the library of St. Paul's beyond the Walls the Benedictines have a celebrated Bible ascribed to Alcuin. I know it well. The frontispiece to it depicts Charlemagne crowned and seated on his throne; a very large man, with his wife seated on the left hand, and Eginhard standing on the right, whilst Alcuin, on his knees, presents the Bible. Beneath are four lines in verse addressed to the living

Charles. The Bible is divided into chapters and carefully punctuated.

"I spent three days at St. Gall, and find the description of its situation perfect. I believe I saw in the library which the people bought from the State for the Bishop, the copy of the Antiphonal left by Romanus. It is called St. Gregory's Antiphonal, and is referred to the eighth century. The Neumes are in letters as you describe them. . . . One of the most interesting things at St. Gall's is the sacristy, with its collection of mediæval plate, furniture, and vestments. Among the old abbatial mitres some were green for Sundays, and one or two were blue. What most interested me in the library was a little book of St. Gall's, used when he was learning the local language—Irish words with the German words added, a sort of dictionary. I am told that next to the Irish Franciscan Convent at Rome the most valuable collection of ancient Irish books still exists at St. Gall."

"May 7th, 1883.

"To-day I enter on my seventy-eighth year, and I thank God for a clear, sound mind, though in a frail body. That mind naturally goes back to the year 1806, and to the house where a young couple, having but recently begun the struggles of life with a future depending on their joint efforts, were filled with solitudes for the safety of the mother and the child. Little did they dream what would be the future of that child, or of the combination of Providential events that lay before him.

"The birthday of a Catholic should be devoted to the memory of parents and to prayers for their well-being; it should be made their festival rather than his, a festival of gratitude."

"Birmingham, June 20th, 1883.

"Do you want the plot for a new story? I will give

you one told at table yesterday by one of our priests. A poor Catholic girl, working in a Birmingham factory, was offered marriage by one of her masters. She refused him on principle, resolutely and repeatedly. He took it so to heart that he went mad, and died. His lawyer requested the girl to be present at the opening of the will. She went, and found that the man had left her a house and £500, on condition that she became a Protestant. She as resolutely refused the legacy as she had refused the marriage, although the lawyer told her she was a fool for her pains, because she would only have to appear once in her life in a Protestant church, and the property would become hers for ever. It would require a knowledge of Birmingham, its people and their ways, to work this out ; but it would make a fine episode in the story. . . .

"I work at intervals at the new book (on Patience), gathering up matter, but it is laborious getting into it. Yet a touch I gave from it in a discourse at St. Paul's, Selly Park, seems to have struck the clergy a good deal. St. Paul himself is a great model of the virtue."

In the summer of this year a filiation of Dominican Religious was sent from the mother-house of Stone to Adelaide, in the Colony of South Australia. Bishop Ullathorne took the greatest interest in this foundation, which was to be planted on a spot where so many years before he had said the first Mass, as related in his *Autobiography*.* Every detail regarding it—the selection of the Sisters, the conditions under which they went, and the future plans of the foundation—were carefully examined and approved by him ; and through Monsignor Stonor he solicited and obtained for them a special blessing from the Sovereign Pontiff. The first six Sisters sailed from England in the *Orient* on the 12th of July, 1883.

* See *Autobiography*, p. 159-162.

“Birmingham, July 14th, 1883.

“Thank you for the account of the embarkation of our dear Sisters ; I said Mass for them on that day. The parting scene I have often witnessed, though not on so large a scale ; and one of our principal artists exhibited a picture of it in the Academy—a very realistic one. It is a scene not easily forgotten ; dear souls ! I am constantly thinking of them.”

“Birmingham, August 18th, 1883.

“Have you seen a pamphlet entitled ‘Modern Christianity and Civilised Heathenism’ ? It is written by a Canon of Salisbury, evidently a low Evangelical, and is a scathing judgment on parsondom. It is a sign of the times that so many thinkers are battering down Anglicanism, and pointing to the need of something more thorough. . . . I have got through half of my book in the first writing. But I understand that the *Groundworks* has not sold as well as the *Endowments*. The publisher says people don’t understand it. Of course, only a limited class of lay persons would take the trouble to do so, reading to most persons being only a sort of recreation. But this next volume will have still less variety in it, which makes me hesitate in offering it to the publisher. However, I shall complete it, if only for my own instruction. I am just writing the rules for gaining patience. It would have been invaluable to myself in dealing with souls had I worked out these two subjects earlier in life as I have done at its close ; and I can’t expect others to see in it all that I see. This is the fate of books. Then *patience* is a word as frightening to the world—specially in these restless days—as the word humility. They are the two things wanted above all others ; but there remains the difficulty of diffusing the book. However, I shall finish it.”

In the following letter he gives an appreciation of the character and writings of Carlyle, which by many readers will doubtless be thought to do scant justice to that celebrated man, and the influence exercised by him on his age. The criticism, in fact, is more of his personal character, as revealed in late biographies, than of his writings, with which Bishop Ullathorne never cared to make himself very familiar.

“ Birmingham, October 2nd, 1883.

“ I have been making a study of Carlyle for an evening amusement. What a character ! His published *Reminiscences*, his life by Froude and by Shepherd, his letters, journal, and the letters of his wife, form a most perfect and extraordinary history. He is such a unique character that he furnishes an entirely new study of human nature. Such a power of intention and keen observation with such intense egotism and passion. His philosophy was as egotistical as himself. Its basis, derived from Kant and his school, purely egotistical. Notwithstanding his constant insistence on truth and honesty above all things, he could write to religious people in their own language without the least sense of religion in himself. He is always in the ‘infinities’ and ‘eternities,’ without ever once asking the question, ‘What is infinite? What is eternal?’ He has no object before him in it all. He never writes the word *pantheism*, but the whole effect of his writings is pantheistic. His contempt of most men was bitter ; he was a miserable man. Gifted with immense light, he anatomised his own miseries, and with the severest truth exhorted himself incessantly to patience and firmness, but never could be patient. He used his light as we may suppose that Satan used his, not seeing what it illuminated. I do not think he ever used the word *grace* or its equivalent, either in his public or his private life, though always assuring his intensely religious mother (in the Calvinist sense) that his sentiments were hers, though

expressed in other language. His life was mixed up with that of Edward Irving from youth to the end of that strange man's career. He owed to him his first steps in life; but when he discovered that his wife had been first attached to Irving, his whole tone changed towards him, and was filled with contempt.

"His wife, a very clever woman, made enormous sacrifices of position and fortune for him, and worked like a common servant for him, and he made her life wretched. The two volumes of her life and letters, and the statements made by her intimate friend, Miss Jewsbury, reveal a tragedy. Nothing for a long time has more instructed me in the miseries of a strong, well lighted, but perverted nature than these books have done. If I were asked my judgment of him in a single phrase, I should say he was a Greek pagan philosopher superinduced on a baptised Christian; such a man as the founder of the Manicheans. His influence, though it was long before it made its way, has been immense, both here and in America. It brought in the German philosophies, and prepared the way for the infidel writers: whilst it has shaken out traditional Christianity from a vast number of minds. His power over language and his strength of assertion—his very dogmatism, in short, has been his power.

"He had but one moral principle, if principle it can be called, which he inculcated into all young men who consulted him. The end of life is action. Action towards what, or for what, never entered his head. Hence his heroes were Woden, Mohammed, Luther, Cromwell, and Frederick II. All he demanded of man was intense and sustained action in whatever direction. If contradicted in conversation he was furious; Johnson was nothing to him. He expected everyone, even the most literary or scientific, to listen to him for hours in silence. Such was 'the sage of Chelsea.'"

“Oscott, October 10th, 1883.

“I have had a letter from my old Convent at Melbourne by this mail, with one of the principal newspapers issued in that Colony, containing a high eulogium on the late Archbishop Vaughan, and comparing him with the greatest Churchmen of the old times: one who had done much to elevate and refine society, as well as a great work in his own Church. My correspondent tells me that in all Colonial circles there is but one sentiment, that the Australian Colonies have suffered an incalculable loss by his death, and that never had such a man appeared among them.

“I gave an instruction in the chapel here last Sunday, on the Rosary. This month of the Rosary will do much to increase the popular use of the devotion, not only in England, but throughout the Church. . . . I have just finished an elaborate exposition of all kinds of prayer, having got great light from St. Thomas on the distinction between the sensible and the invisible and unconscious effects of prayer. But it will necessitate another lecture on the patience of prayer, which will make the book just half the size of the other.”

“St. Mary’s, Oscott, December 27th, 1883.

“I thank you for your Christmas greetings, and wish you in return all the blessings of this holy season, and a happy year to come.

“I have written another book: it is on Christian patience as the active foundation of self-discipline; but it will require re-writing, and it will probably be another year before it is ready for printing. The means of obtaining humility are clearly pointed out in the *Groundworks*. The way to get at them is to take notes when you come upon them, and so each can form a little system for herself, as she finds will best suit her.

“But the great object of a book like that is to saturate the soul with the knowledge and desire of the virtue which leads and compels to its exercise. The next book will be as important, though only half the length, to saturate the soul with desire of self-discipline, and show in what it consists.”

“December 31st, 1883.

“Thanking you for your good wishes and prayers on this festival, I wish and pray for you a happy year to come.

“The secret of happiness is to rejoice in God and to fear one's self. The Psalms and Apostolic writings exhort us frequently to rejoice in God. It is the efflorescence of gratitude, and the death of sadness and selfishness. ‘Rejoice in the Lord always,’ says St. Paul, ‘and again, I say rejoice. The Lord is nigh.’ We rejoice when the bright sun shines upon us; why should we not rejoice when the light of God shines upon us? We rejoice in beautiful flowers, especially when the light shines on them; why should we not rejoice in the beautiful flowers of grace with God's beautiful light upon them? We rejoice in beautiful presents when embalmed with the love of the donors; why should we not rejoice in the beautiful gifts of God embalmed in His love?

“‘Charity,’ says St. Paul, ‘rejoices in the truth.’ This joy in God, not in ourselves, is the highest expression of faith, of hope, of charity, of gratitude. Neither sadness nor selfishness can live with it. It lightens all burdens, it brightens all good works. In this sense I wish you all a happy New Year to come, and I pray God to bless you.”

“Oscott, December 31st, 1883.

“I have only just cleared off the last pile of Christmas letters. Somehow, the writing of complimentary letters is

harder work even than writing Pastorals, of which I always have a dread. I am not speaking of letters to you, but to other people ; one would so like to have a machine to write some of them. You can say nothing wise, and it does not do to write folly ; and so I sit down with a blank brain and an empty sack.

“ The fire at Leamington has awakened much kindness in the town ; £1,200 has been already subscribed.* Even the Vicar of Leamington referred to it kindly in his Sunday sermon. The great body of the population are all sympathy. Many things were saved from the church by Protestant gentlemen, and carried by them to adjoining houses ; and a great number have called on the priest to express sympathy.”

* Reference is here made to the burning of the Catholic church at Leamington, which took place December 17th, 1883.

CHAPTER XVII.—1884.

DEATH OF REV. MOTHER JULIANA HARDMAN.—
DEATH OF CANON ESTCOURT.—THE BISHOP'S CIRCULAR.—
—VISIT TO DOWNSIDE.—DEATH OF MR. FERRERS.—
DANGEROUS ILLNESS OF BISHOP ULLATHORNE.—
LETTERS IN REFERENCE TO IT.

ON the 24th of March, 1884, took place the death of the Rev. Mother Juliana Hardman, Foundress of the Community of St. Mary's, Handsworth, who first introduced the Order of Sisters of Mercy into the Diocese of Birmingham. It is thus Bishop Ullathorne speaks of her decease :

“ Oscott, March 25th, 1884.

“ The Rev. Mother and Foundress of Handsworth has departed. She was a wonderfully quiet, modest, unpretending Religious, and very prudent. She kept her Community in great peace and harmony, and everyone steadily to their work ; and they did a vast amount of charitable labour without the least ostentation. Her last days showed what was in her, and it came out most beautifully, as most simply. She saw from the first that it would be her end, and simply said to the Sisters, ‘ It is the will of God ; *fiat voluntas tua.*’ All fear of death left her from that moment, and in her simple way she even welcomed it. During her sickness she had not been able to receive Holy Viaticum, but a few hours before her death she received it.

and calmly answered the prayers of the dying with her last breath.

"A little thing reached me this morning which shows her character. Some months ago she received the second volume of *Leaves from the Annals of the Sisters of Mercy*, in which a good deal of laudation is bestowed on herself and her work. She sent for one of the elder Sisters, and said to her: 'I solemnly charge you to tear out of this book and to destroy all that is written about Birmingham. It is exaggerated. Never let any of the Sisters see it. The Sister to whom she spoke kept the book locked up and has sent it to me.

"She was a dear, humble, holy soul, without a shadow of pretence. May God have her in His holy keeping!"

The following letters were written to the Community of St. Mary's during the illness and after the death of their venerable Superioress:

To Handsworth.

"March 23rd, 1884.

"Thank you for your good letter. I fully realise what is passing in the Community as well as the truly religious spirit of dear Rev. Mother. I never knew a devout person that feared death during life who was not relieved from it and in peace when the end approached. That gentle, quiet, recollected character now reveals what has always been within. It will be both loss and gain, for the Community will have its root transferred to the world of power, and will fructify from that root. I never can grieve at the departure of holy souls who have done their work and leave so much good behind them. The will of God is the one supreme law and good. Of course I feel what the Sisters feel, and sympathise with their feeling; these are holy purgations and a part of that very will of God. For what is

dominant in it is not selfishness, but charity and gratitude. I am sure that not one of you would detain your Mother from what God may ordain for her blessedness. There are many reasons for praying, but the end of them all is : *May the most high, most holy will of God be done* ; for there is nothing better than this.

“ I pray God to bless and fortify your dear Rev. Mother and all of you.”

“ March 27th, 1884.

“ My dear Sisters in Christ,

“ I feel that after the departure of your beloved Mother and Foundress, my paternal words are due to you as a Community. Hitherto you have been united, and therefore happy. Hitherto you have had one to look to whom you loved and venerated, and therefore you have been united. Although the one true bond of your union has been in God and in your final end, yet your chief external help has been in your Superioress.

“ The fact that she was your Foundress ; her fidelity to God and to her vocation, her calm and gentle ways, her recollection and humility, her love of the Sisterhood, her charity to the poor, her prudence and her motherly affection ; the simplicity of her character, and the entire absence in her of all pretension, made her an effective ruler, an excellent example, and a sound adviser.

“ In a moment of confidence I once said to her : ‘ You are doing a great deal of good and charity, you and your Community, and what gives it its value is that it is done without any show or ostentation.’ In her modest simplicity she replied : ‘ It has cost you twenty years to make us so.’ Whatever was the fact, the words were golden in their simplicity and self-renunciation.

“ And now, my dear Sisters, you have to think of your future. What is good in your Community and in your

work has to be preserved. Much will depend on the Superioress whom you choose. First, prayer that God may be your guide ; then your best judgment, which should be free and large-minded.

“The virtues belonging to government are the four cardinal virtues of prudence, justice, fortitude, and temperance.

“The mind of a Superioress should be large and free ; whilst jealous for faithful observance, it should not be contracted and narrow about trifles. The heart of a Superioress should be sympathetic and maternal, without which she will neither understand her Sisters nor her Sisters her. The motherly heart is open and accessible to all in their trials and sorrows, and the love in it knows the remedy. These are the elements of that spiritual common sense which with patience meets all difficulties and secures confidence.

“I pray God to console your hearts, to enlighten your minds, and to keep you in your blessed unity.”

Writing of some fresh acts of violence on the part of the Italian Government, the Bishop observes :

“This turning of the Dominican General out of his rooms is against the ‘Guarantees’ which secured the residence in Rome of the heads of Orders. But as a fact these guarantees have never been observed. God has permitted these enormous thefts for His own wise ends. When Religious are turned out of their grand buildings, of which they get proud, and reduced to poverty, having nothing but themselves they reform and rise to new vigour. The grain also is scattered to enrich more desolate countries.

“The getting up of the Diocesan Report to Rome I find a very laborious work, which will take me all the

rest of Lent. Mr. Estcourt is now so very ill that he is able to help me but little, whereas he was formerly my mainstay. I feel that my own powers are not what they were ; but this is to be expected."

The illness of Canon Estcourt which is here referred to, and which had been of long standing, was fast approaching its termination. "Yesterday," writes the Bishop (April 16th, 1884), "I was with Canon Estcourt at Leamington. He is very much wasted and changed, and in a very suffering state. Though not actually dying he is breaking up, and will never leave his bed. Our meeting, under the circumstances, was a great trial to both of us."

On the same subject he writes to his cousin, Mr. Owen Leonard Longstaffe :

"On Tuesday I parted with my dear friend, Canon Estcourt, at Leamington, who, amidst much suffering, is sinking out of this life. He has been with me ever since 1846 as secretary and administrator of the temporalities of the diocese ; a thorough gentleman both by descent* and by character, who through long years of excruciating sufferings has never till now relaxed from his duties. Our interview was very trying to both of us, for he has been my dearest and most devoted friend."

Canon Estcourt's death took place April 17th, 1884, and drew from the Bishop the following beautiful testimony to his memory, in the form of a circular letter to the clergy of the diocese :

* Canon Estcourt was the grandson of Thomas Estcourt, Esq., of Estcourt, in the county of Gloucester, at which Manor the family have been seated since the year 1330. He was a convert from the Anglican Church, in which he had formerly taken orders.

“Birmingham, April 18th, 1884.

“Rev. and dear Sir,

“I feel it to be my solemn duty to communicate to you, with my own hand, the departure from this world of the Very Rev. Canon Edgar Edmund Estcourt, and to ask your earnest prayers and the prayers of your congregation for his eternal repose in the light and presence of God. My affectionate and devoted friend for eight-and-thirty years, and the devoted servant of the diocese for six-and-thirty years, his strong and beautiful character could only be thoroughly known to those who had the privilege of his intimate friendship ; for his gentle and refined spirit was modest and unobtrusive. Full of faith, the eternal truths formed the vital principle of his soul and the motive of his life. His eye was single, his heart simple, his purity delicate, his piety tender.

“For many years it pleased God that he should endure the fire of corporal sufferings for his purification, day and night, and those sufferings were many, complicated, and unusually severe ; in the midst of which he ever bore himself with a gentle patience and a devout resignation which struck, not only his friends, but his medical advisers, with respect and admiration. Amidst all his sufferings and languors he never relaxed from his arduous duties as the temporal administrator of the diocese, always giving proof of the same assiduity, accuracy, punctuality, skill, and sound judgment that distinguished his more vigorous years. His knowledge of the earlier history of the old Midland-District, his remarkable memory of the most complicated details, the knowledge he had acquired of property law, and his clear and sagacious judgment, made all his steps secure. He never once committed any grave error.

“What this diocese owes to his administration few persons, except myself, can say. He raised it out of great difficulties, cleared its financial history of many and

most serious obscurities, and left its temporal condition greatly improved. To return to his personal character: his generosity and charity were of no ordinary kind. Those who only knew him in the dry and formal letters of business, would have no idea of that sympathetic kindness of heart which led him to put himself to any amount of inconvenience or trouble to do an act of kindness, to relieve a distress, or save another's mind from perplexity. For many years his services to the diocese were altogether gratuitous; and it was only by entreaty that I could at last induce him to accept what was absolutely necessary for his personal requirements.

"Such was the good and faithful servant whom God gave us for the service of this diocese, and for whose generous soul I solicit your prayers. 'Eternal rest give to him, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon him, with Thy Saints for ever in eternal peace.'

"I remain, Rev. and dear Sir,

"Your faithful servant in Christ,

"✠ WILLIAM BERNARD,

"Bishop of Birmingham."

In the above beautiful eulogy the Bishop has chiefly spoken of those qualities which rendered the services of Canon Estcourt so invaluable to himself and to the diocese. The justice of his words will be acknowledged by very many to whom those services were always at command, whether it was to assist them in the offices of friendship, or to place at their disposal the stores of information hived up in his retentive memory. His habits of patient research made him a safe authority on all matters of antiquarian lore; and to his correct judgment, as has before been stated, the Bishop was accustomed to submit his own literary compositions. His only published work was one on Anglican Orders,* in the examination of which

* *The Question of Anglican Ordinations Discussed.* (London: Burns and Oates, 1873.)

subject he displayed his singular familiarity with ancient records.

Though much shaken by the loss of this dear and valued friend, and worn also by the labour of preparing his report for Rome, the Bishop was able to attend the ordinary episcopal meeting in London, where he was present at the opening of the Oratory Church, which he styles "a magnificent building, and one that would be so considered even in Italy." As soon as he was free from the work of his report he resumed his labours on *Christian Patience*, of which he speaks in the following letter addressed to Miss O'Meara, then staying in the Italian Riviera :

To Miss O'Meara.

"Birmingham, May 14th, 1884.

". . . I have written my new book, but am not satisfied with it, and shall try it over again next winter. Having reached the beginning of my seventy-ninth year, there is no time to lose. If I fail next time in bringing out what is in my mind, I shall drop it without regret.

"The green palms of the Riviera, the grey and silver olives, the gay flowers, blue sky, and bluer sea, are a refreshment to the body and soul of anyone from the pent-up cities of modern times ; and the sun brightening all is a reminder of that intellectual sun in which the soul is brightened from the eternal region of truth and good. It is difficult to rejoice amidst the seething mass of human corruption ; but God sends to the soul that loves Him a beautiful light and exquisite presents, flowers from His eternal kingdom, in which we may always rejoice, for which we may always be grateful."

On the anniversary of his consecration he writes as follows :

“Birmingham, June 21st, 1884.

“The kind and affectionate letters which come to me from all the houses have in them a glow of affectionate loyalty which breathes of the spirit of God. Like your own picture * they throw on my soul a warm, mild light that is truly beautiful, and fills me with a sense of gratitude.

“It is wonderful to look back to that day, and to the feelings of that day, eight-and-thirty years ago, when all was anticipation, and to compare it with what has been realised. The twelve bishops then present are all gone, and only one or two priests who assisted remain. The whole spirit and tone of Catholicity in England has changed as well as its position. Even the outward world is changed to us. I could not give a better idea of that change than in the account I have just received of the effect produced on the Poor Law Guardians here by their visit to Handsworth.† They were literally amazed at the kind of life, and the results of it; and even a Quaker and a Unitarian could not find words to express themselves. Religious women have certainly a great mission before them in England.”

His recollections of old times were further quickened by a visit which he paid in the following month to Downside :

“Birmingham, July 13th, 1884.

“I have been spending ten days at Downside in quietude and enjoyment : recalling old times, connecting them with times more recent, talking over the interests of the Anglo-Benedictines, examining their beautiful buildings more

* This is in reference to a little painting of a sunset scene, which accompanied one of the letters of congratulation.

† The Convent of St. Mary's, Handsworth, had recently opened an orphanage for the reception of Catholic children out of the workhouse.

minutely, extracting from Albert the Great's one-and-twenty folios, and from Cajetan's *Comments on St. Thomas*.

"The Downside monks are still carrying on their great building. They have no architect to superintend, but with their own people carry on everything. The Protestant Cathedral at Truro is on the same scale as their priory church. The estimate for the transept at Truro is £600,000; theirs is completed and exquisitely finished for a fourth of that sum. There was a difficult piece of groining at Downside in the centre of the roof. Their superintendent thought he could not manage it. They got an estimate from a builder for £400, which they would not accept. So the monks put their heads together, encouraged their superintendent to pluck up his spirits, and did it completely for less than £100.

"It cannot be much short of a quarter of a mile from the old door of the old mansion, by which I first entered the house in 1823, to the further end of the long range of cloisters and passages. The boys' refectory is equal to the finest in Oxford, and the cloister of the Monastery is most beautiful in form and proportion. The great tower is nearly completed; they build it from inside without scaffolding. The transept of the church is higher than Wells Cathedral, and the church, when complete, will be as large. The Lady chapel is already given, and an extensive foundation is already laid. They have brought the body of Archbishop Plunket* from their old Monastery of Lamb-spring in Germany, and the head of St. Thomas of Hereford. They have important documents regarding the English Martyrs; among others, the original Brief of Clement VIII., authorising the Archbishop of Cambrai and the Bishop of St. Omers to investigate the acts of the Martyrs of the Reformation in England."

* The incorrupt *head* of Archbishop Plunket is preserved in the Dominican Convent at Drogheda.

“ Birmingham, August 16th, 1884.

“ Dear Mr. Oates,

“ I send you a copy of the sermon against drunkenness. It has a curious history. It was preached in a court house at Sydney, in a public-house at Appin, in a ballroom over a hotel stables at Bathurst. After being printed, it was read once a fortnight by the celebrated Mr. M. C. Leahy, Colonial Secretary of New South Wales, as he told me, to his convict servants. In 1840, the celebrated Father Mathew told me that he had printed 20,000 copies of it. Others have been reprinted since then ; I send it you now with some revision of its language for the first time.

“ You can, of course, republish the little tract on Church music, if you think well.

“ I pray God to bless you, and remain,

“ Your faithful servant and friend,

“ ✠ W. B. ULLATHORNE.”

“ Birmingham, August 26th, 1884.

“ I have just received intelligence that my dear old friend, Mr. Ferrers, of Baddesley Clinton,* is dying. I

* Edward Marmion Ferrers, Esq., of Baddesley Clinton, Warwickshire. The old mansion here spoken of is the same to which the Bishop alludes in several other letters as *the moated house*. It is one of the oldest specimens of the fortified manor-house to be found in England, portions of the existing building dating from the fifteenth century. The moat, which still surrounds it, was formerly crossed by a drawbridge, with a portcullis attached to the gateway. A priest's hiding-place is to be seen in the roof ; and a little chapel, where in the days of persecution many holy priests said Mass at the peril of their lives, still serves as the private chapel of the family, wherein, by special permission of Pope Leo XIII., the Blessed Sacrament is reserved. A full account of this interesting mansion is to be found in the *Oscotian* for December, 1885, which also contains a beautiful portrait and obituary notice of Mr. Edward Marmion Ferrers.

never visited that family without thinking of Our Lord's visits to the family of three at Bethany. Everything in that old mansion is simple, generous, and religious."

"August 31st, 1884.

"On Friday I buried my dear old friend, Mr. Ferrers amidst the lamentations and tears of the people. The whole country round was moved; and even Protestants in respectable position, when they heard of his death, cried and shook through their whole frame. 'The dear old Squire,' as he was called, was everybody's friend, but specially the friend of the poor. Let one anecdote speak for a thousand. I told it in the pulpit; but the out-Sisters of the Convent there said they could tell many of the same kind.

"He was walking in his hundred acres of wood, the last remains of the Forest of Arden, the ground of which is covered in their season with wild lilies, when he came upon a poor decrepit old woman gathering firewood. At the sight of the Squire she became alarmed. But he spoke to her as kindly as a father to his child, helped her to complete her bundle, took it on his own back, and walked by her side, chatting with her, all the way to her cottage, where he left her with her faggots.

"When the poor were ill they always knew they might go to the Hall for a little wine, or a rabbit. He never passed a poor man or woman without a kind word, or their doors without speaking to the family. Everyone's heart expanded in his presence: 'A fine old English gentleman, one of the olden time.'"

The following was written to Father Austin Maltus, O.P., in acknowledgment of some leaflets of prayers:

"St. Mary's, Oscott, September 12th, 1884.

"My dear Father Austin,

"I was very glad to hear from you and to receive your touching prayers, just such as earnest souls require to give expression to their desires. Clear, little, simple things like these are better than great books, which only bewilder and confuse most souls; and every one can get them and keep them in their prayer-books.

"I have returned to my solitude at Oscott, where I have one book more to complete, if age, infirmity, and the grace of God will enable me.

"Charity is patient! Patience is its first attribute and first test. This I wish to demonstrate and enforce. Patience is the discipline of charity, and the preservative of interior union and peace. There is a fundamental patience whereby the soul holds to God, and rests on Him, which is the active foundation, as humility is the negative foundation, of a soul possessing herself in God. This I wish to explain and make intelligible. Patience is also the foundation of true prayer as well as of true cheerfulness. This I will endeavour to make clear. You must pray that I may accomplish it."

During the month of October Bishop Ullathorne had a return of his chronic and painful malady, and remained for some weeks in a dangerous and very suffering state.

"Oscott, October 31st, 1884.

"I send you these, my first lines, from my sick-bed.* God has been very good to me, and has not sent me extreme sufferings, but only moderate ones, measured out to my infirmity, and they are diminishing. But these

* The handwriting of this letter, actually written from his sick-bed, betrays in its half-formed characters the feeble condition of the writer.

sufferings are a great teaching and a great transformer of the soul when accompanied by the Divine gift of patience from the Cross. For this Divine gift keeps us above the region of sadness, and within the region of cheerfulness and gratitude. May God reward all and each for their charity, their prayers, and their good works to me!"

He continued in a condition of great weakness throughout the month of November.

"Oscott, December 3rd, 1884.

"Yesterday Dr. Blunt pronounced that I might return to my ordinary diet, and expressed a hope that I should be able to say Mass in the course of a few days. He has attended me with an assiduity which only a devoted friend could do, and has shown great skill in carrying me through the various crises that have arisen. Of course, I am but just convalescent, and have to gather strength, although my general constitution has stood out well.

"I shall be ever grateful to God for this sickness and for the spiritual good which has come with it, thanks to so many prayers. Mr. Parker † has been more than a son to me ; and without his constant watchfulness, service of all kinds, and real skill as a nurse, I should scarcely have pulled through."

In a letter to the Rev. Mr. Grosvenor he thus speaks of his illness :

"I thank you very gratefully, and all and every member of the Community, for their many prayers and good works for my recovery, which I entirely attribute to the prayers of the diocese, and which binds me more strongly than ever to its service.

* The Rev. Joseph Parker, his secretary.

"I am grateful to God for this dangerous sickness, which has brought me many lights and graces ; and especially a Divine gift of patience from the Cross, which kept me above the region of sadness, and within the region of cheerfulness. May God be praised for all His goodness."

"December 12th, 1884.

"Everybody I see is surprised at the rapidity with which I am recovering strength, and the usual habits of my life. It has all come since Tuesday week, the first day of real convalescence ; and I ascribe it with confidence to the prayers of the diocese.

"I have been reading the *Life of St. Catherine* for the third time, and am just completing it. The summary of her devotions at the end is just what I made myself in the course of reflections. It is all included in the Apostles' Creed, and has given me a great devotion in repeating it. I knew a contemplative, who always took it for her theme, but seldom went beyond the words 'God the Father,' finding everything in those wonderful words. I think Father Austin Maltus' book of ejaculations a wonderful help to simple souls,* leading them quite in the line of St. Catherine. What a marvellous key to all truth and charity is that simple process of making God the one object of the soul, and drawing all creation into it. But patience is the secret of this exercise, and hence St. Catherine calls it 'sublime.' For, as St. Zeno says : 'All things are held together by patience through the power of God.'"

To the Community of Stone he wrote at Christmas :

"Oscott, December 24th, 1884.

"During my long illness I thought of you all constantly, and often commended you to God. I even settled

* *The Little Garden of Divine Love.*

the brief sentence in which I should leave you my last advice in the event of a parting interview. But I confess I did not then realise how much you had taken the affair to heart. For when one goes another comes; and no one is very much missed for long in this shifting world. I knew you would pray for me much; but I did not realise all the anxiety that such an old and almost useless bag of bones had occasioned. Well, I am now all the more grateful.

“To find oneself so near the gates of eternity is a very searching thing for the soul. Still, I had the impression that I should recover. So now a happy Christmas, and plenty of hearty joy. Mine will be a solitary one in this already empty house, yet quite to my taste. Still, a great empty house is like a desert, unless a gale blows through it, and turns it into a grand Eolian harp. That I enjoy; the music of the wind is like the old notes of a tempestuous sea which always plucks up the spirits, except that it wants the rattle of the braces against the shrouds, which is not unlike bone music only on a grander scale, a weird and suggestive kind of music, you will say. Even David found a likeness to the Almighty in the swelling floods of the sea.

“I passed a Christmas among the criminals of Norfolk Island; I passed one on the Blue Mountains of New South Wales; I passed one in the harbour of Barcelona, within sight of Montserrat; and I have passed not a few upon the ocean. Several also in Rome, where the Crib is exposed in Santa Maria Maggiore, and where the children have the Incarnation implanted in their little souls by that marvellous institution in Jupiter’s old temple on the Capitol,* now doomed by barbarians to destruction. I

* He is referring to the sermons which used to be preached by children at Christmas in the Church of Ara Coeli, at Rome, now seized and profaned by the Italian Government.

said Mass in the old Cathedral of Sydney for its opening on a Christmas night in 1834, where fifty windows were still unglazed, and seven doors open on account of the heat. It was new then, the first church opened in that country ; but has since been burnt, though as strong as a castle. How many who crowded the big church that night now survive ? I should like to complete the catalogue by celebrating a Christmas at Stone, but that is forbidden by the order of Providence.

“ May you all be as good, as holy, as united with God and with one another in His love as I delight to imagine you ; and may you realise the wonderful, the awful, the most loving mystery of the Divine Incarnation, both in its eternal and temporal significance. I realise it best when I compare the narrative of St. Luke with all the marvellous sentences in which Our Lord speaks of His oneness with the Father in the Gospel of St. John. And the *Magnificat* is the profoundest treatise on humility that can come from a pure soul. There is no end to its depths, from the first strophe of that wonderful song to the last. Inspired by the presence of the Son of God beneath the heart of Mary, it sings, with a sublime exultation, that the mystery of the Incarnation is the sum of all humility and the death of pride.”

To Miss O'Meara.

“ St. Mary's, Oscott, December 26th, 1884.

“ . . . It is quite true that when an old sack of bones like mine get such a twist and a shaking, the spirit gets more free, and that the vision of eternity with all it embraces comes nearer to the soul. But, then, one has *two* views—God nearer, one's self more revealed—and this last is no pleasant sight, whatever one may hope, trust, and desire. It is an awful thing for a mortal to see the gates of eternity so very near ; yet God is so good, and where

He gives the Divine gift of patience from the Cross, one is kept above the region of sadness and within the region of cheerfulness.

"The doctor, a superior man and special friend—not a Catholic, but admiring the faith and its fruits—wanted to find out if I wandered. He asked: 'What do you feel about your case?' I replied: 'When my head is on the pillow there is a proposition with Dr. Johnson in it.' Of course he drew his own conclusion. Next time he came, I said: 'Now about the proposition with Dr. Johnson in it. If you remember, he suffered dreadfully from low spirits and sadness, and said he would consent to have a limb cut off to recover himself. Poor man! he had not any helps; and the grace of God keeps me in spirits without losing a limb.'"

In two of the letters above quoted there are expressions connecting the virtue of patience with that of cheerfulness. This was not accidental. At the time when he was first seized with his dangerous illness he was engaged in a special study of cheerfulness, in its connection both with patience and humility, the fruits of which may be found gathered in the twelfth chapter of his work on Christian patience. And it may be noted, as an example of that facility with which he received the suggestions of others, that he undertook the analysis of this particular subject at the request of a friend whose remarks he even embodied in his own pages.

"If you don't intend yourself writing on the subject of cheerfulness" (he says), "I wish you would set down some notes on it for me. I have roughed out a lecture on the cheerfulness of patience, but it is too dry. The Scriptures are full of it, and St. Bonaventure has a dry chapter of Scripture quotations upon it. The starting-point is the

distinction made by St. Thomas between the virtue of patience and its fruits. The fruits are peace of soul, and consequent cheerfulness."

His correspondent having, as it would seem, complied with this request, received the following letter :

"Oscott, January 8th, 1885.

"I must thank you for your confidential and valuable letter. It gives useful hints for the lecture on the 'Discipline of Patience,' and also for that on the 'Cheerfulness of Patience,' on which there is abundant matter in the Scriptures. I am now engaged on the 'Patience of the Son of God,' a very high theme if rightly handled, and from high principles."

A little later he adds to the same confidential friend :

"March 27th, 1885.

"I am getting the book into shape at last, but I shall ask you to look over it, as I no longer have Estcourt to do this for me. And about its publication shall be decided by your honest opinion. It does not satisfy me, and I don't want it to lie on the shelf unsold—the subject is not generally attractive."

Meanwhile his Lenten and Easter letters show how full his mind and heart were of the lessons of "Christian Patience."

"St. Mary's, Oscott, April 3rd, 1885.

". . . One of the principles I have been much struck with in recent investigations is the doctrine of St. Paul, repeatedly put forth and well illustrated by St. Bonaventure, that the patient sufferings of Our Lord were the principle

and cause of His glory—a doctrine applicable to all souls, and equally applied to them by the Apostle in sundry places. This, no doubt, is one of the chief reasons why the Church has instinctively preceded the Feast of the Resurrection by a long course of penance, increasing in intensity as we approach the time of the Resurrection. ‘He humbled Himself even unto death, *therefore* God hath exalted Him.’

“It is also remarkable that the Apostles attached so much importance to the session at the right hand of God that they have repeated it at least sixteen times in the New Testament. Their object was to show that, through His sufferings, Christ obtained the headship of the creation, and the intermediate place, as man, between God and His works.”

“St. Mary’s, Oscott, April 6th, 1885.

“My Dear Father Austin,

“I was glad to hear from you and to receive your little book, which, I think, will find its way among pious people, and do them much good.

“I have finished my book, all but trimming, but am doubtful about its publication. There are few thinkers among us, and few who care for solid instructions by principles. They find such writing dry. Hence my last work has not had a demand for it at all equal with the first. There are few readers among us, and what they like are stories, and novels, and newspapers. This last book has instructed me much, and I think it would instruct the few persons who alone would care for it.

“It is extraordinary how little that is new has been written about patience since the third century; and only one side of it has ever been treated, namely, that side which regards endurance of sufferings. The other side of it has scarcely been touched on, either by Fathers, theologians, or spiritual writers, excepting a few words from St.

Bonaventure. But St. Catherine of Siena knew the subject all round and through.

“Every work is good in proportion to the amount of patience put into it. This I want to bring out, and also its fruits in cheerfulness, clearness, vigour, and peace.”

To some Novices.

“My dear Novices, “Birmingham, May 8th, 1885.

“I thank you for your good wishes on occasion of my entering on my eightieth year, but very much more for the many prayers you have promised me. May God reward you. The harvest depends on the seed-time, and the novitiate is the seed-time of the Religious life; you will be what your novitiate makes you, neither more nor less. You have to be trained to humility and patience.

“Humility will open your soul to the Divine influence, patience will give you strength and discipline. Get rid of as much of yourself as you can, and in proportion as you get rid of yourself you will be a child of grace. Have no private ends of your own, and you will then be simple-hearted and open. Believe and trust your mistress, and then she will be able to form you. If you feel that you are weak and full of failures, that is a good beginning, because it is the beginning of self-knowledge. There is nothing so weak as human nature left to itself. What, then, can make you strong? What is weak can only be made strong by being joined to what is strong. God is your strength, and His strength is given to you in the shape of patience.

“‘Be thou, O my soul, subject to God, for from Him is patience.’

“You can teach nothing without patience. A patient heart makes a patient mind. A patient head makes a patient tongue. A patient heart makes a patient hand, and so a patient hand makes a patient work.

“ Every work is perfect in proportion to the amount of patience put into it. This is that custody of the heart of which Our Lord says, ‘ In your patience you shall possess your soul.’ Love of God expands the soul, patience regulates the love of God, and makes it wise and strong. So I commend to you, as the principle of all religious training, *humility and patience*: humility to be subject to God, and patience to adhere to Him.”

About this time Pope Leo XIII. had addressed a letter to the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, restraining the excesses of certain French lay writers, and the expression of their extreme political views. Many bishops of all countries took occasion to address to His Holiness letters of thanks and adhesion, and among their number was Bishop Ullathorne. In the same letter in which he speaks on this subject he touches on another nearer home.

“ July 3rd, 1885.

“ . . . There is a matter which gives me, and has long given me, grave anxiety. Some of our own laity are taking a dangerous course, and that in our own Catholic newspapers. For example: letters appear in the *Tablet*, from one well-known writer, maintaining that it is not against faith to hold that man may be a development from another animal, and that after the development God may have given him a soul. In these days of unbelief and scepticism in the air as well as in society, this is stretching faith to improved theories of pseudo-philosophers, and shaking the foundation of Scripture, tradition, and the Church’s teaching, from her catechisms to the theologies. How many readers of the *Tablet* are fit to judge such questions? It is opening the door to all kinds of wild and vague theories in which infidels are to teach the Church. . . . Lilly’s book again, on *Ancient Religion and Modern*

Thought, gives praise to Buddha, and compares him to Christ as next to Him ; while he has nothing but praise for Zoroaster and Confucius. This is just following the lead of the infidels, who have twice published all these books with the Scriptures that people may make their choice."

"July 6th, 1885.

"With respect to George Eliot's writings the best key to them is her life, published by her husband, and consisting almost entirely of her own letters. . . . I knew the people who in her youth turned her from Christianity. They were the Brays and Hennels of Coventry. Bray wrote a book in defence of Socialism. Mrs. Bray was a Hennel. Miss Hennel translated Strauss' *Life of Christ*, and George Hennel wrote a book, on the same lines as Strauss, against Christianity. . . . Her life shows that these were the people who corrupted her faith ; and I must have met her at their house in her young days, though I do not remember her. George Lewis, with whom she lived till his death, though they were not married, was one of the three 'Bishops' of Positivism, and from him she imbibed that infernal doctrine. After his death she married. Her whole life was a conflict between her Christian reminiscences and the fragments of her conscience—and Positivism ; and this, with German Hegelism, underlies her whole soul in her writings, although the sectarian pietism of her family furnished many of her chief characters. I have read three of her books, and should say that they were unhealthy in tone, owing to the mind from which they sprang. Positivism underlies them, and she admits that George Lewis was her guide and director in their composition."

Meanwhile the "Censor," to whom he had submitted his MS. on "Patience," returned it to him, with a frank criticism on its apparent defects. Some extracts from this

correspondence may show in what spirit Bishop Ullathorne was accustomed to accept the strictures passed by his friends on his writings.

“July 12th, 1885.

“By no phrase of mere form, but most heartily, do I thank you for your remarks on my M.S. I was myself conscious of three things : (1) that it was the production of a sick old man ; (2) that I have lost that power of imagination which is necessary to fuse and animate ideas ; (3) that I was haunted and crippled all through with the desire of making a shorter book than either of the two former volumes.

“I will make another start in August, and make one more trial. I think I have a glimpse of what is wanted to animate the book and make it more palatable. I have found a good treatise, as far as pith is concerned, by Abbot Angilbert, in the *Bibliotheca Ascetica* of Pez. Your question about Adam's loss of patience reminds me that that requires explanation. Several Fathers of the third and fourth centuries refer to it, but do not explain. To restrain curiosity requires patience. To restrain the sensual appetite requires patience. To restrain the rising of anger requires patience. Through yielding to these three impulsive appetites Adam lost his adhesion to God.

“You are kind enough to say, ‘Here and there I wish you had followed up a subject on which you have only dropped a word.’ If, without much trouble, you could point out such instances as have occurred to your mind I should be greatly obliged for them. Many thoughts come to me that would enlighten the subject, specially in reading, but I do not write them down, and so forget them. For example : there are some very keen suggestions in that horrible book (to a Christian mind) of George Eliot's, *Romola* ; a book written with wonderful brilliancy, but defiling the whole

tradition of Florentine Christianity in the days of Savonarola. It makes out every leading man in that Republic, with rare exceptions, to have been a thorough infidel; reduces Savonarola himself to a victim of superstition, and gives abundant sneers at the piety of the earnest Catholics. You look in vain for heart in that book; and the heroine herself is a most unnatural woman, whose conversion leaves her a pagan at heart. What could the writer put into her book beyond what she had in herself? I have just read it carefully, and whilst astonished at its wit and keen analysis of certain facts of human nature, and its brilliant descriptions, I am disgusted with it, and find the heart revolting at its cynicism."

" July 16th, 1885.

"Thank you cordially for your notes. They are just what I wanted. A second pair of eyes sees best where that is obscure or wanting in exposition which the writer overlooks, because to him the *idea* is clear, but wanting in words to convey the idea.

" 'A busy failure without a person' are the precise terms of St. Zeno. I felt the difficulty, though I saw the sense. I must find a paraphrase. What it means is, that this failure, like all evil, is nothing in itself, and so can belong to no personality to give it the least dignity. . . . Since I wrote last I have read *Adam Bede*. That is a real book, full of the best of English life and of the writer's experience of the people of Staffordshire and Derbyshire. There is as much heart in it as there is deficiency of heart in *Romola*. It shows to what a fearful extent the writer must have deteriorated through her association with infidels and Positivists. There is a keen sense of religion in *Adam Bede*, and a frightful desolation in *Romola*."

In the early part of September Bishop Ullathorne had

an attack of spitting of blood, which, though pronounced, not dangerous, obliged him to keep quiet, and to abstain for a time from writing or serious study. He occupied his hours of convalescence with lighter reading, and on resuming the use of his pen, wrote as follows :

“ Having had to sit perfectly quiet of late, I have amused myself by reading nearly all George Eliot's books, and can now speak more fully about them. They are certainly wonderful in their analysis of human motives, and of natural virtues as well as vices, and most happy in expression. But after you have passed *Adam Bede* and *Holt* the Radical, here and there Positivism peeps out, and form the occult doctrine underlying such books as *Middlemarsh* and *Daniel Deronda*, both long and elaborate performances. I still pronounce *Romola* detestable. She never leaves Anglicanism, Dissent, or Evangelicism alone, as represented by their ministers ; insidiously making them ridiculous where there is any earnestness, and only making those useful, sensible, and attractive who are most like the common men of the world. Doctrine is always denounced as a mischievous interference with morals, and a blinding influence. This is conspicuous in *Middlemarsh*. The song throughout—sometimes remaining in an undercurrent, but occasionally coming to full expression—is the value of one's life in acting on other lives, and so continuing on the good of humanity. Humanity, of course, is the divinity of Positivism.

“ In the *Nineteenth Century* of last August there is an article on the Metaphysical Society, in which the author quotes Father Dalgairns as saying to him : ‘ How noble is the ethical character of George Eliot's novels ! Yet what a penetrating disbelief in all but human excellence pervades them ! ’ These words admirably sum up the character of these writings. Their knowledge of human

nature is wonderful in matter and expression ; their ignorance of the supernatural is amazing. The crisis and change of her principal characters commonly result from some open confession, made generally to some young person, man, woman, or parson ; but the change of character resulting is one that only a great power of grace could effect. Yet grace is wholly ignored except in her earlier productions. This is one of the most insidious evils of her books: that what grace alone could accomplish is invariably ascribed to the working of nature. Her perfect characters, without a moral flaw, are the pure work of nature and without any sense of religion. Even in her *Scenes in Clerical Life* the best characters have little or nothing of the supernatural in them ; yet these were written when she had only begun her Positivism. Still, to one capable of distinguishing and following her analysis, her works present great studies of human nature."

In the following letter he gives an interesting study of the characters of the two religious patriarchs, St. Dominic and St. Francis.

" My idea of St. Dominic has always been, like yours that of *serene strength*, as you describe it. This view of his character was confirmed when I saw that portrait of him, the so-called *Vera effigies*, which is in the chapel (once his room) at Sta Sabina. My impression is that it is copied from a contemporary original, with the advantages of later art. His firm figure, bowed head, and strong but mild features — not from nature, but from discipline — have always remained as a deep impression on my mind. The character of St. Francis, whose real portrait is on the wall of a chapel at Subiaco, is quite a contrast in every respect. The one is all feeling, the other all intellect. The one leaves us effusions, and innumerable anecdotes gather

about him ; the other is the law-giver, and has much in him beyond what he utters. St. Dominic had long foresight, of which St. Francis had little. St. Francis had but small wrist for government, and disorders began even during his life. His Order has split and split continually by new reforms ; while St. Dominic's had every provision, from the first, against disunion. Love is a marvellous power, and gives wonderful intuitions ; but the management of men requires wisdom as well as love, and more reserve than ebullition. I know how dangerous it is to compare Saints, but I am judging the Orders rather than their founders.

"My unseen friend, Miss O'Meara, in her *Queen by Right Divine*, has just published a most beautiful memoir of Sœur Rosalie ; a grand and beautiful character, in whom there is not a little—specially in her power, and her humorous way of managing difficult people—that reminds me of Mother Margaret. She is re-editing the *Life of Bishop Grant*, and wants me to write a preface."

To Miss O'Meara herself he addressed the following letter on the subject of her recent publication :

"St. Mary's, Oscott, November 22nd, 1885.

"Thank you for the *Queen by Right Divine*. *Charming* is a word that I habitually shun, and am habitually offended with, it is so hackneyed and abused by women for every trifle ; but taken in its original sense for a preternatural influence that overcomes the order of nature, it is the only word to express the influence which your memoir of Sœur Rosalie has exercised upon me. Taking, then, the masculine, and not the feminine sense of the word, the *Queen by Right Divine* is charming, and charmingly put forth. As I reached towards the end, tears dropped from my eyes. . . . What a woman ! What a Saint ! What a power !

"The memoir of Madame Swetchine is also very interesting, the facts well selected, the portrait well done. Of course I knew her letters, and something about her *salon*; but little about the General, and that not correct.

"Having been at St. Petersburg when a boy in a blue jacket, gives me a more vivid appreciation of anything Russian. The opening of Le Maistre's *Soirées de St. Pétersbourg*, and Palmer's descriptions in his book on the Russian Church, always bring that city back to my mind in a series of vivid pictures.

"In short, the two first memoirs have interested as well as *charmed* me ; but the first is a masterpiece.

"Are you aware that the Czar Alexander is said to have made all arrangements for entering the Catholic Church a little before he died? He went to a city in Poland (I forget which), sent to the Carmelites and requested that the church door should be left open at midnight, went and prostrated himself before the Blessed Sacrament, then returned to his residence, and despatched General —, I forget his name, —a Catholic—on a secret message to the Pope, asking him to send a competent man, not in diplomacy, to receive him, and advise him about bringing back the Russian Church into Catholic unity. The person fixed upon was the Abbot of St. Gregory's, afterwards Pope Gregory XVI. But on his way to Archangel he died, and was suspected to have been either poisoned or assassinated. Rome was ripe with this story when I first visited it in 1838.

"Lacordaire I knew, and he spent some days with me in Birmingham. I even got him to preach a short sermon at Oscott, though very reluctantly. When a course of lectures in London was proposed to him, he replied that he knew the genius of the French, but not of the English. I have a copy of his works, which he sent me with a letter. He also paid a visit to Mother Margaret, of whom in many

respects, and especially in the humorous way in which she managed difficult people, Sœur Rosalie reminds me."

"Oscott, December 24th, 1885.

". . . I have revised *Dr. Grant's Life*, and written a preface of four pages. I have also revised my last lecture, of which I must broaden the basis. I have got a new light from St. Thomas and St. Catherine on the subject of grace, which shows me the wonderful depth of St. Catherine's intuitions. I know of no writer who ever had clearer perceptions of the interior operations of the soul than she had. What a marvellous soul was hers! She is a first class metaphysician, beside whom Plato is a baby. And to think that she was unlettered! . . .

"What a singular position the new Parliament is in! Parnell, with his eighty-six members, has got everything at his feet. There is a universal conviction that Gladstone is preparing to come in with a plan for an Irish Parliament. He can't rest without doing something to make the world stare. I have been reading Niebuhr's *Rome*, and find a great deal of Gladstone in him. Yet he was a Monarchist, which Gladstone is not."

CHAPTER XVIII.—1886, 1887.

RECEPTION AT SYDNEY OF THE CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP.—BISHOP ULLATHORNE'S EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.—DEDICATION OF "CHRISTIAN PATIENCE" TO CARDINAL NEWMAN, AND HIS REPLY.—LETTERS OF DIRECTION.—THE ENGLISH MARTYRS.—LETTER ON TRUTH.—LENTEN PASTORAL FOR 1887.—LIFE OF BISHOP WILLSON.—A STROKE OF PARALYSIS.—THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.—INTERVIEW WITH CARDINAL NEWMAN.—LENTEN INDULT ON FASTING.—A YORKSHIRE TRADITION REGARDING ARCHBISHOP SCROPE.

THE elevation of the Archbishop of Sydney to the rank of Cardinal, and his return to his diocese invested with this dignity, were events which could not fail in a special manner to move the heart of Bishop Ullathorne, who looked back through a long vista of years to a time when the Church in all Australia possessed no more than four priests.

"Oscott, January 22nd, 1886.

"What wonders have been passing at Sydney" (he writes). "I have received all the papers. Thirty-five steamers went out to meet the Cardinal Archbishop, almost all the bishops were there, and the whole city went down to the waterside to receive him. The procession to the Cathedral was an amazing spectacle; the Cathedral was filled with the leading men of the city, ministers of state, members of Parliament, judges, etc. The Cardinal gave a magnificent discourse, and the Plenary Synod, including the Bishops

of New Zealand, began on the Sunday after. The discourses at the Sessions were all remarkable. At the closing Session the Cardinal preached ; he speaks of me as the still living link between the past and present, the old and the new ; and as the one who must most rejoice at what was there passing."

To F. William Amherst, S.J.

"St. Mary's College, Oscott, February 7th, 1886.

"My dear Father Amherst,

"I thank you for your book, *The History of the Catholic Emancipation*, which I received yesterday. I have read the preface, the principles in which I accept and approve. There is one fact which you seem to be unaware of or have lost sight of. It was the Earl of Denbigh who, in one of his early speeches in the Lords as a Catholic, uttered the sentence: 'I am a Catholic first, and an Englishman afterwards,' and it was this that Mr. Gladstone took hold of, though he did not quote the author by name.*

"My own conviction is that the prejudice of opinion is as deep a feeling as ever, but not so universal, and that it stands on grounds as absolutely gross as in my earlier days. The Low Church is as intensely against us as ever, but has become the minority in place of the majority of Anglicans. The Wesleyans and Calvinists hate us as much as ever, but we have got the new element of widely-spread

* "The Bishop is mistaken in saying that Lord Denbigh's famous words were spoken in the House of Lords; they were spoken at a Catholic public meeting in St. James's Hall. Lord Denbigh's actual words were: "I am an Englishman, if you please, but before all I am a Catholic." The meeting was composed chiefly of Irish; and Lord Denbigh said the words to show the Irish that though an Englishman he took an interest in their affairs.

"Dr. Ullathorne uses this expression as the *Times* changed it, to make it more *piquant* as against Lord Denbigh."

(WILLIAM J. AMHERST, January 2nd, 1892.)

infidelity and atheism, which bitterly hates every sort of priesthood and religious authority, and which is more against the Establishment than against us, for the simple reason that for the present it is stronger. There is also a vast amount of indifference that is as well disposed almost to us as to any other community on the principle of fair play. I think, therefore, that your statement requires more discrimination, and that the prejudices have to a considerable extent changed their character and are less extensive on the whole.

“ I perfectly agree with you that we want a good, vigorous, lay association ; but under present circumstances we shall not have it, unless some great stress comes upon us, and even then, it will not, for certain reasons, be kept together.

“ I have always said that Cardinal Wiseman raised the ecclesiastical tone of the Church in this country, and that Lucas first taught Catholics to look at politics with Catholic eyes. I have been frequently astonished in seeing how little O’Connell is thought of now, even in Ireland, and how coolly his name is received. It is not in harmony with the present tone of things, and ever since his death Ireland has been led by Protestants.

“ Let me now turn to a distant scene. To me the most marvellous spectacle is to see a Cardinal presiding over a Plenary Council in Australia, struggling as I was there with three priests, one of whom I suspended, and with another I had immense difficulties in 1833. There were at this Council eighteen bishops and fifty priests, and the whole Colony of New South Wales was absorbed with it for a week and more. I see they contemplate three more Archbishops, four more bishops and Vicars-Apostolic for the natives of the interior. To me all this is amazing, and Cardinal Moran might well say that, as the living link between the old and the new, no one would rejoice at it more than the Bishop of Birmingham.”

“ St. Mary’s College, Oscott,

“ February 12th, 1886.

“ My dear Father Amherst,

“ Thank you for your letter and the page of *Catholic Progress*, which I return. Gladstone is a man whom I can by no means admire, who in my mind is revolutionising the country, and who always reminds one of a passage in Gonzales, quoted by Schram, to the effect that a man who is constantly making fine speeches is never a good ruler. I cannot find fault with him for assuming that words quoted in the newspapers are correct. All Englishmen do so. Still it is only the order of Church and State or conscience before all things. My theory of Gladstone is that if his head is ever anatomised there will be found an ossification between the religious and the political lobes of his brain. They never can come together.

“ The Plenary Council of Sydney is, indeed, a wonderful event. I never forget that when, in 1837, I was raising funds in England (for the Australian Mission) the Jesuit Fathers in Lancashire were among my most cordial co-operators.”

In the month of May Bishop Ullathorne went to London to attend the meeting of bishops which usually takes place at that time, and which this year included the day on which he completed his eightieth year. Occasion was taken of this circumstance by his episcopal brethren to give him a marked testimony of their esteem, which he thus describes :

“ Archbishop’s House, Westminster,

“ May 7th, 1886.

“ I think it may please you to know how I have spent this completion of my eightieth year. We have had a pleasant meeting, and have done some important work. The Cardinal and thirteen bishops were present, all most

cordial and affectionate. Yesterday, after luncheon, one of the bishops came to me and told me that I was wanted in a certain room. I went there, and found the Cardinal and all the bishops standing in a semi-circle, who received me smiling and asked me to sit in a chair prepared in front of them. I laughed and sat down. The Cardinal then said : ' We all want to show you some practical mark of respect and affection on your eightieth birthday. We wish you to choose some particular book which you have not and might like to have, in as many folios as you choose, and we will write an inscription and present it to you.' The Cardinal had sent to the chief booksellers for their catalogues. I chose one in four volumes folio ; it had got into the British Museum on approval, but it was sent for and proved to be a very fine copy. But they said, ' This is not enough : we know you would like a complete copy of Alvarez de Paz ; it is not in London, but we will have a copy sought for on the Continent, and will present it as well as the other.' Of course I had to make a little speech, and this morning when we met the congratulations were renewed. You know that I do not like public demonstrations ; but this is a singular and exceptional testimonial from all my brethren in the Episcopate which I should be senseless not to appreciate."

To the congratulations offered him by an esteemed Religious of his own diocese he replies as follows :

To a Sister of Mercy.

" Birmingham, May 17th, 1886.

" My dear Sister,

" You are such an old friend, and so worthy of respect, that I must write you a special letter, to thank you for your good wishes and prayers for me on occasion of completing my eightieth year. You have in the course of

your long religious life instructed many souls with truth and justice, and God will take care of you to the end, and reward you for all your labours. .

“It must console you to see your Institute so fully carried out, in having the children of the necessitous under your roof, imbibing the spirit of religion with its doctrines to arm them against the world which awaits them. Looking back to your beginning in religion, when active Orders were only commencing in England, it must be a subject of much content to your heart to see, not only the growth of your own house and the consolidation of its works, but also to see what has spread and diffused from those first beginnings.

“It remains for us, my dear Sister, whose work is nearly done and who have seen so many go before us to the kingdom of God, to pray that what we have begun under the Divine blessing may go on in growth and extension with the grace and under the inspiration of God’s Holy Spirit.

“Happy was the day when the Sisters of Mercy first appeared in Birmingham! They little dreamed of the development of religion and charitable work which in the course of half-a-century would follow; and even now we are but in the beginning.

“I shall not forget your pious request, for I am sensible of your goodness towards me.

“I pray God to bless you and perfect your soul.”

The anniversary of his consecration the same year was made the occasion of offering him many congratulations on the part of secular friends and Religious Communities, to one of which he wrote the following acknowledgment :

“Birmingham, June 22nd, 1886.

“Having about a hundred telegrams on the table

received yesterday, I must be brief in answering yours. Numerous billets from all my convents overflow with affection and gratitude, and I should be a log indeed if they did not fill my soul with gratitude to God for all their goodness. And for the long list of prayers which you enclose, my exceeding gratitude is due. I said Mass this morning for all who have prayed for me. The city clergy dined with me yesterday. Convents sent the fruit and flowers that decorated the table, and the hilarity was copious. In my speech to them I was bold enough to tell them that I verily believed that, despite my faults and shortcomings, the prayers of my nuns would carry me to Heaven."

"Cardinal Newman came to see me last week. He came alone, was very feeble, and glad of an arm along the gallery; but cheerful, gentle, and affectionate. I have dedicated my book to him, with which he is pleased."

The dedication here spoken of was to the *Lectures on Christian Patience*,* which were published early in the autumn of 1886, and runs as follows :

"To His Eminence the Most Illustrious and Most
"Reverend Cardinal Newman.

"My dear Lord Cardinal,

"I do not forget that your first public appearance in the Catholic Church was at my consecration to the Episcopate; and that, since that time, forty years of our lives have passed, during which you have honoured me with a friendship and confidence that have much enriched my life. Deeply sensible of the incalculable services which you have rendered to the Church at large by your writings, and to this diocese of your residence in particular, by the

* *Christian Patience, the Strength and Discipline of the Soul.*
(Burns and Oates, 1886.)

high and complete character of your virtues, by your zeal for souls, and by the influence of your presence in the midst of us, I wish to convey to you the expression of my affection, veneration, and gratitude, by the dedication of this book to your name. It is the last work of any importance that I shall ever write, and I can only wish that it were more worthy of your patronage.

“I am ever, my dear Lord Cardinal, your devoted

“And affectionate servant in Christ,

“✠ WILLIAM BERNARD ULLATHORNE,

“Bishop of Birmingham.

“Birmingham, July 18th, 1886.”

On receipt of this dedication the Cardinal sent the Bishop a reply of thanks, which greatly touched him :

“Oscott, September 2nd, 1886.

“I cannot resist” (he writes) “sending you the copy of a letter received this morning from Cardinal Newman. It breathes the essence of humility and faith. It is a memorial and a treasure for all time.”

“Edgbaston, September 1st, 1886.

“My dear Lord,

“How good has God been to me in giving me such kind friends ! It has been so all through my life. They have spared my mistakes, overlooked my defects, and found excuses for my faults.

“God reward you, my dear Lord, for your tenderness towards me, very conscious as I am of my great failings. You have ever been indulgent towards me ; and now you show me an act of considerate charity, as great as you can, by placing my name at the beginning of the last work of your long life of service and sacrifice. It is a token of sympathy which, now in my extreme age, encourages me

in prospect of the awful journey which lies close before me.

“Begging your prayers, I am, my dear Lord,

“Your affectionate servant,

“✠ JOHN H., CARD. NEWMAN.”

The following letters of direction belong to this time.

Feelings and Will.

“April 4th, 1886.

“. . . The impressions on the feelings are tested by the light of truth in the mind, and right feelings give impulse to the will as well as tact. The right action of the will is the result of both, of right view and right feeling. . . . The right view is the guide, the right feeling is the impulse of the will. There is a spiritual as well as an animal sense, and religion purifies the spiritual from the influence of the animal sense. St. Paul says : ‘ God has given us a sense if so be we may feel after Him ’; and he speaks of having our senses exercised unto spiritual things. There is a logic of the heart which is more powerful than the logic of the mind. . . . It is by this logic of the spiritual sense mixed with the light of the mind that we have tact to discern other souls. One feels them as it were by a spiritual instinct, very difficult to analyse, but very effective. The basis of this is love ; love understands a great deal that the mind without it could never understand. God is light and love, and the soul most like to God is light and love. The test of true love is peace and patience. Animal sentiments are restless and disturbing : spiritual sense is the seat of pure and holy movements, whether to God or our neighbour.

“If you will just represent to yourself the light of the Eternal Word enlightening you, and the love of the Holy Spirit moving you, you will see why prayer and good works are pleasing to God ; they are the result of

obedience to the light of the Father's word, and the movement of the Father's spirit. This gives them their value before our Heavenly Father, because this is the Divine element in them."

"Stone, August 1st, 1886.

"My dear Child in Christ,

"I had so large a number of letters to answer on occasion of the fortieth anniversary of my episcopal consecration, and have since been moving from place to place, and have occasionally been unwell, that I am only now enabled to answer your very confidential letter. I began a reply on the 2nd of July, but that was interrupted.

"All graces are movements and approaches of God to the soul ; some more, some less. Some such communications are given to the will, some to the spiritual sense. Those given to the spiritual sense, as well as to the will, are special visitations, encouragements, and invitations to love.

"The true tests of their being from God are in their greater attractions to love and serve Him with patience and humility.

"Your comparison of the sense of being near Our Lord as like that of being near a fire is what Our Lord Himself frequently said ; and it is recorded as an Apostolic tradition from Him by St. Justin the Martyr. He says : ' Jesus often said, "They who are near Me are near a fire."' Those Divine visits are short, or mortal nature could not stand them. They are often followed by trials that demand much patience. Such visits call for great fidelity and gratitude.

"The attraction to prayer is another test ; and with the exception of the reading prescribed by obedience and rule, this prayer is far more instructing and enlightening than any reading, for it is reading in the very light of God, and hearing His very word.

“The simpler and more childlike that prayer is the more pleasing it is to God. For it then has less of nature in it, and more of the movement of the Holy Spirit. And here let me put before you one of the sublimest and most theological teachings of St. Catherine of Siena. What gives to the desires of prayer their infinitude is the movement of the Holy Spirit ; what gives prayer its power of expiating sin is the movement of the Holy Spirit ; what makes prayer pleasing and acceptable to God is its being moved by the Holy Spirit ; what brings it to God is the movement of the Holy Spirit. It is not the movement of nature, but the movement of grace in nature, that makes that nature pleasing to God, when it obeys the movement of grace.

“What are those feelings of dryness, coldness, and stupidity that follow, after a time, those Divine visitations, but the feelings of our own nature, which we have to bear with patience to save us from conceit, and to give us the knowledge of one’s self. They are essential to keep us in self-knowledge and in humility, and to exercise us in the charity of patience, that our will may be made strong and self-enduring, and that we may utterly mistrust ourselves, and hold to God as our only good and only strength.

“One thing let me say : never let trials or failures discourage you, anxiety and fear are the worst things you can indulge in ; they will draw you to yourself and engage you with yourself, and take you off from God. Human nature is such a weak thing, and requires so much discipline to keep the spirit uppermost ; and it is so necessary to have humiliations to keep out self-love and its conceits, that it is the work of a life to transform all self-love into the love of God. Bear with yourself, if only because God bears with you, and take all things in simplicity, without too much curiosity or reflection about them. As you are God’s child, put unbounded trust in Him, and let Him manage you. Never let that trust give ground under any

circumstance of trial or failure. How much advancement is lost by the mere indulgence of fear and shame at faults which come not from loving contrition, but from the passion of self-love.

“My dear child, let the love of God rule all things in you, and His gift of patience restrain you from such escapes from Him into yourself. Adhere to God and trust in Him, and He will increase your life.”

To the same.

“My dear Child in Christ,

“Confidence is the greatest tribute which one soul can pay to another in this life, and I value it accordingly. To a soul that seeks God alone, tribulations are the greatest help, purifying from self-love, detaching the soul from mortal things, deepening faith, drawing to the one Supreme Good. ‘Through many tribulations we must enter into the kingdom of God.’ They are such a security! Borne with fortitude and offered with love, they are such a guarantee that we value God above all things.

“And internal trials, delaying present reward, are the greatest, the food of the strong, who are strong in God though weak in themselves.

“My dear child, have no fears, no misgivings, but rejoice in tribulations, that they may do you the utmost service. ‘Whoever would follow Me,’ says Our Lord, ‘let him take up his cross and follow Me.’ ‘My yoke is sweet, and My burden light, and you shall find rest to your souls.’ The Cross without, Christ within, perfecting the power of love in infirmity.

“What is dryness compared with sin? What is dulness compared with disorder? God’s hand is in the dryness, supporting and cleansing. God’s spirit is beneath all, supporting and sustaining. God’s goodness is above all, preparing rewards. Be brave; be brave. This is that martyr-

dom of the will of which St. Gregory speaks. You cannot love those who exhort you to such things except in God, nor without loving God Himself much more. All is endured in Christ Jesus, and by His power, for the love of God and the removal of evil.

“All the Divine teaching, and all the Divine example for the rectifying of human error and human weakness, is summed up in patient suffering and patient love.”

For the “work of expiation,” then in course of being established in London through the zeal of the Rev. Kenelm Vaughan, Bishop Ullathorne felt the deepest sympathy, which he expressed in a letter to the Rev. Father, which we will give, prefacing it by an earlier letter, written on occasion of Father Vaughan’s ordination :

To Rev. Kenelm Vaughan.

“Birmingham, September 21st, 1865.

“Dear Mr. Vaughan,

“I congratulate you upon your ordination to the sacred dignity and office of the Priesthood. There is nothing further for man to attain on this earth, and nothing greater than to use the power it conveys. When priests relax their faith in the powers God has put into their hands the world sinks into its own nature ; when priests offer the Sacrifice with high faith and unselfish prayer then the world around receives the dew of supernal life.

“The calamity of the world is that there are so many priests, and so few who are like what they handle, themselves a sacrifice to God, living in faith of His bounty and care, and caring but little to make provision for themselves.

“If all priests were only self-sacrificing saints the world would not be what it is. If judgment began from the sanctuary there would be a great deal more self-condemnation in the nave of the church.

"With my whole heart I congratulate you, and fulfil my promise ; and I ask God to make you a priest according to the Order of Christ.

"With kind regards to the Bishop and the Cathedral clergy, and wishing you the *gaudia* at the *Benedictiones Sacerdotis Magni*,

"I remain, dear Mr. Vaughan,

"Your faithful servant in Our Lord,

"✠ W. B. ULLATHORNE."

To the same.

"St. Mary's College, Oscott,

"September 24th, 1886.

"My dear Father Vaughan,

"I am very glad to see your handwriting after so long an interval, and to know that you are proceeding with 'the work of expiation.' I have seen some notice of it in the newspaper, but you omitted to enclose the paper explaining it. You will find something bearing on the subject at pages 145-6 of my book on *Christian Patience*, and again at page 245. To me, thinking much on the subject, there can be nothing better for the sinful and suffering human race, nothing better for the deliverance of souls from evil, as far as man can co-operate with God, than such a work of expiation as may draw souls to the Cross of Christ, and into the heart of His sufferings, filling up in His body the things that are wanting to His sufferings, to draw down His converting graces upon the souls that are wallowing in sensuality and pride.

". . . I pray God to bless you and your work, and remain,

"My dear Father Vaughan,

"Your affectionate servant in Christ,

"✠ W. B. ULLATHORNE."

The decision of the Holy See regarding the Beatification of the English Martyrs, caused Bishop Ullathorne the most lively satisfaction, and he wrote as follows to one of his nieces :

“ December 25th, 1886.

“ . . . I have something to tell you. This week the English bishops received a letter from the Cardinal Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, written by direction of His Holiness, informing us that of our English martyrs whose cause has been before the Holy See for the last ten years, on its coming before the Consistory—that is, before the Pope and Cardinals—fifty-four of the earliest, including Bishop Fisher and Sir Thomas More, it was decided were to be beatified immediately. The document is to reach us soon, together with an office and Mass for their festival. Others of our martyrs, to the number of some 250, are declared Venerable, which is the first step to canonisation.

“The cause of the fifty-four was much helped by the fact, that Gregory XIII. had ordered their martyrdoms to be painted on the walls of the English College Church in Rome ; and though they had been destroyed at the French invasion under Napoleon, yet engravings were made of these pictures after they were painted, and the volume of these engravings is preserved in the library of the English College. They are the martyrs of Henry VIII.'s time and of the early time of Queen Elizabeth, and there are some Benedictines among them.”

To Mr. Owen Longstaff.

“Oscott, December 31st, 1886.

“Of course you know our family connection with that of Sir Thomas More. Old Mr. Frank Ullathorne and my grandfather were sons of the man who married Miss Binks, and so came into the Binks property. Miss Binks’

mother was directly descended from Sir Thomas More, the Chancellor and martyr. My grandfather used to talk of his mother having the watch and the garter of Sir Thomas More, as Knight of the Garter; what became of them I do not know. At Stone the nuns have a considerable piece of his hair shirt, and a rough one it is."

The English Martyrs.

"St. Mary's College, Oscott,

"February 3rd, 1887.

". . . The more I look into the records of our martyrs the more amazed I am at what they went through; and this includes the whole time from the beginning of Elizabeth to the end of William and Mary. The confessors are far more numerous than the actual martyrs, and the treachery found amongst Catholics (priests included) is one of the most disastrous elements of that prolonged persecution. How so many priests died in their beds is something miraculous. All things considered, I think the English persecutions to have been even far more worse than that of the Roman Emperors. What a figure the Protestant bishops and ministers cut in it! I am very much struck with the figure of Bishop Fisher. There is a life of him by Dr. Bailey published in 1655, which, though short in compass and quaint in style, gives the whole character of the man. He was a Saint before he was a martyr, and reminds me more of St. Athanasius than of any other Father. His speeches struck out by the occasion, are not only wonderfully pithy and to the point, but they are like prophecies. He saw all the consequences of the divorce, and predicted that it would lose England to the faith before a question of doctrine was ever stirred. His parable of the axe thoroughly frightened the Consistory from yielding to the suppression of the smaller Religious houses. He foretold that it would lead to the destruction

of all religion. Like St. Athanasius with the Arians, he first laid down the principles of the Protestant controversy. You will remember how Charles V. declared him to be the greatest bishop of his time. We ought to have a special office and feast for him. Upon his death the Pope published a letter to the princes, comparing his martyrdom with that of St. Thomas of Canterbury, and drawing a parallel between the two Henries, to the immense disadvantage of the Eighth and the glory of Fisher.

"You have no doubt seen Father Morris' various publications on the subject of the Catholic sufferings, but perhaps have not seen the voluminous records of the Jesuits by Foley. They are full of family records, and the sufferings of lay people, as well as those of the Jesuits; and a great many State papers, and intercepted letters confirm the narrative.

"What a contrast between the high spirit of the clergy of those times, as well as of the gentry, with the poverty-stricken spirit of our own! What has struck me as much as anything is that society of the high-spirited gentlemen of those times, headed by that same George Gilbert, who had the paintings done in the Roman College chapel, who devoted their lives and fortunes, as well as their labours, to assist the clergy, and facilitate their communications with the laity."

To Mrs. Dering.

"St. Mary's College, Oscott,
"December 1st, 1887.

" . . . What a humiliating spectacle is France! Poor Grevy, who has executed all the evil acts of the Assembly, clinging to his place and splendour, not driven from them by any constitutional act, but by the private representations of the men whom he befriended and placed at one time or another in offices that they could not keep.

"Such is that wisdom of the world that God confounds. 'There is no wisdom, there is no counsel, there is no prudence against the Lord.'

"This England of ours, with its arms and legs placed constitutionally above the head, seems to be rushing into confusion.

"It is a curious fact that the people of Birmingham will not stand the Socialists, wherever they appear, mostly on Sundays; the people won't listen to them, but put them down at once and drive them off with ignominy. But in London there are two Socialist Guilds established by young Anglican clergymen, that of St. Matthew, and that of Christian Socialists. Of the first, some thirty of the members are Anglican clergy, and the second is as bad. They sent me one of their newspapers, describing the whole system: equalisation of property, and popular election of bishops and parish priests. Two of them appeared and spoke at the Wolverhampton Church Congress. Three of them harangued the people in Trafalgar Square, and exhorted them to persevere, and to bring down their bishops to their proper level; yet these were Anglican clergymen. It takes one back to the time of Richard II. and John Ball."

A correspondence belonging to this year was published in one of the local Pocklington papers, portions of which have been already quoted in the *Autobiography*, but which it may be of interest here to give entire, together with the introductory notice which appeared in the paper.

"Twelve miles or so from Birmingham, at Baddesley Clinton, there is a fine old moated house of historic interest, for many generations the seat of the Ferrers', one of the oldest Catholic families in England, now that of Mr. E. H. Dering, who married the widow of the late Mr. Marmion

Edward Ferrers. For many years past the Bishop of Birmingham has visited here from time to time, a welcome and honoured guest.

“It was on the occasion of one such visit, in August last, that it occurred to the writer, himself a Pocklingtonian, then staying near Baddesley Clinton, that he had in his possession some things which the Bishop might feel an interest in looking at, as being connected with his native town; and accordingly he sent them to Mr. Dering. The Bishop had just returned to Oscott, but what was not too bulky was sent to him by post, and presently elicited the following letter :

“ ‘Oscott, August 30th, 1887.

“ ‘Dear Mr. Hudson,

“ ‘To an old man few things are more interesting than those early days and their associations which bring the two ends of life together. It was in the consciousness of thus giving me pleasure that you were kind enough to forward to my friend, Mr. Dering, for my inspection, those remembrances of our native town of Pocklington, which could not fail to interest me. I seem to see the fine old church tower and market square before me now. But old Pocklington never dreamed of having a newspaper nearer than York. Of those I call to mind as living in the old town of my days was John Linwood, the sadler, of whom I could tell interesting anecdotes—a most worthy man. The literary man was Mr. Holmes, the solicitor, a great friend of my father’s, who first introduced me to the *Arabian Nights* in the old edition. I visited his son some years ago, and took my last leave of old Pocklington with a look at York Minster from Primrose Hill.

“ ‘Lord Herries was kind enough to send me a copy of his lecture on Evingham, so interesting from its illustrations of the old Saxon land laws and tenures.

“‘This College is my ordinary residence except in the middle of summer, and should you be passing near it at any time I should be glad to make your acquaintance.’

“The Bishop’s correspondent had fortunately very soon afterwards the opportunity of availing himself of the invitation thus given and having the privilege of a long and interesting chat.

“It is, of course, not at all phenomenal for very early incidents of life to be held freshly in remembrance when much more recent events have become dim. But the keenness and piquancy of the Bishop’s recollections of localities and people (remembering that he left Pocklington at ten years old) was quite exceptional. He overflowed with humour and *bonhomie* that was very graceful. How oddly the doggerel of boyhood clings to one through life had a curious illustration. There was a chance mention of Yapham, and he said: ‘Ah, I remember when I was a lad we had a rhyme :

“Roger Whip, of Rowland Hill ;
Tommy Byass, of Yapham Mill ;
Willie Wilkinson, of Sonylet Hall ;
Haud fast, masters, or else ye’ll fall.”’

“It is satisfactory to be able to state that the Bishop has also not forgotten his native tongue, but speaks with readiness of *t’house*, and *t’man*, and *t’woman*, and so on.* Such reminiscences, mingled with those of the Vatican Council in which he had assisted, and of Popes and Cardinals with whom he had been associated, contrasted curiously.

“The sending to him a few days later of copies of each of the new maps of Pocklington, published by William Watson in 1844 and 1855, gave rise to the next letter :

* Mr. Hudson, of course, means that the Bishop *remembered* the provincial pronunciation, not that he himself used it.

“ ‘ St. Mary’s College, Oscott,

“ ‘ October 1st, 1887.

“ ‘ My dear Mr. Hudson,

“ ‘ I thank you for sending me the two maps of Pocklington, which I have examined with lively interest over and over again.

“ ‘ The one with the elevations and names is singularly interesting. I was able to trace all my old resorts and many old acquaintances. The building named the Bank used to be a baker’s shop ; and we youngsters also knew it as a place where sweets could be got. Union Street had a beck running down the middle of it, some five feet below the pathways, which was subsequently covered over.

“ ‘ I see that the Dolmans founded the Grammar School. Their monuments are in the church. They were the great people of Pocklington in the Middle Ages. Their last survivor in my young days was Dr. Dolman, who, after practising in York, resided in a mansion in Oxfordshire. His two sons were educated partly at Oscott, the eldest completing his course in the University of Louvain. They were entitled to a peerage that had lapsed, the title of which I forget, but the want of adequate means to sustain it induced them to let it rest. The Doctor was a special friend of mine. What strikes me in the old town is the sensible way in which it is laid out. The streets are well arranged, with ample space between the house rows for spacious yards or gardens. In that respect it reminds me of Banbury. In the *Oscotian* which I gave you, the school to which I went is said to be at *Burnty* ; that is a misprint for Burnby.

“ ‘ Let me express the pleasure your acquaintance has given me ; and praying God to bless you, I remain, etc.’

“ In replying to this letter, a copy was sent the Bishop of entries taken many years ago from the Pocklington Parish

Register, relating to the Dolman family. Other matters were also mentioned, especially the catching of horse-hair eels (so-called) at the point where the beck emerges from the underground at the churchyard corner. The Bishop writes again :

“ ‘ St. Mary’s College, Oscott,

“ ‘ October 7th, 1887.

“ ‘ My dear Mr. Hudson,

“ ‘ Thank you for the inspection of the registration of the Dolman family, copied from the parish books, which I return.

“ ‘ I think it probable that Dr. Dolman was tracing his pedigree with a view to the peerage title. His representative is not likely to follow it up. The last entry of the birth without the baptism of Robert is curious. I conclude that he was baptised by a Catholic priest. When we were baptised my father always paid a fee to Mr. Brown, the parish Rector, to enter our names in the parochial register, as a legal precaution.

“ ‘ In my days the beck from English’s Mill was open all the way ; and the beck through Union Street, which regulated the water of the mill, was also open, and ran into the main beck before reaching the Feathers’ Inn.

“ ‘ We also caught the hair-eels where you did, believing them to be vitalised horse-hairs. We had another tradition about these wonderful horse-hairs, that if you put one on your palm when the schoolmaster called you up to be feruled, it would split the ferule. We also caught stickle-backs, which we called bullheads.

“ ‘ Easter Sunday afternoon was a great festival at Pocklington, from an old tradition. A large number of all classes of the population (men, women, and children) went up to Spring Hill, Chapel Hill, or Primrose Hill (for it was called by all these names, and gave a distant view of York

Minster). There, by the ruins of the old chapel, and at the clear spring, sat half Pocklington ; the children with sweets in their bottles, and the grown people with wine and spirits in theirs, tempering them with water from the spring, picking violets and primroses, and enjoying themselves with great freedom. I have no doubt the chapel was a place of pilgrimage in olden days.

“ ‘ Kilnwick Hall was visible from the crown of the hill, the first gentleman’s mansion I saw through as a child, and with my quick imagination I was struck with the ideal beauty of certain statues of Greek form in the woods among the trees. The gardener pointed out a statue of Flora, in the folds of whose garments the bees had formed a hive, and the honey flowed down to her feet from the combs. You see I have never forgotten the impression of my first introduction to the sculptor’s art, though I dare say the figures were nothing particular. But it was an opening of the young mind to the ideal.’

“Asking permission from the writer for the publication of these letters in this paper, that permission was kindly given in the next and final letter :

“ ‘ St. Mary’s College, Oscott,

“ ‘ November 2nd, 1887.

“ ‘ My dear Mr. Hudson,

“ ‘ I leave the use of my letters at your discretion as regards the Pocklington paper.

“ ‘ The very name of Chapel Hill indicates that a chapel stood there once : and the annual assemblies there must be the reminiscence of its having once been a place of popular devotion. The spring must have been accounted a holy well ; probably held sacred in the old pagan times, and afterwards blessed to Christian uses by the first Christian missionaries, who were in the habit of thus rendering

harmless the customs of the people when they were inveterate. I certainly have a recollection of a few stones *in situ*, forming an angle, and the base course of some wall of no great extent, which I always thought might have belonged to a hermitage; or, if the property thereabout belonged to some monastery or priory, it might have been attached to the monastic cell in which one or two monks would be as caretakers, and the chapel would be for the use of the workpeople as well as the monks. In that case the history of the tithing would be peculiar.’”

To a Gentleman, on the Death of his Wife.

“My dear Friend,

“I read your touching letter, the outpouring of your devout but afflicted heart, with feelings both deep and reverential.

“Your wife died happily, knowing what precious treasures lie hidden in the Cross, and adoring God’s Divine Providence over her life.

“She has left in your heart a great and beautiful image of holiness, and has accomplished that for which we come into this world—a happy death. Here is the balsam which, in departing, she has shed upon the wound of your separation. If great is your distress, great also is your consolation. It is a great thing indeed, whatever your privation, to see those whom we love placed in eternal safety; to have a root of our very life transplanted into Heaven, and to have the affections of our heart drawn upwards from this life to that supernal life which knows no dying; and that by the force of their love who, in ascending out of this world, have drawn our affections after them. They seem also to reveal to us a part of their clear view of this world’s vanity, and to bless us with a portion of their light in many ways.

“Blessed are they who die in the Lord, and blessed are

they who live with them in the same all-gracious God. Both the one departed and the one who remains gain a higher life and a more spiritual understanding of each other.

"I closed your letter to thank God that this death was so beautiful, to think on you, to say the *De Profundis*, and to decide on offering the Holy Sacrifice for this departed friend, whose kindness to me as her bishop as well as friend is not forgotten.

"I pray Almighty God to give her perfect rest, and to you, my dear friend, the consolations of His grace.

"Your affectionate friend,

"✠ W. B. ULLATHORNE."

We will here add some other letters of condolence, the two first of which were written on the death of Protestant relatives of the person addressed.

To a Lady, on the Death of a Protestant Brother.

". . . You have comfort with your sorrow. Few, very few young men, not within the Church, die in the spirit in which your brother has departed. He must have had much religion in his heart, and was not far from the door of the Church. It was like one of those cases where the baptism of desire supplies for the baptism of water. As faith in the Blessed Virgin's power and intercession is the last doctrine under which human pride falls down and the last which is embraced in Catholic faith, I cannot but think that your brother had been making great interior advance towards God. In short, he gave every evidence, short of actual reception, of a Catholic spirit. You have, therefore, my dear child, every reason to be comforted, and more ground for confidence than in any case I ever before knew, where life terminated outside the exterior communion of the Church.

"There are, as the great divines teach with the approval

of the Church, those who die united in soul with the soul of the Church, and whom she claims as her members, although they never saw, up to the last moment, the necessity of external union with her. Now, when one dies not with Protestant, but with Catholic prayer and implied Catholic doctrine on the lips, this is surely acceptable as a remarkable sign of a Catholic heart. Rely upon my remembering your departed brother for some time to come, and with every hope and consolation."

To the same, on the Death of her Mother.

" . . . I will not attempt to say much to you in your great sorrow and in the first sense of bereavement. The wound of separation must bleed, and nature have some course; for this is not at all inconsistent with resignation or with devout fortitude. The piety of your own heart will seek its consolation in God; and you will say with the man whom God Himself has given as a pattern in extreme affliction: 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.'

"You are, of course, familiar with that beautiful point of Catholic theology, which considers some as belonging to the soul of the Church who have never been united to her visibly and outwardly: all those who are baptised and have served God to the best of their lights, though that light was never such as to enable them to see that they stood in error. You have yourself laid hold of this doctrine; and your knowledge of the heart and life of your venerated mother enables you to apply it with a daughter's filial faith and consolation. Indeed, what you say of her gives you a strong foundation; and I do not doubt but that in England there are many such good, simple souls who are truly in invincible ignorance of that which, if they knew, or had a gleam of, would bring them into the Church bodily.

"I will only offer one reflection more. The spirit which is most pleasing to the soul departed, is to see her children offering to Almighty God their resignation and their fortitude as the virtues which give force to their prayers; and, after all, it is the greatest of all things which can be accomplished in this world, to end life well."

A Letter of Condolence on the Death of a Sister.

"January 10th, 1887.

"May the soul of your dear sister rest in peace! A life of so much faith and charity is happily ended by resigned suffering and complete surrender to the will and call of God. What is the object of this mortal life of trial but to end it well? We cannot view such a course as the world would view it, who think the body everything, and the soul but a means of enjoying it. We see more nearly as God sees, and know that the great object of all desire is that God should take the soul to Himself, and begin her veritable life. Yet nature has its strong feelings, and you experience them; and in these feelings I sympathise. Tomorrow I say Mass expressly for your sister's soul, that God may give her full rest and light.

"I often think of that wonderful deliverance and amazing transition, and how we shall be astonished to find how little we have known in this world, and how much that little is mixed with delusion; and how much more we might know, and not only know, but feel, were we more faithful to the leadings of God.

"I pray Him to bless and console you and to accept benignly all your loving offerings for your sister."

An interesting letter belonging to this date is addressed to Miss O'Meara, on the subject of truth.

To Miss O'Meara.

"St. Mary's, Oscott, January 16th, 1887.

". . . To answer your question: 'What is truth?' requires careful distinctions in the first instance. Truth is either objective or subjective. Objectively considered, truth is the light which exhibits being as it is in itself, or as it is related to some other being. 'God is light' and 'God is truth.' His truth is the equalisation of His Being with His intelligence or Word. His Divine Word is the complete and perfect reflection of His Being, and is therefore His truth, in which He beholds Himself as He is, and all things as they are.

"Objective truth to us is founded in the light given to our mind, and constituting our mind, in which light we see things, whether human or divine, reflected as they are. Christ is the giver of the light of reason as well as of the light of faith. Hence He says: 'I am the light of the world.' And St. John says: '*He* (the Word of God) enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world.' Truth in man is the reflection of being, or of the laws and just relations of one being with another in the light of his mind. A knowledge of truth is the equalisation of the intelligence or understanding with the truth present in the mind. All truth is founded on *being* as it is, or on the relations and laws of being; and all truth comes from God.

"Sincerity is the conformation of the will with the truth in its purity. It saves us from abusing or defiling the sacred light of truth. . . .

"But your main inquiry regards truthfulness. Truthfulness is the outward expression by words or signs of the truth we see in the light of the mind. Here comes the great moral question: How far are we bound to give the truth to others? And what is the moral ground of the obligation? In the first place, all truth is from God. In the second, where truth is beneficial we owe it to our neigh-

bour when he asks for it. In the third place, lying is often forbidden and denounced.

“We have no right to speak absolute falsehood that positively contradicts the truth. But we owe not the whole truth to everyone, especially when they have no right to it, or when it would be injurious and imprudent, or against charity. Everybody does not owe every truth or fact he knows to everyone. Prudence, or justice, or charity may require us to withhold the truth, or, if compelled to speak, to dissemble the truth, using words that, while they do not contradict the truth, are open to more than one sense, of which the hearer takes the wrong one. Thus when St. Athanasius fled from his persecutors, and his pursuers came up to his boat in another, the pursuers asked: ‘Have you seen Athanasius?’ to which the Saint answered: ‘He is not far off,’ an answer which only hastened on the pursuers in their chase. The Saint said nothing that was false, but he answered not their mind. He answered the fool according to his folly. He was not bound to give them evidence against his own liberty and life. In this anecdote you have the whole philosophy and theology of reservation.

“Yet some divines, especially of certain nations, go further than others in interpreting the methods of reservation. I never knew an English divine who would go so far as St. Alphonsus, who allows one to save a person from danger to press the foot on the ground, and say: ‘He is not here.’ Yet Cardinal Newman, in the Appendix to his *Apologia*, gives a whole chain of Anglican moralists—Dr. Johnson, Paley, Jeremy Taylor, etc.—who go quite as far as any Catholic divine in this direction. For instance, Dr. Johnson says that if a murderer, pursuing a victim, asks if you have seen him, you may say ‘no,’ though you have.

“The most remarkable case of equivocation, that is of using a double sense in Scripture, is that of Jacob and his

mother in declaring himself the firstborn under a disguise. Yet St. Augustine vindicates it, and his vindication is in the Breviary. That Isaac was deceived, and intentionally deceived, there is no denying. Yet be it remembered that the blessing of the firstborn conveyed the headship the patriarchal authority and priesthood of the family, and for this God chose Jacob. Hence St. Paul: 'Jacob I have chosen, and Esau I have hated.' And Esau had actually given up the rights of the firstborn for a mess of pottage, showing how little he valued them.

"Our Lord Himself used the language of reserve. He said: 'I go not up to this festival-day.' Yet he went up; but He went not up openly, as others did, which was His meaning, but for special reasons He went up privately, so as not to attract notice.

"There are certain phrases used in society, which taken literally would be false, but to which society has itself attached a meaning, which makes them intelligible without being false. Thus an accused person pleads before a court 'Not guilty,' by which he does not deny his guilt or affirm it, but leaves the question to be tried. A servant says: 'Not at home,' which is understood to mean, does not receive visitors. Sir Walter Scott thought justly that no one had a right to his secret. When a lady said to him: 'Sir Walter, I hate humbug; did you, or did you not, write *Waverley*?' He replied: 'Madam, I hate humbug: I did not write *Waverley*; if I had I should have said the same.' And when George IV. sent him grapes at table, and said: 'These are for the author of *Waverley*,' he took but one berry, and passed them on, saying: 'Your Majesty, this is all I can claim.' In short, these reservations are in common usage, and justifiable when there is reason, or prudence, or charity to call for them. . . . When I was a young Religious, a very old Father was dying; but he had long been subject to delusions, and thought there was only one

priest left in the world who could give him the Sacraments, and that was Bishop Collingridge, who had long been dead. As he refused everyone else, a respectable old Douay priest and Doctor in Divinity went to him with cross and ring on, and acting like a bishop the good old man took him for Bishop Collingridge, and with great reverence received the Sacraments at his hands. Yet he was never told, nor did the priest say he was a bishop : by acting as one he was taken for one.

“There can be no doubt that the habit of speaking out the truth from boyhood, and through manhood, on the part of educated Englishmen, even though the motive be that of honour, rather than of conscience, is that which has contributed more than anything to make the national character generous, elevated, and sincere. It made the old Persians brave when they had the Empire of the East. But honour is a social sentiment often allied with pride, and does not hold under all circumstances. An English gentleman, as a rule, does not consider himself under honour at an election, for example, and will tell any amount of lies to obtain his election, without being accounted in any way dishonourable. . . .

“Truth is sacred because its basis, even in the natural order, is in the intellectual light imparted by God through His eternal words of truth. . . . Only in imparting it in certain cases there is a law of reserve which rests on justice, prudence, and charity.”

In his Lenten Indult for the year 1887 Bishop Ullathorne took occasion to describe the manner in which fasting and abstinence were practised by our English Catholic ancestors, showing that no relaxation in the severity of observance was sanctioned up to the year 1777. He compared with this austere discipline the relaxed observance of the present day, and continues :

“How much more austere in all respects were the lives of our Catholic ancestors compared with our own! Their fasting fare was very limited compared with ours. They had not such vegetable diet as potatoes, rice, and many other vegetable productions that we have in abundance. They had not such beverages as tea, coffee, or cocoa. Even their fish was scarce in most parts of the country, and was chiefly brought dried and salted from the sea-shore on pack-horses. Yet we have but a remnant left of the fasting which they so faithfully observed, and to which many of them added other austerities in penance for their sins, for the protection of their souls, and for the love of God.

“To what are we to attribute this great falling off from the religious spirit of our forefathers—this shrinking from mortification and self-denial? This love of the body more than of the soul? This sacrificing of the spirit to the flesh? You may say that health and strength are not what they were. But this comes from more sensual living, from the greater use of stimulating drinks, and from a less hardy life altogether. In former days life was more quiet and peaceful; but in these days all life is anxious, agitated, and restless. Almost everybody is dissatisfied with being where God has placed him. These are the things that wear and tear and waste the powers of life. If we would only be satisfied with the state in which God has placed us, and live soberly, modestly, and quietly in that state, we should have peace of heart, and be able to do our fasting, our prayers, and our other religious duties in a way to honour God and promote our own happiness.”

This Pastoral, and particularly the facts given regarding the rule of fasting as formerly observed in England, attracted much attention. “From letters received from bishops and others,” he writes (February 25th, 1887), “the Lenten Pastoral seems to have come on them like a

revelation. Yet with more space it might have been made much more complete. For instance, our English ancestors had such a devotion to St. Michael that they used to fast three days before his feast. I have at last begun a memoir of Bishop Willson, and have a great many of his papers to go through. A very interesting book could be written about him. But I have been so lazy all this winter that I ought to have had a horse-whipping. I have been reading Newman's books consecutively, so as to trace the springing, growth, and direction of his mind. He has just passed his eighty-sixth year. . . . I shall be glad to get the article on Bishop Willson off my mind, as I have always felt that I owed it to his memory. It is marvellous what he did to amend penal discipline and the care of the insane."

"March 22nd, 1887.

"The examination of Bishop Willson's papers, which fill a box two feet and a-half square, and include Government correspondence and evidence, show what a wonderful man he was, and what prodigious reforms he effected in the convict system and lunatic asylums, and what immense influence he acquired over both the Imperial and Colonial authorities. Forty pages makes a long review article,* but that space straitens me terribly. It would require a volume of 350 pages to do him ordinary justice. I am sometimes obliged to introduce myself, which with the forms of a review is awkward; but the history cannot be made clear without it.

"April 9th, 1887.

"I have just had a letter from a priest, formerly in this diocese, who has returned to Germany within the last three

* The memoir of Bishop Willson appeared, in the first instance, as an article in the *Dublin Review* for July, 1887, and was afterwards published in a separate form.

months. He is curate in a parish of 40,000 souls, a truly pious people. On ordinary Sundays they have not less than 1,000 Communions. He has formed a club of men to keep them from Socialist influences, and had 500 stout broad-shouldered men of this club at Communion last week, and expects soon to have 1,000. They discuss the politics of labour, over beer of course, and he presides. He says the people are much discontented with the alliance of Bismarck with the Pope, and say they would rather have continued the battle, with all its difficulties. But he feels much the want of English freedom, and does not feel at home without it."

The Bishop's health meanwhile continued in a very critical state, and one which often subjected him to great bodily suffering. Of these sufferings he was wont to speak and write to his intimate friends, not merely with cheerfulness, but gratitude, as one conscious that they effected a precious work on the soul.

To Miss O'Meara.

"St. Mary's College, Oscott,

"May 30th, 1888.

" . . . Perhaps I am too philosophical in my remarks when I say that it is a valuable thing to study pain, one of the greatest of human mysteries. But I find that by quelling imagination and its fears, and reducing it to what it really is as viewed by the intellect, it becomes diminished to what it is in reality. You may not have this taste, but I cannot help being more or less philosophical on everything."

In another letter, he says on the same subject :

"One must and ought to have something, as years advance towards their close, to check and bring down the

infirmities of the soul by those of the body. These are the good visitations of God. They make loop-holes in our mortality, and dispose one to profound reflections. If they also dispose others to be very charitable to us, from this arises a double good—*i.e.*, all the good it brings to us, and all the good it brings from God in reward to those charitable souls.”

The month of June brought a sad increase in these sufferings. The Bishop was seized with a slight stroke of paralysis, from which he quickly rallied, and was able to communicate what had happened in a letter, the writing of which betrayed its own sorrowful tale. In the course of a week or two he was sufficiently recovered to get to Stone, where he spent some weeks, taking part whilst there in the celebration of the Queen's Jubilee; which he thus describes in a letter to Miss O'Meara :

“ Stone, June 27th, 1887.

“ . . . You will have seen ample accounts of the Queen's Jubilee festival last Tuesday, which was all over the country. Even Stone had its great festival, its cannon, processions, decorations, bonfires, and illuminations; free dinners for all the poor above sixty, and the school children.

“ In the procession our poor-school children carried the palm. They were well dressed, well mannered, marched well, and carried beautiful banners, works of art in embroidery; and in their centre the Queen's portrait and arms, with a beautiful group of garlands and Union Jacks round it. When they marched into the square, the last arrival, there was a general cry of ‘ The Catholics beat all.’ As it was an extraordinary occasion, I advised the nuns to appear in the windows of the long front, and the hospital patients sat on raised seats at the great gates. The whole

front was covered with flags from the numerous windows and long poles. As the procession passed down by the Convent, and our children caught sight of the nuns, they cheered like mad, and the girls shook their white handkerchiefs in a fury. The Protestant schools followed suit, but the parsons and ministers hushed them down. Yet the gentlemen all took off their hats to the nuns. After all the sports and shows of the day, I was awakened at half-past eleven by the Catholic children singing round the Convent and cheering the sleeping nuns, after which they went through the town singing *Faith of our Fathers* ; and the people were so delighted they lit up anew the illuminations in their houses and the public square."

To the same.

"Stone, July 21st, 1887.

"Your estimate of the American bishops entirely accords with my own observations. I saw much of them at the Canonisation of the Japanese Martyrs and the Council of the Vatican. They were good enough to pay me particular attention, as an old bishop ; several of them came to see me as soon as they arrived, and said : ' We have heard of you since we were little boys, and wished to make your acquaintance.' . . . What struck me in them was their remarkable frankness and simplicity, combined with modesty and deference of manner. They came to Rome dissatisfied with Propaganda, which was then much overworked. They declared they would have a Propaganda of their own, and would pay for it. Propaganda at once attended to their affairs and no more complaint was heard. They felt the importance of telegraphing correct translations of the Decrees of the Council, before the reporters got theirs into the papers, and did so at immense cost. But in making the translations they invited me and other Englishmen to assist them, on the plea that we were their masters

in the English language. They just gave that idea of strength without pretension which you describe. . . .

“It is impossible to deny the rising tide of democracy. By governing with party strife, freedom of speech and of the Press, aristocracy, on which crowns rest, has destroyed its own power. Party has fought party by appealing to the people, extending the suffrage, and making the popular voice and vote the ultimate power. Wisdom is of the few, and must always be of the few; but party strife has appealed to the instinct of the multitude to find out where wisdom dwells—a perilous experiment in old countries where wealth has become the leading influence. This, however, may come of it, all generous minds require something greater than themselves to look up to; this is the religiosity of man, and when that greater power and authority dealing with eternal things, alone remains, unfettered by kings, it will become more conspicuous and attractive to generous minds, whilst the profane will be still more hostile.”

From Stone he returned to Birmingham, and one of the first uses to which he put his returning strength was to pay a visit to the aged Cardinal Newman, which he thus describes :

“August 18th, 1887.

“I have been visiting Cardinal Newman to-day. He is much wasted, but very cheerful. Yesterday he went to London to see an oculist. When he tries to read black specks are before his eyes. But his oculist tells him there is nothing wrong but old age. We had a long and cheery talk, but as I was rising to leave an action of his caused a scene I shall never forget, for its sublime lesson to myself. He said in low and humble accents, ‘My dear Lord, will you do me a great favour?’ ‘What is it?’ I asked. He glided down on his knees, bent down his venerable head,

and said, 'Give me your blessing.' What could I do with him before me in such a posture? I could not refuse without giving him great embarrassment. So I laid my hand on his head and said: 'My dear Lord Cardinal, notwithstanding all laws to the contrary, I pray God to bless you, and that His Holy Spirit may be full in your heart.' As I walked to the door, refusing to put on his biretta as he went with me, he said: 'I have been indoors all my life, whilst you have battled for the Church in the world.' I felt annihilated in his presence; there is a Saint in that man!"

In August he paid a short visit to his kind friends at Baddesley Clinton, "whose care" (he writes) "has done more to restore me than anything else."

On the 2nd of September he received a visit at Oscott from Miss O'Meara and her mother, the former of whom he then met personally for the first time. The following letters were written to her soon after this interesting visit:

"Oscott, October 23rd, 1887.

" . . . To say Masses for the departed before they have reached that state is, as you will see, a contradiction in terms; therefore the Church has never done so. The prayers should rather be for purification in this life, and a happy departure out of it, which is its equivalent. Let that dear soul bury her fears in her unbounded trust in the goodness of God. One act of loving trust in God as a loving Father is worth a thousand fears. Should it be so ordered that there should remain something after this life to be purified, the love of God will make it light, and the soul herself will rejoice that that should be removed from it which is an obstacle to perfect union with God. Delay of the vision of God will be the greatest suffering; but that

we now suffer in this mortal life, and there will be the sense of eternal security. Change that fear into the love of God, and it will do everything to save from future suffering. Perfect love is the perfect purifier. She will not have this dread at the end."*

Erdington Bells.

"I have just had the Bishop of the new See of Christchurch, New Zealand, here. Thereby hangs a curious tale. Christchurch was founded in the fervour of the Tractarian Movement to be a purely Protestant settlement, and Bishop Selwyn was appointed its first Protestant bishop. The *British Critic* (the Tractarian Quarterly) expected great things from this purely Protestant settlement, and stated that the Bishop took out a Cathedral tent to be raised on the day of arrival, and that the Divine offices would be celebrated daily there until the end of the world. It was intended to let none but Anglican Churchman have land, but it so happens that by this time Catholics have a great deal of the land ; and of the 30,000 dwellers in Christchurch, some 8,000 are Catholics. Why came the new Bishop here on my invitation ? The very beautiful church of Erdington was no sooner completed than a poor man of that flock resolved to give it a peal of bells. He went over to that part of New Zealand, worked hard, remained a bachelor, made money, came back and put up the peal of bells, which I consecrated, and he wept over the function in the crowded church. He would have kept away, but the priest, who built the church with his own money, insisted on his presence. The Bishop of Christchurch came here to receive a donation of twenty-five acres of land in the very township of Christchurch, land of much value, which the same good

* The person referred to as fearing death was the beloved mother of Kathleen O'Meara and her sister ; and, as the Bishop foretold, all fear left her at the end.

man had acquired there. The old man spends his time in keeping the graves clean in the churchyard of Erdington. There! beat that story if you can! and, as the little children say, *it's all true.*"

On the day after Miss O'Meara's visit the Bishop was sufficiently recovered to go to London and take part in an episcopal meeting. But he understood the state of his health to be a warning, and had already made application to the Holy See to be allowed to resign his diocese. This he had communicated in a circular to his clergy, dated August 9th, 1887. Whilst awaiting the reply to this petition he carried on his ordinary duties, and gave particular care in drawing up his Advent Pastoral.

"I have been engaged" (he says, November 17th) "in writing a Pastoral for Advent Sunday, probably my last."

The Pastoral here alluded to was probably one of the most beautiful that he ever penned, resuming his favourite theme, the value of souls, the Providence by which God leads and sanctifies them, so that "the elements of this world which caused our ruin are made by Him the instruments of our reparation." He speaks in it of the Communion of Saints; of the world of angelic spirits, and of the souls of the just made perfect. "The spiritual world" (he says) "is close upon us, we have not to travel through space to seek it; the way to it is through the faith of the soul with open-hearted humility. . . . Then if we give the best of our mind and heart to that heavenly kingdom which is opened to us, we may live, and think, and breathe, more in God than in ourselves, and have the beginnings of that happy peace which has no ending, that peace which is full of the hope of seeing God in His glory."

As it happened this Pastoral was by no means the last

which Bishop Ullathorne addressed to the faithful of the diocese ; for the actual appointment of his successor did not take place till the middle of February, 1888, until which time the administration of the diocese continued in his hands.

Towards the close of the year he thus writes to a Religious Superior with whom he had been conducting a lengthy correspondence on grave and important matters.

“Oscott, December 9th, 1887.

“. . . And now, as I think I have teased you enough about business, I will send you a little amusement, as you are a historian and a poet.

“You will remember that Archbishop Scrope, of York rose with the Earl of Northumberland, and Mortimer against the usurper, Henry IV. Shakspearian readers will remember that. But it is an old tradition that when Archbishop Scrope was executed outside the walls of York, he asked the executioner to strike him five times, in memory of Our Lord’s Five Wounds ; and Hall, in his *Chronicle*, gets into a good Protestant fury with the fools and apes of monks and friars, for inditing and proclaiming that, as the King sat at dinner, he also received five strokes on the neck from an invisible hand, and found he had been struck with leprosy. I have found in one of the Early English Text Society’s book an old Yorkshire song on this execution, confirming the first-named tradition, which is preserved at Trinity College, Cambridge. I send you a copy of this plaintive song, and, as it had not a single stop, I have supplied them. The *Hay!* so pathetically repeated, is the full drawn sigh of a sorrowing Yorkshire man ; and the song shows what the people felt for their Archbishop.”

The song referred to by the Bishop is printed in the 24th

Volume of the Publications of the Early English Text Society, entitled *Hymns to the Virgin and Christ*. It is as follows :

Hay, hay, hay, hay, thinke on Whitson-Monday ;
The bysshop Scrope that was so wyse,
Nowe is he dede and low he lyse,
To hevyn's bliss yhit may he ryse
Thrughe helpe of Marie that mylde may—

Hay !

When he was broght unto the hylle,
He held him both mylde and stylle,
He toke his deth with fulle godewylle,
As I have herde fulle trewe men say—

Hay !

He that shulde his dethe be
He kneled downe uppon his kne ;
Lord, your deth forgive it me
Fulle hertly here to you I pray—

Hay !

Here I wylle the commende,
Y^u gyff me fyve strokys with thy hende
And then my wayes y^u latt me wende
To hevyn's blys that lastys ay.*

Hay !

The visit paid him at Oscott by Miss O'Meara and her mother has been already spoken of. In the month of December Mrs. O'Meara was taken from her children by a sudden illness.

“Oscott, December 13th, 1887.

“Miss O'Meara writes to me in great anguish about the sudden and dangerous illness of her mother, and begs me to get all the prayers I can for her. They are truly most religious people, and the mother is a veritable Saint, always praying.”

* The original of the above is preserved at Trinity College, Cambridge, M.S.R. 4. 20, written on a blank leaf at the end of Lydgate's *Siege of Thebes*.

Three days later he added :

“ December 16th, 1887.

“ Mrs. O'Meara died on the 14th, and her two daughters are in great distress. . . . They are left quite solitary ; for though they have many friends they have no near relatives, and they cling to me as children to a father.”

This sad event profoundly touched the Bishop's heart, and he alludes to it in terms of sympathy in many of his letters.

CHAPTER XIX.—1888, 1889.

THE POPE'S JUBILEE.—BISHOP ULLATHORNE'S RETIREMENT.—HE IS CREATED ARCHBISHOP OF CABASA.—LETTERS AND ADDRESSES ON THE OCCASION.—MEETING BETWEEN THE ARCHBISHOP AND CARDINAL NEWMAN AT STONE.—DEATH OF MISS O'MEARA.—THE ALBIGENSES.—JUBILEE OF THE SISTERS OF CHARITY IN AUSTRALIA.—CRITICISM ON "ROBERT ELLESMERE."—LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH.

THE year 1888 was memorable as that in which was celebrated the Jubilee of Pope Leo XIII. In consequence of the pilgrimages to Rome and the press of business connected with the occasion, the appointment of Bishop Ullathorne's successor was delayed longer than was expected.

"Oscott, January 17th, 1888.

"In consequence of the Jubilee no business is being done at Rome, and I do not expect there will be a meeting of Propaganda for a month to come. *Patientia!* I see that on Monday the Pope was four hours on his throne receiving the English pilgrims. He showed them remarkable attention, receiving them not in a body, but in little groups one after the other. The first lay person led in was Mary Howitt, aged ninety. I remember O'Connell saying at table many years ago that the conversion of William and Mary Howitt would be among the most important we could have.

"The Australian papers say they are preparing to celebrate this year the fiftieth year since the arrival of the first nuns, those whom I took out, of whom one still survives. Also of Father Rigney, the oldest priest in the colony, whom I also took out at the same time. The priest is eighty-one, and the nun eighty-six,* which makes me think I must be an old man."

"March 20th, 1888.

"I write to let you know that I am no longer Bishop of Birmingham. The Brief appointing Bishop Ilsley came inside a letter to me on Sunday last. He is to be enthroned on Thursday. So I am a free man, and the binding straps have all flown away. But I am at present without a title. I have asked the new Bishop to ask for a title for me in his reply to Propaganda."

As soon as the retirement of Bishop Ullathorne was thus actually accomplished, the clergy of the diocese presented him with an affectionate address, his reply to which is dated Oscott, March 22nd, 1888. In it, after briefly summing up the change that had taken place during the forty years of his government, he concludes with the following words :

"And now, my brethren, at this formal leave-taking, let me thank you all for your loyalty to your old Bishop, who still hopes for your friendship and for your prayers. I am a weak man by nature, as others are; but in whatever, through human frailty or infirmity, I have failed in my duty towards you, I humbly solicit your pardon, which, in your generosity, you will not refuse me. For the blessing of God on the diocese, on its Bishop, its clergy, its Religious, and its faithful people, I shall never cease to pray as long as this enfeebled body remains to me. And for the rest,

* He speaks of her later on as eighty-nine.

let me say with my great patron, St. Bernard : ‘ *Paratum cor meum, Deus, paratum cor meum. Paratum quantum ad adversa, paratum quantum ad prospera, paratum ad humilia, paratum ad sublimia, paratum ad universa quæ preceperis.*’

“✠ WILLIAM BERNARD ULLATHORNE.”

On the same day that he penned these words the enthronisation of his successor, Bishop Ilsley, took place.

“Oscott, March 24th, 1888.

“The enthronisation went off well at Birmingham. The Cathedral was crowded. About 150 of the clergy were present, many Catholics from the country, the Mayor of Birmingham, with several of the Corporation. The leading Catholics carried the canopy. When all the ticket people were placed the poor were let in. Some of the Protestants present stared, and one of them asked Father C—— what was the meaning of ‘*all those ragamuffins*’ coming in? He replied : ‘They are members of the congregation, and perhaps, before God, the best part of it.’ But the streets outside were still crowded. The clergy had dinner served in the large schoolroom. After it was over a deputation came here with the address.

“I am so free now that I have not even the faculties of a priest. The more I reflect the more certain I feel that my retirement was the right thing.”

“Oscott, Easter Eve, 1888.

“After the fast of Lent and the sorrowings of Holy Week, what a vivid figure of the way through death to life is the joy of the Resurrection! It is the point of all the year that is filled with life and the reflection of the eternal joys.

“The long service with the Ordinations is going on in the chapel, whilst I sit here in my room alone. We have

had the usual retreat from a Jesuit Father, who generally pays me a daily visit to have a talk, and we always have some old students on a visit for the Holy Week services.

"The nuns of Princethorpe sent a man here to-day with a Paschal lamb as a present to their old Bishop. It had been fed by them, and was beautifully decorated with ribbons, flowers, and gold. Everybody in the house has been to the domestic quarters to see this lamb as an Easter spectacle. For after the four and a-half hours' function all is joy and congratulation in the house."

"Oscott, Easter Eve, 1888.

"My dear Mr. Berington,

"Your kind letter was pleasant to me, for among old friendships there is none I more value than yours. It has been well tried by time and has never wavered, but has rather grown and prospered.

"I accept your desire of visiting me for the act, knowing what a busy and responsible man you are.

"I jog on with my three chronic maladies, each bothering the other; but the straps are all gone that bound me to responsibility, and I feel as light as a schoolboy let out from school for his vacation. The Ordinations are going on amidst the long functions in the chapel, and here I am in the solitude of my room, never less alone than when alone."

On the 17th of May the Bishop received the Apostolic Brief whereby His Holiness graciously named him titular Archbishop of Cabasa.

"Oscott, May 17th, 1888:

"I write to inform you that Cabasa is the old Metropolitan See of Lower Egypt, subject to the Patriarchate of Alexandria, whose bishop was at the Councils of Ephesus and

Chalcedon. To that Archiepiscopal See I received my appointment this morning by Apostolic Brief, dated April 27th. The city is mentioned as early as Ptolemy in his Geography.

"Praying God to bless you, I remain, your old and devoted father,

"✠ W. B., Archbishop of Cabasa."

This was his first signature of his new title. Letters of congratulation poured in from all quarters, some of his answers to which are here given.

To Mr. Leonard Longstaff.

"St. Mary's College, Oscott, May 28th, 1888.

"I thank you and your uncle for your congratulations. It is convenient not to be left any longer in a state of dowager, owing to the slowness of Propaganda. For the Sovereign Pontiff gave directions on the subject last July, and as he was pleased to say, in acknowledgment of the services which I had rendered to the Church.

"I shall be going out soon to pay a round of visits, and then return to steady work as far as my infirmities will allow. My first and chief task will be to revise my *Autobiography*, which I wrote some years ago, down to 1850, where I stop intentionally. It is a large volume and a curious history, not to be published, *at least in my time*."*

"What would some of the biographical publishers give for it," he says in another letter to the same correspondent "But on principle I never accept money for my writings. The making a trade of writing has corrupted all literature.

* The concluding words of this letter will be noted by the reader. The Archbishop did not intend his *Autobiography* to be published *during his lifetime*, but he distinctly indicated his desire that it should be published at a later period.

It is quite a modern thing, some 200 years old. No man ought to balance the fruits of intellect against money. There is no proportion between the two things."

The expression of this opinion, to which the Bishop often gave utterance, may seem a little absolute, and some of his friends ventured to tell him so. He admitted that it could not be regarded as in any sense a principle of right and wrong, but rather of sentiment. Nevertheless, he held very firmly to the opinion that a bishop would do well to avoid everything which could attach a mercantile or self-interested character to literary work, which he should solely undertake for God's glory and the sanctification of souls; and that to do so was a lowering of the episcopal character. It may be numbered among those *chivalrous* instincts of disinterestedness with which his own character abounded.

Somewhat analogous to his feeling on this subject was his abstention from taking any active part in political matters. No one could know him without being aware of the singularly keen interest which he took in all the public questions of the day. But it is a fact that never during the time that he held the episcopal office did he register his vote at a Parliamentary election. It was not from indifference to the subject, but from a profound sense that the chief pastor belonged equally to his whole flock, and should therefore hold himself aloof from anything that could identify him with any one party, where the flock was, without blame, divided.*

To the Rev. Lord Charles Thynne.

"June 22nd, 1888.

"It was very kind of you to write to me your congratula-

* The fact above stated rests on the authority of the Bishop as he expressed himself to the writer the year before his death; and the explanation of his motives is given, as far as can be remembered, in his own words.

tions on my translation to the titular Archiepiscopal See of Cabasa, the modern name of which is Thebaste.

"I have certainly seen wonderful changes in my day, both in the expansion of the Church in this country and the transmutation of the doctrines of Anglicanism, and cannot but think that these latter will ultimately lead many souls into the Church. But the most remarkable thing that I have witnessed is the expansion of the Church in Australia. When I arrived in that country in 1833 there were but three priests; whilst now there is a Cardinal Archbishop, four Archbishops, twenty-two bishops, and nearly 1,000 priests. At the Centenary of the foundation of New South Wales this year, seven Governors of provinces, as many Prime Ministers and Chief Justices attended a meeting in our Cathedral at Sydney to promote its completion, and £3,000 were put on the collecting plates. This shows the position of the Church in Australia."

Foremost amongst those who took this occasion of expressing their affection and respect were the Religious Communities of the diocese, who, indeed, owed him no ordinary debt of gratitude for the devotion he had ever manifested to their interests. On the 15th of April the Superiors of all the Convents of Sisters of Mercy in the diocese waited on him at Oscott, and presented him with an address, in the name of all, which we will here give, together with his reply.

"To our beloved Father in God, William Bernard Ullathorne, First Bishop of Birmingham, from the Sisters of Mercy of the diocese.

"Most Rev. and dear Father,

"You will accept with your wonted kindness our simple and earnest thanks for your goodness to us since first you became our Bishop and Father. It is true that

we can neither fully appreciate the devotedness with which you have served us, nor thank you for it as we wish, while here on earth. Yet our hearts feel the need of expressing in words—weak and imperfect ones though they be—the gratitude which fills them as our minds recall what you have done for us, and all you have been to us throughout those years.

“As a careful and tender father you have watched over and protected us ; as a good pastor you have ruled us lovingly and wisely ; and as an enlightened and experienced guide, yourself imbued with all the spirit of a true Religious, you have ever pointed out and striven to lead us onward towards the perfection our state requires.

“In you we have had a friend and a devoted Superior, zealous to defend our interests and to promote our welfare ; ever ready to encourage and uphold us amid our labours for Christ's little ones and His suffering poor ; and one to whom each of us would have recourse with confidence for counsel and for guidance in time of need.

“For these benefits, and for countless others ; for many which your humility would have concealed from us, but which our filial love divined ; and for many more of which we shall know nothing till we come to stand before the throne of God—we lay at your feet, reverend and beloved Father, the expression of our humble and childlike gratitude.

“It shall be our endeavour to be faithful to the lessons you have taught us ; and it is our consolation to remember that the toils you have endured and the energies you have expended in our service have earned for you the everlasting joy of seeing Him for whom alone you have laboured, glorified, and loved the more. And surely, even now, Our Lord will hear our prayers for one whose chief solicitude it has been to render His spouses worthy of Him.

“Those prayers, most dear Father, will be always yours ;

and in all humility, we, your children, ask you to pray for us and to care for us, and to bless us still.

“SISTER MARY FRANCES BLOUNT,
“(Superioress), Handsworth.

“DISCREETS.

“PROFESSED CHOIR SISTERS.

“PROFESSED LAY SISTERS.”

Signed in the same order by the other convents at Alton, Birmingham, Coventry, Maryvale, and Wolverhampton.

Reply.

“To the Rev. Mothers and Sisters of the Communities of Sisters of Mercy in the Diocese of Birmingham.

“My dear Sisters in Christ,

“On last Sunday, the day which specially commemorates our Divine Lord as the Good Shepherd, I had the happiness of being surrounded in my room at Oscott by your Reverend Superioresses, who, in that kind and reverential manner which belongs to them, presented me with the address signed with all your names, in which, as affectionate and devoted children, you express your grateful feelings towards your old Bishop and Father on his retirement, for whatever services he may have been able to render you, and your intention of continuing your devout prayers for his welfare.

“For these most sincere expressions of your inward minds, which I know so well, I humbly thank you, my dear Sisters, and pray God to reward you. Were I so foolish as to dissemble the truth, that I have always had a great reverence for the virgins of Christ, consecrated to Him by such sacred ties ; that I have had a singular love for your holy state, and that I have done my best, as occasion allowed, to serve you and to assist your advancement as communities and as individuals on the paths of holy

observance and of charity, the facts themselves would rise up and contradict me.

“I must go far back to seek the first impulses to this sacred duty. After the days of what I may call my youthful conversion, in that wooden church at Memel of which some of you have heard, the first book I took up for my further enlightenment happened to be Marsollier's *Life of St. Jane Frances Chantal*. And that book imprinted on my then fervid mind two perfect ideals, like two immovable seals: the ideal of a bishop in the image of St. Francis of Sales, and the ideal of a nun in the image of St. Jane Frances. And however I may have fallen short in practice of the ideal of a perfect bishop, I have never since then lost sight of what belongs to the ideal of a perfect nun. When engaged in my ecclesiastical studies I examined the early customs of the Church in the Apostolic Constitutions, and could not fail to observe the singular respect with which the spouses of Christ were treated in the assemblies of the faithful, where they were placed by themselves, before the rest of their sex, nearest the sanctuary, screened off from the public eye, and with symbols of their holy state depicted on the wall by which they stood. I found it to be almost a doctrine, that the virgins of Christ were the choice portion of the Church and the peculiar care of her bishops.

“All these things conspired to imprint on my mind the sense of the Church as to the reverence with which those Religious women are at all times to be regarded, who by the grace of Christ have devoted themselves to God, and have consecrated themselves to His service by vows. And I will say this, that by the same grace of God it is rare for a virgin of Christ to forget, even for a short space of time, the character which she bears in virtue of her being the spouse of Christ, or to lose sight of the respect which she owes to her holy state, the sense of which is her best protection.

“ But, my dear Sisters, it is the very sense interwoven through my soul, of what is due from a bishop as the father and protector of the spouses of Christ, which has made me always so watchful over your welfare, and ever ready to assist you whether as Superior in your cares and solicitudes or as a Father to individual members in your personal trials ; and in your endeavours towards greater perfection of life you have always given me your confidence, and confidence is so generous a trust that it cannot easily be repaid. In a word, my dear Sisters, your responsiveness to my paternal guidance, your progress in the religious virtues, and your works of untiring charity, have been one chief consolation of my life ; and I may truly say that, as grateful daughters, you have been of more service to me than I have ever been to you.

“ And now you add another charity, as great as you can bestow, by promising still to continue your prayers for me when I can no longer claim a title to them. Such promises, as they are current in the world, might be of little value ; from your sincerity they are of a value beyond price, nor shall I, I trust, be so ungrateful as to forget you in mine.

“ May God bless you, my dear Sisters, with His choicest blessings ; may He prosper your works and perfect your sanctity unto the day of the revelation of His glory. And let me still subscribe myself,

“ Your old and devoted Father in God,

“ ✠ WILLIAM BERNARD ULLATHORNE.

“ St. Mary's College, Oscott,

“ April 18th, 1888.”

On the day following the presentation of the address by the Sisters of Mercy he received a visit from the venerable Cardinal Newman, who insisted on expressing his congratulations in person. He speaks of both these visits in the following letter :

“April 16th, 1888.

“To-day I have been honoured with a visit from Cardinal Newman, and never did he look more venerable, and show more feeling. He had fixed his mind all Lent to come and see me on Easter Monday. When that day came he was forbidden to leave the house. To-day was bright, and he came; he was brought to my room leaning on the arms of two priests, and we talked for an hour, after which he left. He can no longer read, and even if he tries to sign his name he cannot see what strokes he makes. But I was much touched by his conversation.

“Yesterday, being *Bonus Pastor* Sunday, all the Rev. Mothers of the Sisters of Mercy in the diocese came to present me with an address from their united Communities. Of course we had a long talk, and *they* had their customary grog, which the Chinese call *tschay*.”

A little later the Benedictine and Dominican Communities of the diocese united in presenting the Archbishop with a chalice, accompanied with an illuminated address, which is given here, together with his Grace's reply, although some paragraphs in the latter are more or less repetitions of the one just quoted.

“To his Grace the Archbishop of Cabasa.

“Gratitude, respect, and dutiful affection form the ‘triple cord’ that on this auspicious occasion draws together your cloistered children so long the objects of your fatherly care and episcopal solicitude.

“What that care and that solicitude have been to us through well-nigh half-a-century is faithfully registered in our convent homes, and in each individual heart; but our grateful response can find utterance only in humble prayer and earnest thanksgiving at the feet of the Most High.

“Permit us, however, to offer now unanimously to your Grace our sincere congratulations on the mark of exalted

dignity which Rome has conferred on you ; for how could Benedictine silence remain unbroken, or Dominican zeal stand in abeyance, while your whole flock exults at this proof of Apostolic favour ?

“ Well may we, your devoted children, rejoice at the elevation of our venerated Father, symbolising, as it does, that higher glory and beatitude the reflection of whose unfading light we pray may ever gild the declining years of your Grace, until you enjoy the fulness of its splendour in the possession of the infinite.

“ ST. MARY’S ABBEY, Oulton.

“ ST. BENEDICT’S PRIORY, Colwich.

“ ST. SCHOLASTICA’S PRIORY, Atherstone.

“ ST. MARY’S PRIORY, Princethorpe.*

“ ST. DOMINIC’S PRIORY, Stone.

“ OUR LADY OF ANGELS, Stoke-on-Trent.”

The Archbishop's Reply.

“ To the Lady Abbess of St. Mary’s, Oulton ; the perpetual Prioress of St. Mary’s, Princethorpe ; the Prioress of St. Benedict’s, Colwich ; the Prioress of St. Scholastica’s, Atherstone ; the Prioress of St. Dominic’s, Stone ; the Prioress of Our Lady of Angels, Stoke-on-Trent ; and the Benedictine and Dominican Communities under their respective Governments.

“ Dear Rev. Mothers and Sisters in Christ,

“ In the touching address which you have united in presenting to me, on my retirement from the cares of the episcopal office, I recognise the truthful emanation of your hearts. For those hearts are elevated, beautified, and full

* The name of St. Mary’s Abbey, Stanbrook, does not appear in this list from the circumstance of that Convent being under the government of the Benedictine Order ; so that the Bishop of Birmingham, though always acting as a kind and revered friend, had not been their ecclesiastical Superior.

of charity, through their consecrated union with the Lord and Giver of Life and through the continual descent of the grace of Christ upon your prayers. And through the unspeakable indwelling of the charity of Christ you are ready to extend your charity even to the frail mortal who has found his consolation in your service and his strength in your prayers.

“In that same Divine charity you will patiently bear with me whilst I endeavour to enumerate some of the motives which have led me, as a bishop, to devote myself in a special manner to the protection and care of those Religious women whom God had placed under my charge.

“When God was so good, in my careless youth, as to turn my mind to Him, the first religious book that I read in earnest was the *Life of St. Jane Chantal*, by Marsollier; and from that book was imprinted on my mind, as with the firmness of a seal, the ideal of a perfect bishop in St. Francis of Sales, and the ideal of a perfect nun in St. Jane de Chantal. Nor did I fail to observe how the bishop was divinely appointed to perfect the Religious; and this first lesson in holy ways became so deeply imprinted that it never altogether left my mind.

“But when it pleased God to call me in His mercy to the Benedictine Order, after I had entered upon the study of sacred science, what early struck me was the singular position assigned by the Church in her assemblies to those holy women who were consecrated to God. For in the Apostolic Constitutions, which represent the Church's discipline during the first 300 years, although they had not yet united in convents, but lived at home, secluded from the rest of the family, in the Church they had precedence of the rest of their sex, were placed nearest to the sanctuary, and were separated from all seculars by a partition, whilst on the walls by which they stood the wise virgins or other symbols of their holy state

were depicted. When again I read the Fathers of the Church, I found it to be their unanimous doctrine that the virgins of Christ were the specially called of God, the choice portion of the Church, and the peculiar care of her bishops. Here, then, was a practical doctrine of vital importance to be neither overlooked nor neglected ; here was a holy work in which, whilst sanctifying God's chosen ones, the bishop might advance his own sanctity and consult the sanctification of his diocese.

"Called in my early Priesthood to conduct the first nuns and Sisters of Charity into the New World, and having witnessed the fruits of their labours and the graces diffused upon souls from their charity, I was able to realise in them those holy deaconesses who co-operated with the Apostles and their early successors in the work of the Church.

"Thus, my dear Mother and Sisters, has the Church taught me how honourable and how pleasing to God is the service of His spouses ; whilst you, by your devotedness, obedience, and charity, have rendered that service both grateful and consoling. Such paternal and filial relations, as they have existed in God and for God, can never perish, but will be recalled so long as our probation lasts, in our prayers for one another.

"And although I need no reminder of what I owe you, the beautiful chalice which accompanies your address will not fail to be an additional remembrance of your filial affection towards me, when my infirmities permit me to stand before the altar of God.

"May God bless you, my dear Mothers and Sisters, and perfect your sanctification unto the day of the Lord ; and may He hear the humble prayers on your behalf of your old and devoted servant in Christ,

"✠ WILLIAM BERNARD ULLATHORNE,

"Archbishop of Cabasa.

"Stone, June 25th, 1888."

This reply was dated from the Convent at Stone, where he spent several weeks during the months of June and July. One event which occurred during his stay there we may be permitted here to record, though it belongs rather to a volume of biography than to a collection of correspondence.

On the 16th of July the Community received an unexpected visit from the venerable Cardinal Newman, the last time they were ever to enjoy that privilege. His coming had been announced in the morning, and on his arrival he was met at the door by the Archbishop, who gave him his arm, and supported him to the Community room, where he received the Religious, saying a kind word to each whom he knew. He spoke of a visit he had lately made to London, and of the impression which the sight of the great metropolis had made on him, "like a glimpse of the great Babylon. . . . It made me think of the words, 'Love not the world nor the things of the world.' Perhaps, however, I am too severe, and only think in that way because I am an old man." After a while he rose and blessed the Community and returned to the guest room, still leaning on the Archbishop's arm. There he consented to rest for a short space and take some refreshment, the Archbishop pouring out tea for him and holding it to his lips.

To see these two venerable men thus together, one waiting on the other and supporting his feebleness, was a sight never to be forgotten ; and few who then saw them would have predicted that the elder, and more infirm of the two, would be the survivor.

In the month of July the laity of the diocese took occasion also to present him with an address of congratulation, in his reply to which he alluded in moving terms to the loyal co-operation which the laity had ever given to the work of their Bishop and clergy, and spoke of "that

happy union of pastor and flock, which, through the blessing of God, has so long prevailed and still prevails in this diocese, forming the strength both of pastor and people—a strength derived from our unity in one Divine faith, and in one cohesion of charity, which are the gifts of God, and of which every member partakes in proportion to his fidelity.”

“ Birmingham, July 31st, 1888.

“ I have just had the meeting with the lay address. There was a very respectable meeting of county gentlemen, as well as representatives of Birmingham.

“ Yesterday I had a visit from Monsignor Persico ; he dined with us, and we had four hours of private talk. He was very open and friendly with me, and reminded me that his first visit to me was in 1855 ; that we met in London some years later, after the Indian Mutiny, when he reminded me that I started a subscription among the bishops, which reached £500, for the distress in India. We also sat not far from each other at the Council.”

“ Oscott, August 21st, 1888.

“ Worn out with my tour of two months and a-half, I was glad to get back to the quiet of Oscott, and am slowly recovering the spring of my mind. All the convents have rivalled each other in their affectionate attention, and in their desire to get some word of advice from their old Father. Everywhere I see improvement. . . . I have rewritten fifty pages of the *Autobiography*, dividing it into chapters ; but it is a tedious job.

“ You have probably not seen the extracts from the late Emperor Frederick’s diary during the great war ; there seems no doubt of their authenticity, although it has disturbed Bismarck. It clearly comes out that Bismarck told the Prince that after peace was made he should

attack the Infallibilists ; or, 'as he said to another, and it came out in the German papers, 'he would put an end to the Latin Church.' The journal will soon be published in English, and will be worth reading. Prince Frederick (as he then was) comes out admirably in his endeavours to mitigate the horrors of war and in his general tenderness towards the conquered. It was, as I always thought the act of Gambetta, in renewing the war after Sedan, which caused France to lose Lorraine as well as Alsace. He did much to ruin France.

"We had the Home Secretary here yesterday for a short visit. I had some talk with him on the Criminal Department, but it is evident they are much hampered by the popular voice. I told him plainly that the last Reform Act had prepared the ruin of England."

"Oscott, October 31st, 1888.

". . . I hope the religious inspection of our schools will become more reasonable. Our inspectors have been allowed to prepare schemes, in which they have imitated the Government Inspectors by making their examinations too scientific, cramming the head to the sacrifice of piety and the training of the heart. I see there is a great protest in the *Nineteenth Century* on the subject of examinations—from those for Government employments down to those of our schools—showing how everything is sacrificed in education to sharpness of memory ; so that even children are turned into instruments for making money from the Government. This protest is signed by 300 peers, gentlemen, and ladies."

In the month of November he received news of the death of Miss Kathleen O'Meara, which took place November 10th, 1888. It will be remembered that, in company with her mother and sister, she had in the

previous year visited him at Oscott, on which occasion they for the first time became personally acquainted. A very strong tie of affection united the mother and her daughters, and when Mrs. O'Meara was taken from them by death in the December of 1887 the grief of parting so preyed on the health of Kathleen that she quickly followed her to the grave.

"Oscott, November 15th, 1888.

"I received a telegram on Saturday informing me that Miss O'Meara was dangerously ill, and I said Mass for her on Sunday. I received a letter from her sister on Monday announcing her death. She never got over her grief for her mother's death. Her sister will now indeed be solitary."

The following letters were addressed by the Archbishop to her sorrowing sister, bereaved in so short a space of these two dear and valued relatives.

On the Death of Kathleen O'Meara—to her Sister.

"St. Mary's College, Oscott,
"November 12th, 1888.

"'The Lord hath given, the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord.'

"Dear Kathleen has gone to join her mother, and you alone remain. I received the telegram on Saturday, said Mass for her on Sunday, and she has been on my mind ever since. . . . I feared her grief was too deep to be removed. Two servants of God have gone home to Him, and one has drawn the other after her by the tender cords of affection. Fear not, dear child, if the last trials are reserved for you. You also will have your reward. I deeply feel your isolation, but it is not all isolation when we know the mysteries of God in faith. God is your Father

as well as theirs, and you are with them in the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

“May God give her rest with His Saints in eternal peace and joy, for she has won the victory over the world and its powers of evil!”

To the same.

“St. Mary’s College, Oscott,

“December 26th, 1888.

“. . . This is the way in which I look upon the departure of your dear mother and sister. Your mother was ripe for the kingdom of Heaven, and was taken in God’s good time; and the fear which tried her in life was taken from her that she might depart free and consoled, and thus far console her children. That holy soul went to a pure rest.

“Your sister and you lived in the heart of your mother, and looked up to her in everything. It is a beautiful and exceptional instance which God has greatly blessed. But your sister, with her intense feeling, wholly lived upon her mother, and could not detach herself to meet the trials of life without her. Medical men say there are some who wish to continue in this life, and some who do not, and that it is easier to cure the first of these than the others. I have no doubt that my dear friend Kathleen, though she would have stayed to fulfil God’s will and for your sake, yet preferred to follow her mother, from whom she could not separate her heart with any degree of freedom. And you, dear child, are left for further probation with the spirits of your dear mother and sister always drawing you towards them. Through all the dimness of sorrow there shines the divine and beautiful order of God’s providence towards your soul. But the time is ever approaching nearer and nearer when you will be all united visibly, as now invisibly, in God.

“ . . . You are God's child, and He loves you ; have confidence in this greatest of truths to you, and be assured that this confidence will carry you safely through all your trials to the hour of deliverance, when all will be clear and luminous that is now so obscure to all but faith.”

In December, 1888, a fire broke out in the Convent at Stone, causing some damage and alarm, though it was fortunately extinguished before any very serious mischief had been done. Writing to the Community, after expressing approval of their presence of mind on the occasion, the Archbishop did not fail to remind them that the accident was not without its warning.

“ You remember ” (he says) “ that dear Mother Margaret used to tell you, ‘ Now, if you are not all going to be Saints, I desire nothing better than that someone would put a match to this house and burn it down.’ You have just had a reminder of this. But I suppose she had good hopes of you, so she took care that it should not be burnt down ; only don't forget the warning.”

He thus writes to one of his nieces of the Jubilee about to be celebrated by the Sisters of Charity in Australia :

“ Oscott, December 30th, 1888.

“ To-morrow I celebrate a Jubilee with a Congregation of Sisters of Charity (at their invitation) who are the breadth of the world away from me. The reason is this. It is fifty years since I landed the first five Sisters in Sydney, after a voyage of five and a-half months. Four of the five have gone to their reward. But they first grew in numbers, and are now 110 Sisters, who have a large hospital in Sydney of 150 beds, another hospital at Parramatta, in the house where I first placed them, a young ladies' college, and an

orphanage, and teach 3,000 children besides. They are just going to build a hospital in Melbourne, to which one lady has made the first offering of £10,000.

"The good Sister who still survives is Superioress of the Convent and Orphanage at Hobart, although eighty-nine years old. But the Bishop will not let her resign. Her father was a cavalry officer killed in the Battle of Talavera, and from that day to this she has received a pension from the English Government. I had a letter from her last week, and have sent a present of books to my old children in Australia. They were the first nuns in that New World, and the Sister of whom I speak went out as a novice, and was the first professed in Australia. Her profession sermon is published in my volume of *Sermons with Prefaces*. So this is a Jubilee of gratitude for all that the Congregation has been enabled to do during the last fifty years. They were my first nuns, and their letters bring a glow to my heart.

"Don't imagine I am solitary. I am never less alone than when alone. It is this peopled world that makes the solitude. I was made for a hermit, and tried hard when a novice to get leave to go to the French Trappists; but other people would not let me go. There is no greater pleasure in this world than being left alone. And as to low spirits, they have no business to exist, and need not exist if you will only have the pluck and patience to keep the soul above the animal senses."

The following extracts contain his comments on some of the books of the day, which he read with his accustomed interest :

"Oscott, January 10th, 1889.

"I enclose you a letter from Frederick George Lee,*

*The Rev. Frederick George Lee, D.D., Vicar of All Saints', Lambeth, and author of *Historical Sketches of the Reformation; The Church under Queen Elizabeth; King Edward VI., Supreme Head*, etc., etc.

which may amuse you. In my reply I told him that I had read his writings on the period of the Reformation which were terribly incisive; but that to say the truth, I could not reconcile them with the position of the author, nor could his Catholic readers. . . . I have been engaged with the second volume of F. Gasquet's book on *Henry VIII. and the Monasteries*.* What a revelation that book is! And what an illustration of the scoundrels of the Reformation! . . .

"Since the *Academy* compared *Aroer* with *Robert Ellesmere* I have read the latter book, which is detestable. It is the story of a young Anglican clergyman who, under the influence of two cynics, gives up the supernatural, quits his parish, and devotes himself to teaching the London riff-raff to honour and imitate Christ as the Model Man. The two cynical unbelievers are supposed to represent Mark Pattison, the former head of Lincoln College, Oxford, and Green, the English historian. The author of the book is Mrs. Humphrey Ward, daughter of Thomas Arnold. Poor Arnold, one of the sons of Arnold of Rugby School, was received into the Church, but was afterwards perverted through the influence of his wife, a native of Tasmania. He came back in later years to the Church, and did his best to make reparation, but too late to save the faith of his children. All the earlier portion of this book is written in a fascinating style; and Gladstone has been foolish enough to write an article on it in the *Nineteenth Century*, which has drawn attention to it. It is a book of sentimentality, without any argument or proof pretended for Ellesmere's conversion. In *Aroer* the heroine's conversion is explained by her residing in a pious Catholic family with a chapel and chaplain; but Robert Ellesmere's perversion is entirely owing to the sentimental influence of two cynics

* *Henry VIII. and the English Monasteries*. By Dom Francis Aidan Gasquet, O.S.B.

who never give their reasons. Five thousand copies of it have been published. It is a vile book, reminding one of the morbid sentimentalities of Rousseau and Jean Paul Richter."

From a series of letters in which he gives references to authorities connected with the life of St. Dominic, and his own judgment on certain points relating to the history of that time, the following may be extracted :

"Oscott, February 4th, 1889.

"I fully realise the difficulty of putting readers at the point of view to comprehend what a heresy like the Albigenes was both to Church and State in the Middle Ages. They caused an enormous amount of social, as well as religious confusion ; and the lay leaders were all men of position. The Protestant Basnage has completely misrepresented their doctrines. I find from Pluquet, *Dictionnaire des hérésies*, that Père Benoit, in his *Histoire des Albigois*, has refuted him. Undoubtedly they were Manicheans, with other false doctrines that were very bad. I think the crime of heresy should be treated on principles farther back than Hergenrother or Balmez have taken : that it should rest mainly on the violation of revealed truth, and the rebellion against God's revealing authority, upon which the whole law of justice finally rests. The early Fathers all agree in calling it *Satanic*, and doing the devil's work. But God's truth is more to us than revelation ; it is the light of the Eternal Word communicated to the soul of man, so that to question it is to repel the very foundation on which the Christian conscience rests."

Here, our selection from this correspondence closes. Though suffering from his ordinary complication of maladies, the Archbishop's health gave no special cause

of uneasiness until the 3rd of March, when symptoms showed themselves which were at once declared by the attendant physician to be of a serious character. On the morning of the 9th it was thought prudent to administer the Sacrament of Extreme Unction ; and on the afternoon of the same day Bishop Ilsley came from Birmingham and gave him the Holy Viaticum and last blessing. During the three weeks of his illness his cheerfulness and patience never failed. "No one who saw him at that time," says one of his faithful attendants, "could fail to notice how fearlessly and in what a simple matter-of-fact way he set about what he called 'the business of dying.'" When the physician, who had long stood to him in the position of a valued friend, told him that medical skill could do no more for him, he received the announcement without emotion, remarking only : "How simple it all is when the end comes!" Occasionally his playful humour would betray itself in some remark which showed how little his mind was disturbed by the approach of death ; whilst, when he thought himself alone or unobserved he would pour forth his whole soul in ejaculatory prayer, revealing the habits of a lifetime. Among the aspirations which flowed most constantly from his lips were some invocations of the Holy Name which he repeated like a kind of litany : as "Jesus Wisdom, Jesus Truth, Jesus Light, Jesus Mercy, have mercy on me ; Jesus mercy, supreme and infinite, have mercy on me !"

Even when his head wandered it did but reveal more evidently the thoughts which occupied his mind and heart. His broken words at such moments were expressions of love and confidence in God, of prayer for the safety of the Church, especially in her wars against error and false philosophy ; whilst in the midst of these he would devoutly press his lips to the feet of the crucifix. He forgot none of those for whom he had so faithfully laboured, especially those Re-

ligious Communities who had been the object of his peculiar and devoted care. "We are all edified" (writes one) "by his patience and touching remarks, as when yesterday he said slowly and solemnly: 'I have been thinking that if there is anything in my life that may induce God to have mercy on me, *it is that I have never forgotten to take care of His nuns.*'"

On Tuesday the 19th he suffered great pain, and was so much worse that those about him thought his last hour had come. That night he asked how long it was to the Feast of St. Benedict, as though with some sort of foreknowledge that he should survive until that day. On the afternoon of the following day he fell into his agony, joining in the prayers that were being recited, and at every pause signifying his desire for their continuance. Just at midnight he invoked the Apostles St. Peter and St. Paul, and the glorious Father, St. Benedict. One of the priests watching by his side bent over him and told him that the Feast of St. Benedict had now begun, and that his great patron would probably conduct him to Heaven. Then he uttered some words about the angels, giving the impression that he saw them, with St. Benedict. "Do you *see* St. Benedict and the angels?" he was asked; to which he replied, distinctly: "Yes, I see them."

At eight o'clock, Mass—the Mass of St. Benedict—was said in his room, after which he remained quite conscious, and constantly responding to the prayers that were recited—until a quarter-past one, when he calmly and devoutly gave up his soul to God.

After the solemn celebration of his funeral obsequies in St. Chad's Cathedral, Birmingham, his body was, in accordance with his own directions, conveyed to the Convent church of St. Dominic's, Stone, where it was interred in St. Joseph's Chapel, at a spot he had himself, many years before, marked and chosen, and where an altar tomb has

since been erected to his memory, whereon appears an effigy of the Archbishop, his head supported by two angels, and his right hand raised in benediction. The following inscription is carved round the tomb :

HIC JACET CORPUS REVERENDISSIMI DOMINI GULIELMI
BERNARDI ULLATHORNE EX ORDINE SANCTI BENEDICTI
QUI ANNOS XXXVII. PRIMUS EPISCOPUS BIRMINGHAMIENSIS
SEDIT DEINDE IN ARCHIEPISCOPATUM CATHARTENSEM
HONORIS CAUSA RELATUS SPIRITUM DEO REDDIDIT DIE
FESTO SANCTI BENEDICTI ANNO DOMINI MDCCCLXXXIX.
CUJUS ANIMÆ PROPITIETUR DEUS.

INDEX.

ERRATA.

Page 53, line 3, for *ancien* read *ancienne*.

Page 178, line 8 from bottom, for *petite, grande*, read *petit, grand*.

Anxiety, 376.
Apologia, Dr. Newman's, 139.
Ara Cœli, 404.
Ars, Visit to, 51, 53.
Association P. U. C., 155, 158.
Austerities, Indiscreet, 316.
Australia, Church in, 475, 477, 524.
Austrian Concordat, 72.
Autobiography begun, 200.

B.

Baddesley Clinton, 455 (*note*).
Bank, Failure of a, 26, 34.
Banquet at the Vatican, 117-118.
Baptism of Desire, 360.

Brown, Bishop, Letters to, 132, 133.
Burial and Tomb at Stone, 544

C.

Cabasa, Named Archbishop of, 522.
Calvaries, The two, 369.
Canonisation of Japanese Martyrs,
117.
Carvajal, Luisa de, 333.
Cat, Two Sisters and a, 30.
Catacombs, 233.
Catherine, St., 39, 237, 315, 316, 474.
—— Life of, 393-396, 459.
Catholic Forefathers, 180.
Centre of the heart, 377.

since been erected to his memory, whereon appears an effigy of the Archbishop, his head supported by two angels, and his right hand raised in benediction. The following inscription is carved round the tomb :

HIC JACET CORPUS REVERENDISSIMI DOMINI GULIELMI
BERNARDI ULLATHORNE EX ORDINE SANCTI BENEDICTI
QUI ANNOS XXXVII. PRIMUS EPISCOPUS BIRMINGHAMIENSIS
SEDIT DEINDE IN ARCHIEPISCOPATUM CABASENSEM
HONORIS CAUSA RELATUS SPIRITUM DEO REDDIDIT DIE

INDEX.

A.

Abjection, Love of, 17.
 Acting on Principle, 168.
 Addresses and Replies, 525-
 Adelaide, Foundation at, 430.
 Adhering to God, 285.
 Advent Pastoral, 514.
 Affective Prayer, 18-19, 304, 310.
 Albano, 224.
 Albigenses, 541.
 Alexander I., the Czar, 473.
 All Saints' Day, 22, 161.
 Aloysia, Death of Rev. Mother, 427.
 American Bishops, 510.
 Amherst, Mrs., Letter to, 1-2 ; her
 death, 256.
 — Rev. F., Letters to, 476.
 Anglican Theory of Union, 158.
 Anxiety, 376.
Apologia, Dr. Newman's, 139.
 Ara Cœli, 404.
 Ars, Visit to, 51, 53.
 Association P. U. C., 155, 158.
 Austerities, Indiscreet, 316.
 Australia, Church in, 475, 477, 524.
 Austrian Concordat, 72.
 Autobiography begun, 200.

B.

Baddesley Clinton, 455 (*note*).
 Bank, Failure of a, 26, 34.
 Banquet at the Vatican, 117-118.
 Baptism of Desire, 360.

Belfast, Visit to, 175.
 Benedict, St., Feast of, at Rome,
 226.
 — Invoked in last illness, 543.
 Berington, Mr., Letter to, 402.
 Berkeley, Letters to Lady Cath-
 erine, 369.
 — Death of Mrs., 93.
 — — S. M. Philomena, 105.
 Birmingham Choir, 402.
 — Romance, A, 438.
 Birthday, The Bishop's seventy-
 seventh, 437 ; eightieth, 478.
 Birthdays, 305.
 Bishop, Duties of a, 45.
 — Office of, 272.
 Brienza, Fra., his ascetic treatise,
 324-329.
 Briggs, Bishop, Death of, 108.
 Brown, Bishop, Letters to, 132, 133.
 Burial and Tomb at Stone, 544

C.

Cabasa, Named Archbishop of, 522.
 Calvaries, The two, 369.
 Canonisation of Japanese Martyrs,
 117.
 Carvajal, Luisa de, 333.
 Cat, Two Sisters and a, 30.
 Catacombs, 233.
 Catherine, St., 39, 237, 315, 316, 474.
 — Life of, 393-396, 459.
 Catholic Forefathers, 180.
 Centre of the heart, 377.

Ceremonial, Letter on, 347.
 Charles, St., 160.
 Chant, 174, 401.
 Chatterton, Lady, Letters to, 347.
 Cheerfulness, 462.
 Children, A letter to, 403.
 Christmas at home and abroad, 460.
 Christmas Card, A, 430.
 — Crib, 24.
 — Letters, 33, 60, 82, 106, 272, 334.
 — Mystery, 428.
 — Tale, 368.
 Church and Souls, The, 107.
 — Sufferings of the, 272.
 Circular on Canon Estcourt, 450.
 Classics, Pagan, 67, 69.
 Clergy, Education of, 8 ; Self-Sacrifice of, 95.
 Clifford, Death of Mother Teresa Sales, 193, 195.
 Columbarium, A, 238.
 Coming of age, 304.
 Committee on Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, 189.
 Concordat, 72.
 Condolence, Letters of, 498-501.
 Confidence under trial, 80.
 Conscience, God's testimony, 358 ; a Modern Theory on, 364.
 Consecration, 3, 109.
 — Half-Jubilee of, 256.
 Constancy, The only, 107.
 Convents, Inspection of, 13 ; Committee on, 50.
 Conventual Life, Lectures on, 192.
 Council, Value of a Conventual, 211.
 — Vatican, 214 ; Work of the, 233.
 Coventry, 2, 125.
 Crib and Cross, 216.
 Criminals, Management of, 163.

D.

Dangers of the times, 466.
 Darkness, Spiritual, 16, 280.
 Death, Last Illness and, 542.
 Dedication of *Groundworks*, 423 ; of *Christian Patience*, 481.

Definition of Immaculate Conception, 60.
 De Lisle, Letters to Mr., 66, 184 ; Death of, 373.
 Dering, Mr., Letter to, 428.
 Diocesan Synod, First, 47.
 Direction, Craving for, 126.
 Discipline of Patience, 271.
 Discoveries at Jerusalem, 147 ; Troy, 362 ; Mycenæ, 365.
 Disinterestedness of Priests, 5.
 Dispositions more than Acts, 126.
 Divine Cloud, 287.
 — Office, 173.
 Dominic, St., 31 ; and St. Francis, 471.
 Dormer, Hon. H. E., Death of, 177.
 Downside, Buildings at, 454.
 Doyle, Bishop, 262-265.
 Dunne, Father, Death of, 260.

E.

Easter Letters, 22, 231, 265, 435.
 Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, 11, 12, 189.
 Education of Clergy, 8.
 — Notes on, 83.
 — Bill, Proposed, 12.
 Egeria, Fountain of, 240.
 Einsiedeln, 86-87.
 Eirenicon, 158.
 Electricity, 431.
Ellesmere, Robert, 540.
Endowments of Man, 387, 397.
Enfants perdus, 298.
 Erdington Bells, 513.
 Estcourt, Death of Canon, 449 ; Character, 451.
 Europe, State of, 72, 273.
 Expiation, Work of, 488.

F.

Faber, Dr., his Works, 65 ; his Character, 209 ; his Life, 210.
 Faith, 359.
 Fasting, Old rule of, 506.
 Feeling and Will, 350, 483.

Feelings change, but love endurés,
355.
Fenians, 260.
Ferrers, Mr., Death of, 456.
Fisher, Bishop, 490.
Flanagan, Death of Canon, 160.
Fool, Pray like a, 285.
Forefathers, Our Catholic, 180.
Forlorn Hope, 297.
Foundation, Letter to a new, 297.
France, 252.
Francis Angela Vaughan, Death of
Mother, 99.
Future, A Terrible, 407.

G.

Gall, St., 88, 437.
Gasquet, F., on the Reformation,
540.
Gaume on Pagan Classics, 68.
Genius, How to understand a, 387.
—— is Patience, 405.
Genzano, 225.
George Eliot, 467-470.
Get rid of self, 301.
Gladstone, Reply to Mr., 341.
—— His head anatomised, 478.
God the life of the soul, 307.
Government, 320.
—— Virtues needed for, 448.
Grant, Dr., 243-249.
Greek Art, 227.
Groundworks completed, 421.
Growth in Holiness, 65.

H.

Half-Jubilee of Consecration, 256.
—— — Hierarchy, 346.
Happiness of Religious Life, 273.
—— Secret of, 443.
Hardman, Mother Juliana, 444.
Haste, the enemy of Patience, 270.
Health, care of it a duty, 49.
—— Failure in, 84, 379.
Heresy Satanic, 541.
Hierarchy, The, 10.

Holy Week in Rome, 229.
Home and Foreign Review, 121,
131.
Honorius, Pope, 249.
Hudson, Correspondence with Mr.,
492-498.
Hugging the shore, 396.
Humility in receiving correction,
63.
—— its value, 15.
—— Book on, 83, 96, 367, 387, 399.
—— is Christ, 318.
—— is Christian Discipline, 315.
—— of Christ, 309, 318.
—— of God, 319.
—— of Patience, 309, 432.

I.

Ignatius Spencer, Death of Father,
149.
Illness, 84, 251, 458; last, 542.
Illsey, Bishop, appointed Auxiliary,
387.
Imagination, Right use of, 171.
Imelda Poole, Death of Mother,
410-417.
Immaculate Conception, Defence
of, 60; Treatise on, 61.
Imprisonment, 34-38.
Incarnation, The, 335.
Infallibility, Pamphlets on, 252-253.
Interior mortification, 173.
—— purgation, 282.
Invincible ignorance, 341, 344.
Irish, Services to the, 207.
—— tenure of land, 406.

J.

Jail, Letters from, 35-40.
Jerusalem, Discoveries at, 147.
John, St., 342.
Jubilarians, Letters to, 275, 314.
Jubilee of Profession, 336.
—— Half, of Consecration, 256.
—— — of Hierarchy, 346.
—— Queen's, 509.
—— A Religious, 275, 277.
Juliana Hardman, Mother, 445.

K.

Knight, Mother Mary Clare, 104.

L.

Lacordaire, 176, 473.

Lamb, Paschal, 521.

Lectures on Conventual Life, 192.

Lenten Indult, 137, 506.

Life, Two kinds of, 152.

Lisle, De, Letters to Mr., 66, 81, 131.

— Death of Mr., 373.

— — Everard, 92-93.

Literary Work should not be mercenary, 523.

Longton, 30.

Looking to God, 9, 23.

Love of God, 9, 23.

— — — Essence of the Vows, 304.

— — — never fatigues, 293.

— — — more than reason, 295.

Love of Truth, 353.

Lucerne, 85.

Luisa de Carvajal, 333.

M.

Magnificat, The, 461.

Maher, Death of Mr., 120.

Mahomet, 66.

Man made for Truth, 359.

Management of Criminals, 163.

Manning, Cardinal, 343; Correspondence with, 382, 434.

Martyrs, the English, 489-490.

Mass not to be said for deceased Protestants, 389.

Maxims, 375.

Meditation, 169.

Memorial of Gratitude, 337.

Mental fatigue, 291.

Missioners, 47.

Money, 5.

Moore, Dr., Death of, 76.

— Mother Agnes Philip, Death of, 268.

More, Sir Thomas, 18.

Morris, Bishop, Death of, 261.

Mortification in Eating, 167; Interior, 172.

Mother, Death of his, 105-106.

Mother Margaret Hallahan, Correspondence with, 41; Illness of, 191.

— — — Death of, 198; her prayer, 308-309.

— — — Self-knowledge, 396.

Munich, 88.

Murphy Riots, 184.

Music, Church, 402.

Mycenæ, 365.

N.

Nemi, 225.

Newman, Letters to, 75, 76, 140, 197.

— Letters from, 123, 482.

— Meeting with, at Stone, 533.

— Visit from, 512.

New Year, a Happy, 161, 435.

Niece, Correspondence with a, 149-154.

Noble Soul, A, 156.

Novices, Letters to, 33, 81, 311, 465.

Nuremburg, 89.

O.

Obstacles, Only two, 422.

Office of Bishop, 45, 272.

— Divine, 174.

— Have faith in your, 291.

O'Meara, Miss, Letters to, 388, 395, 398.

— Death of Mrs., 517; of Miss, 536.

Onion, Comparison of, 302.

Opening Session of Vatican Council, 214.

Origin of Man, 132, 466.

Outside the Walls, 234.

P.

Papal Blessing, 231.

Paralysis, Stroke of, 500.

Paris, 390.
 Party Strife, 511.
 Paschal Lamb, A, 521.
 Pastoral for Advent, 81.
 Patience, 16, 98 ; in prayer, 168, 170 ; of cheerfulness, 462.
 — Lectures on Christian, begun, 433 ; published, 481.
 Paul of the Cross, St., 44.
 Plans for Seminary, 190.
Plea for Religious Women, 13.
 Pocklington, 151, 492, 498.
 Pontifical States, Speech on, 103.
 Poole, Mother Imelda, 410-417.
 Pope Pius IX., 102, 112, 119 ;
 Death of, 371, 372.
 Pope's Old Man, 236.
 Poverty, 303.
 Powers of the Soul, 171.
 Prayer, 168, 308, 310 ; worth of, 162.
 Preaching at the Crib, 404.
 Presentation from Clergy, 187 ;
 from Communities, 205 ; from
 the Bishops, 479.
 Pride, Pagan, 68-69.
 Pride, Plague of, 335.
 Priesthood, Unwordly Spirit of,
 145-146 ; Sanctity of, 343.
 Profession, Religious, Letters on,
 277, 306, 312.
 Provincial Synod, First, 29 ;
 Second, 69, 71 ; Third, 101.
 Psalms, 174.
 Pusey, Dr., 158, 165.
 Purgation, Interior, 283.

Q.

Queen by Right Divine, 472.
 Queen's Jubilee, 509.
 Quitting of Self, 309.

R.

Rambler, 78, 90, 100.
 Real Recreation, 32.
 Recollection, 292, 295.
 Religious Vocation, 129, 166.

Reserve of Power, 320, 375.
 Reserves, Some Lawful, 503-504.
 Resign, He petitions to, 114-115.
 Resignation, Thoughts of, 28, 97.
 Resignation of See, 519.
 Retreat at St. Benedict's, 13-14.
 — Letter written in, 21.
 — at Mount St. Bernard's, 62.
 — at Stone, 101 ; last, 408.
 Richmond, Death of Father, 6 ;
 of Canon, 179.
 Rome, Visits to, 74, 102, 111, 116,
 213.
 S.

Sadness, 203, 421.
 Salette, La, 53, 56.
Sancta Sanctorum, 218.
 Sanctity of Priesthood, 343.
 Sceptical Doubts, On, 357.
 Schliemann, Dr., 364.
 Scrope, Archbishop, 515-516.
 Sea, The, 299-300.
 Sea Voyage, A, 289.
 Sebastopol, 71.
 Second and Third Thoughts, 375.
 Secret of Happiness, 443.
 Secret Societies, 208.
 Seeing Self in God, 376.
 Self, Get rid of, 465.
 Self-examination, 308 ; Self-sacri-
 fice, 313.
 Seminary, Plan for, 178.
 — begun, 188, 190, 322, 378, 384.
 — Festival at, 426.
 — Letter to, 338.
 Shaftesbury, Lord, 259.
 Shrewsbury, Lord, 25, 78.
 Simplicity, Want of, 127.
 Singleness of Purpose, 204.
 Sketches of the Council, 223.
 Solitude, 49.
 Soul, Greatness of the, 138 ; a sub-
 ject made for an object, 391.
 Souls, the only things to care for,
 162 ; The Church and, 107.
 Stanbrook, Abbess of, Letter to, 35-
 36.

Stone, begun, 30; first stone of church, 43; Burial at, 543.
 Strength of Mind, 98.
 Strength in Weakness, 204.
 Subiaco, 74; Pamphlet on, 81.
 Sufferings of the Church, 203, 283.
Sursum Cor, 290, 310.
 Superiority, 125, 202-203, 321-322.
 Sydney, Archbishop of, 442.
 — Plenary Council of, 475.
 Synod, First Diocesan, 47; Fourth, 212.

T.

Talmud, The, 400.
 Temple of Jerusalem, 148.
 Temporal Cares, 4.
 Teresa Sales Clifford, Mother, 194.
 Thinking and Acting, 269.
 Tomb at Stone, 544.
 Treatise on the Immaculate Conception, 61.
 Trials, Interior, 486.
 Troy, 362.
 True Test of Love, 354.
 Truth, Man made for, 359.
 — Nature of, 502.
 — always sacred, 505.

U.

Union, Anglican Theory of, 158.

V.

Vatican Council, 214.
 — Gardens, 118.
 Vaughan, Archbishop Bede, 442.
 — Father Kenelm, Letters to, 487.
 — Mother F. Angela, 99.
Vera Effigies, The, 220.
 Visitations, Diocesan, begun, 57.
 — Divine, 484.

W.

"Welcome Home" to Cardinal Newman, 385.
 Wiseman, Cardinal, Letter from, 122.
 — — Death of, 157.

Y.

Yorkshire Lament, A, 516.

BQ 7117 .L79 L6 SMC

Ullathorne. William Bernard
Letters of Archbishop
Ullathorne
AKA-9700

